The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXII

22-25

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1932 and 1933

1932-1933

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1937

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

OF

The Cambridge Historical Society

NINETY-SEVENTH MEETING

Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, January 26, 1932, in the Court Room of Langdell Hall, Harvard Law School, with President Walcott presiding and sixty-eight members present.

The minutes of the last meeting and the Annual Report of the Secretary, including that of the Council, were read and accepted.

The Annual Report of the Treasurer was read, approved by Mr. Cook as Auditor for the Society, and accepted.

The Curator presented his Annual Report, recording accessions of various interesting items connected with Cambridge, some of which were on display after the meeting. The report was accepted.

President Walcott gave out the notice of the Bay State Historical League's winter meeting in Arlington, inviting members of the Cambridge Historical Society to attend.

Professor BEALE then read his informative paper on "The History of Local Government in Cambridge."[1] At its close, Professor Hall asked several questions on the changes in the character of public servants, etc. Mr. Cook asked the opinion of Professor Beale on the most important step toward the improvement of city government; the answer was, "Restore the Common Council."

Professor White, as Chairman, then reported for the Committee on Nominations. It was proposed by Mr. Bailey, and seconded

[1] See pp. 17–28, *post*.

by Mr. McNair, that the President instruct the Secretary to cast one ballot for the following nominations as presented for

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	ROBERT WALCOTT
Vice-Presidents	MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI STOUGHTON BELL JOSEPH HENRY BEALE
Secretary	ELDON REVARE JAMES
Treasurer	WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE
Curator	WALTER BENJAMIN BRIGGS
Editor	DAVID THOMAS POTTINGER

Council: the above and

PHILIP GREENLEAF CARLETON — JAMES LEONARD PAINE
FRANK GAYLORD COOK — CAROLYN HUNTINGTON SAUNDERS
JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN NICHOLS

The Secretary cast the ballot, and these officers were declared elected.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned. Afterwards the members were shown the outstanding collection of portraits and through the new building of the Law School, under the direction of Professor James, Librarian of the Law School. Refreshments were served in the Faculty Lobby.

NINETY-EIGHTH MEETING

UPON THE INVITATION of Mrs. J. G. Thorpe and Mr. H. W. L. Dana, a meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held in the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of General Washington's birth.

President Walcott presided and introduced Mr. DANA, who read an account of General Washington's occupancy of the Craigie House and also some letters written by the General during his stay there.[1]

At the conclusion of Mr. Dana's paper President Walcott spoke briefly with regard to the location of a permanent memorial of General Washington's residence in Cambridge.

Mr. Hollis R. Bailey moved that, "We heartily endorse the proposal of the Cambridge Committee on the Bicentennial of the birth of George Washington that the United States erect a statue to Washington to commemorate his taking command of the Armies of the United Colonies at Cambridge on July 2, 1775, at the site of the Washington Elm or near-by on Cambridge Common, the said statue to be preferably equestrian."

The motion was seconded, and unanimously adopted.

The thanks of the Society were extended to Mrs. Thorpe and to Mr. Dana for their hospitality. Afterwards the company were entertained at tea by Mrs. Thorpe and Mr. Dana.

[1] This paper is to be included in a volume that Mr. Dana is preparing on the history of Craigie House.

NINETY-NINTH MEETING

THE SPRING MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, April 26, 1932, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon R. James, 114 Brattle Street. There was an attendance of sixty-seven.

In the absence of President Walcott, Vice-President Stoughton Bell presided.

The meeting was called to order at 8:15 o'clock.

The minutes of the Annual Meeting and of the Special Meeting at Craigie House, held on Washington's Birthday, were read and approved.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Stephen H. Mahoney, Secretary of the Cambridge Committee for the Observance of the George Washington Bicentennial, the pertinent portions of which are as follows:

"It is the plan of the Massachusetts Commission to dedicate in each of the cities and towns through which Washington traveled on his route to Cambridge, a bronze tablet appropriately marked to designate the Highway. Because of the lack of any municipal appropriation for the purpose, the Cambridge Committee feels that the amount of money necessary for the securing of the tablet (estimated at $150) can be raised by subscription from several organizations within the city. With this purpose in mind, the Cambridge Committee presents the matter to the Cambridge Historical Society for consideration, with the idea in mind that your Society may see fit to contribute toward this fund."

Mr. Frank G. Cook moved that a donation of $25.00 be made out of the funds of the Society for the purpose explained in Mr. Mahoney's letter.

The motion was seconded, and unanimously carried.

Mrs. Vosburgh, a member of the Cambridge Committee for the Observance of the George Washington Bicentennial, explained the plans of the Committee for the dedication of the George Washington Highway. On Mrs. Vosburgh's motion, it was *voted* that a committee of the Cambridge Historical Society be appointed to cooperate with the Cambridge Bicentennial Committee.

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, displayed a number of gifts to the Society.

Professor Hart spoke of a collection of references to Washington's stay in Cambridge which he had gathered, sufficient in amount to make a volume of about one hundred and fifty printed pages, which he hoped might be printed by the Society. He offered to present a bust of General Washington to the Society.

Upon Professor Beale's motion, Professor Hart's suggestion as to printing was referred to the Council with power to act. Professor Hart's offer of the Washington bust was accepted with thanks.

Mr. David T. Pottinger then read a paper, "John Burgoyne: Politician, Dandy, and Man of Letters." [1]

After a vote of thanks to Mr. Pottinger for his interesting paper, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See pp. 29–45, *post*.

ONE HUNDREDTH MEETING

On June 10th, 1932 the Society were guests of Mrs. Robert de W. Sampson at a Lawn Party at her residence, 108 Brattle Street. There were between eighty and ninety members present.

At 4:30 P.M. the meeting was called to order in the studio of Mrs. Sampson's residence. President Walcott presided.

Miss Mary Deane Dexter read two papers on Sparks Street and its former residents. One of the papers was by Miss Maria Bowen, and the other by the late Mrs. Rosalba Smith Proell.[1]

After the reading of these delightful papers the Society was entertained at tea by Mrs. Sampson.

With an expression of thanks to Mrs. Sampson for her hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See pp. 46–57, *post*.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST MEETING

Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on Tuesday evening, January 17, 1933, at the residence of Mrs. Mary I. Gozzaldi, 96 Brattle Street. There were about one hundred members in attendance.

The meeting was called to order by President Walcott shortly after eight o'clock.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last Annual Meeting, held on January 26, 1932, and of the meeting of June 10, 1932. These minutes, upon motion, were approved.

The Secretary then read the Report of the Council and of the Secretary for the year 1932. Upon motion the report was accepted and ordered filed.

Professor Beale moved that the action of the Council in the matter of the proposed bridge to be built at or near Gerry's Landing in Cambridge and the Charles William Eliot Memorial in connection therewith, be approved.

The motion was seconded and unanimously carried.

The President suggested that two delegates were to be selected to represent the Society at the meeting in Cambridge of the Bay State Historical League on January 28, 1933.

Mr. Briggs moved that the President and Secretary be chosen as delegates of the Society at the meeting of the League.

The motion was seconded and unanimously carried.

Dr. Samuel A. Eliot read the report of the Nominating Committee, nominating the following as officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

President	Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Mary Isabella Gozzaldi Stoughton Bell Joseph H. Beale
Secretary	Eldon Revare James
Treasurer	Willard Hatch Sprague
Editor	David Thomas Pottinger
Curator	Walter Benjamin Briggs

Council: the above and
Carolyn Huntington Saunders
Frank Gaylord Cook — Philip Greenleaf Carleton
James Leonard Paine — John Taylor Gilman Nichols

The President called for further nominations from the floor. There being none, Dr. Eliot, as temporary Chairman in the place of the President, asked what action the Society desired to take with regard to the report of the Nominating Committee.

Miss Howe moved that the Secretary be directed to cast one ballot for the nominees named by the Committee. The motion was seconded by Mrs. Hall and, upon being put by the temporary chairman, was unanimously carried.

The temporary chairman then declared the members named in the report of the Nominating Committee duly elected to the offices for which they had been nominated.

The Treasurer then read his report and that of the Auditor. Upon motion, these were accepted and ordered filed.

The Curator then read his report, which, upon motion, was accepted and ordered filed.

Mrs. Gozzaldi asked whether anyone could tell her of another chair from the old Faire Grammar School, as Mr. Martin has one and would like to know whether anyone knows of another. There was no answer.

Mrs. Gozzaldi, after a few remarks, stated that she had requested Mr. James to read the paper prepared by her on "The Old Burying Place on Garden Street." [1]

This delightful paper was listened to with great interest, and the thanks of the Society were extended to Mrs. Gozzaldi not only for the paper but for her charming hospitality.

The meeting adjourned, after which refreshments were served.

[1] Mrs. Gozzaldi's paper is not printed in this volume of the Proceedings because a more detailed account of the Old Burying Ground, written by Miss Elizabeth Farnum, is to be published in the autumn of 1937. This book will list every headstone and footstone still standing in the graveyard. All tombs will also be included. Each grave will bear a number keyed to a blueprint of the cemetery now in the portico of Christ Church. A brief résumé of the history of every person buried there will be noted. Only authoritative sources have been used, including the "Vital Records" of Cambridge and all neighboring towns, Paige's "History of Cambridge," Harris' "Epitaphs," records from every cemetery in Cambridge, Quincy's "History of Harvard University," etc. The epitaphs on each gravestone have been checked for accuracy. This volume was begun in 1934 at the suggestion of the Old Burying Ground Committee, whose members include Hon. Robert Walcott, *Chairman*; Hon. Richard M. Russell; Mrs. Henry D. Tudor; President James B. Conant; Professor Joseph H. Beale; Mr. Allyn B. Forbes; Rev. Leslie T. Pennington; Miss Dora Stewart; Mr. W. Sumner Appleton; Professor Samuel Eliot Morison; Rev. C. Leslie Glenn, *Secretary*; and Professor Morley J. Williams, *Consultant*.

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND MEETING

THE SPRING MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on Tuesday evening, April 25, 1933, at the residence of Miss Elizabeth MacFarlane, 33 Reservoir Street. There were about seventy-five members in attendance.

The meeting was called to order shortly after eight o'clock by President Walcott.

After a few announcements by the President and the Secretary, Dr. Albert P. Norris read a paper on "Cambridge Land Holdings Traced from the Proprietors' Records of 1635."[1] This was illustrated with lantern slides of maps, houses, views of Cambridge, and Dr. Norris's maps of early land-holdings.

This important and interesting paper, containing information gathered by Dr. Norris in many years of careful research, was listened to with great appreciation. At its conclusion, a vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Norris.

The Society also voted its thanks to Miss MacFarlane for her gracious hospitality. The meeting adjourned, after which refreshments were served.

[1] See pp. 58–79, *post*.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held at the residence of Mrs. Thomas R. Watson, 71 Appleton Street, at 4:30 P.M., on June 8, 1933. In the absence of President Walcott, Professor Beale took the chair.

Mr. Beale called the attention of the Society to the proclamation of His Excellency, the Governor of the Commonwealth, as to Flag Day and Bunker Hill Day; and then mentioned that President Hill's Phi Beta Kappa medal and the medal awarded him for the invention of the occultator, were on exhibition.

Mrs. Coolidge of the Medford Historical Society spoke briefly of Mrs. Vosburgh's interesting account of Penelope Vassall, published in the Medford Historical Society's Bulletin, copies of which were offered for sale.

Mr. William G. Land then read a very interesting paper on Thomas Hill, President of Harvard from 1862 to 1868.[1] Mr. Land's paper was listened to with great attention, and at the conclusion of his address Mr. Beale expressed to him the thanks of the Society.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mrs. Watson for her hospitality. The meeting then adjourned, after which refreshments were served.

[1] This paper was based upon Mr. Land's biography of Thomas Hill, published by the Harvard University Press in 1933.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH MEETING

THE AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held at the residence of Professor and Mrs. James R. Jewett, 44 Francis Avenue, on October 17, 1933. President Walcott presided and called the meeting to order at 8:10 o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary announced the meeting of the Bay State Historical League with the Cary House Association of Chelsea on Saturday, October 21, 1933, at 2 o'clock.

Rev. Ralph E. Bailey read a paper, written by Mrs. Bailey, "The Distaff Side of the Ministerial Succession in the First Church in Cambridge." [1]

At the conclusion of the paper, President Walcott extended to Mr. and Mrs. Bailey the thanks of the Society.

Mrs. Merritt, the guest of Mrs. William Emerson, exhibited the note-book of Thomas Hooker, containing, among other matters, many sermon outlines.

The President then appointed the following Nominating Committee to report at the annual meeting of the Society in January, 1934: Dean Roscoe Pound, Dean William Emerson, and Professor James R. Jewett, *chairman*.

With an expression of thanks to Professor and Mrs. Jewett for their gracious hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See pp. 80–96, *post*.

THE HISTORY OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN CAMBRIDGE

By Professor Joseph H. Beale

Read January 26, 1932

THE TITLE to the lands from three miles south of the Charles River to three miles north of the Merrimac having been granted by the Plymouth Company to a trading company, "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay," the latter sent out a "plantation" to Salem, consisting of a Governor, several Assistants, and a company of planters who joined with a number of persons who had already settled there without authority, to form a compact settlement. It proved difficult to govern this plantation from England, and a large number of substantial Puritans were ready themselves to go out to the Bay. It seemed obvious that some authorized governmental authority, more than the subordinate governing in England of a distant plantation, was needed; and it was finally decided that those intending to emigrate should go together and take the charter with them. Fifteen hundred persons, therefore, set sail almost simultaneously in eleven ships, and reached New England between the tenth of June and the end of July. The principal ship, with the Governor of the Company and the Assistants, first went to Salem; but this not furnishing a satisfactory place for settlement, they went south to what is now Boston Harbor. Some ships had already reached there. Charlestown had formed a settlement in a place where a few squatters already lived; the Governor and his friends went to Boston; other groups settled at Watertown, at Dorchester, at Roxbury, and at Medford. There seems to have been no idea of separate local organizations at first: the whole neighborhood was the single plantation of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay.

Two of these settlements bore the name of "town," Charlestown and Watertown; but this meant no more than a compact

group of houses, a large village. The original meaning of "town," however, was a walled settlement; and a walled settlement the Company wished to provide, a protected capital which should preserve the officers and the records. After search, that part of Cambridge which lies in the bend of the river below Harvard Square was chosen, and arrangements, never fully carried out, were made for a wall. Inhabitants came, few at first, but by 1634 fifty families, of the most prosperous in the colony, were settled here.

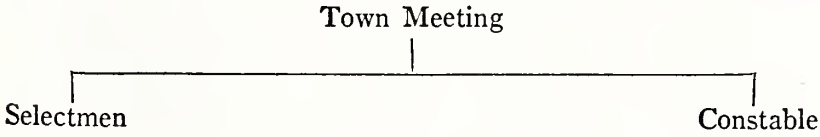
During the first year of the settlement, the entire new plantation was governed by the General Court of the Company, and by meetings of the Assistants, held now in one village, now in another. But by 1632 the various settlements, which were more and more taking the name *town*, began to develop local needs and local self-consciousness; and at once began to hold periodic meetings of the inhabitants. In Cambridge the records begin in November, 1632, with an agreement by the Inhabitants with regard to the "palings," the community fences which protected the ploughlands from the pasture-lands; and the next month, on December 24th, 1632, came "an agreement made by general consent for a monthly meeting." A little earlier or later Dorchester, Boston, and the other settlements took similar action. Thus towns came into existence simultaneously and spontaneously in every one of the villages which had been formed by the settlements of the fifteen hundred immigrants of 1630. They had settled close together, generally little more than a mile apart — too small distances for such local organizations of considerable size as existed in other English settlements, for instance, the Virginia plantations; and thus was created a problem of a metropolitan district which is not yet settled.

I say this happened spontaneously; a new form of local government was thus developed, full grown within a few months from its inception, which was unknown before. The next step in town government took place almost at once. About the same time, within little more than two years after the invention of the Town Meeting, the Boston villages invented the Board of Selectmen.

This happened in Cambridge, February 3, 1632, where for a number of years they were called Townsmen; a little earlier in Dorchester, which seems to have invented Selectmen, as it perhaps invented the Town Meeting. But about the same time the town records of Salem begin; and it is rather obvious there that as the plantation became the town, the Governor and Assistants became the Board of Selectmen. The Boston villages may have got the idea of Selectmen from this source. Plymouth colony was a little later in taking both steps. The earliest towns date from 1633, Selectmen not earlier than 1645.

The purest democracy on earth, the New England town, thus seems to have sprung indigenously from the soil; the immediate precursor being the Trading Company, with its General Court and its Court of Assistants. Other theories have been suggested: for instance that of Adams and Channing, that it was the application of the Germanic village self-government to frontier conditions. This is no doubt true in a very general way. But the same inheritance led to the town in New England and to the self-governed plantation, becoming the county, in Virginia. It does not account for the town democracy rather than some other form of local government. The distinctive forms of town government — the town meeting and the selectmen — sprang up in the Bay Colony, influenced, if by anything, by the Company government of the colony of Salem. The officers of Salem were, however, almost all appointed by the Massachusetts Bay Company, and there is no evidence of a general plantation meeting to take action.

The organization of the first towns was extremely simple, as appears from this graph of Cambridge in 1635:



Any work not within the scope of either of the officers was done by the town itself, either directly in town meeting or by committees.

The functions of the Town were very simple. They granted land from the residue of the original bounds which had not been granted to settlers, they laid out highways, they regulated the use of the land and highways, and they supported the poor. These were the duties of the English parishes, and some historians have thought to find the origin of the New England Town in the English parish; but again the difference is so great as to make this origin dubious.

There has been taken at random for later consideration the year 1845, the year before the granting of a city charter; and now let us examine the work of the town two centuries earlier.

The first town meeting in this year was February 14, 1645, when a large grant of land "neere unto ye East Corner of Concord boundes, which swamp is heade of part of Shaw shine river," [which I suppose is now in Lexington] was made to Roger Shaw. Herbert Pelham, Esqr. and Capt. Cooke were deputed to lay out the grant, and their rough sketch is entered on the record. The second town meeting of the year was on September 12, when town officers were chosen:

Herbert pelham, Esqr Roger Shaw Edward Oakes Tho: Beale Richard Hildreth	for Townsmen
mr. Josepth Cooke Thomas Danforth	for Cunstables
John Russells william Cutter Roger Bancroft	Surveyours of land to be Joyned with ye cunstable
John Stedman John Cooper	Surveyours of Highwayes

These are the only town meetings held during the year. It may not have been a typical year, as during the year 1646 (New Style) there were five meetings, though in 1645 there were but two.

The powers and functions of a town were gradually increased during the next two hundred years; so that in the year 1845 the law provided for such additional functions as education, health, and fire protection. A regular fire department was authorized by legislation in 1839. A "main drain," recently authorized by the legislature, was voted by the town in 1844.

In the year 1845 there were ten meetings of the inhabitants of Cambridge, and thirty or more meetings of the Selectmen. The first three town meetings were to consider legislation pending in the General Court. On March 24 they elected the town officers: 5 selectmen; 3 assessors; 7 overseers of the poor, who by vote were also to be surveyors of highways; 9 school committee men; 5 Board of Health; 15 surveyors of lumber; 3 fence viewers; 10 field drivers. They voted that the Selectmen should appoint the other town officers; and they accordingly appointed 5 weighers of hay, 6 measurers of wood and bark and sealers of leather and coal baskets, a sealer of weights and measures, measurers and sealers of upper leather, a pound keeper, 2 superintendents of burial grounds, 5 auctioneers, and many engineers of the fire department. The town voted not to appoint a tythingman. On April 14 the town appointed a committee on finance of 9 members, and voted a tax levy of $40,000. The principal appropriations were:

		Today
Almshouse and Roads	$ 7,500	$ 425,000
Schools	12,000	1,867,000
Interest	1,600	482,000
Repairs of Bridges	2,500	40,000
Fire Department	3,800	447,000
Police Department	.....	556,000

Population has increased 10 times.

The last three meetings of the year were occupied with the state election: a majority vote was then required to elect, and three ballots, on separate days, were required before all offices were filled. Two meetings were required to establish a new school at Dana Street.

The principal business of the Selectmen was to approve bills, to draw jurors, and to prepare warrants for town meetings, though they did other more interesting things. One or two special things which were passed on during this year may be named as of special interest. The town voted, wisely as the event proved, to oppose the location of the Charlestown Branch Railroad with a terminus on the Common. This road was in fact built, but was soon removed for lack of support. A committee, of which Simon Greenleaf was a member, was appointed to present a code of by-laws. A committee was appointed to oversee the construction of the main drain which had been authorized the preceding autumn; the beginning of the sewer system.

At the meeting of the Selectmen on April 24th,

A communication was received from Rev. Daniel Austin asking permission at his own expense to enclose with an iron fence the large Elm Tree by the road side, near Cambridge Common, it being the Tree where Gen. Washington first drew his sword in the defence of the liberties of our country.

Voted, That the above request be granted to Mr. Austin, provided the inclosure will not interfere with the public travel.

In the Census of 1845 the population was 12,490, an increase of nearly 50% in five years; and the town-meeting government became unwieldy. The three thousand polls could not meet, or come near meeting, in any building in the town. Two plans were proposed: one was a division of the town into three; the other was the adoption of a city government. These plans were debated long and with heat. The plan for division was defeated, as others had been before; and a committee, of which Simon Greenleaf was the principal member, was appointed to present to the legislature a plan for a Charter.

City government was still new in the Commonwealth. Projects for a city government for Boston had been presented from time to time from 1780 to 1820, but all had failed because of doubt of the constitutional power of the General Court to create a city. The Constitutional Convention of 1820, among other amendments, presented one permitting the General Court to erect a city

government in any town of 12,000 inhabitants; and this was accepted by the people of the state by a small majority. A committee was at once appointed by the Boston Town Meeting to bring in a plan. The leading man on this Committee was Lemuel Shaw, afterwards the great Chief Justice. The plan was a novel one, quite unlike either the cities of the middle states, formed on the English model, or the southern cities, governed by commissions. This plan provided for a rather large council, elected by wards, which was to take the place of the town meeting. In other respects the government was not to be changed. The council was to elect Selectmen, and in all other respects act as the town meeting had done. In short, it was like the "elective town meeting" by which Brookline and other large towns are now governed.

The people of Boston, however, could not be so simply satisfied. When the report was presented, the town desired a mayor and aldermen, like other cities. The Chairman of the Selectmen became, by the changes made in the plan, a Mayor, the other Selectmen were called Aldermen, and they were elected directly by the people; and the City Council sat in two chambers. No change in function was made, however. The first charter of Boston, and that of Cambridge, modeled on it, can best be understood by remembering that the City Council represents the Town Meeting, and the Mayor and Aldermen take the place of the Board of Selectmen.

On this model the committee presented a draft of a charter for the proposed City of Cambridge to the legislature, which adopted it on March 17, 1846; and at a town meeting called for the purpose it was approved by a vote of 645 to 224 against.[1]

The charter vested "the administration of all the fiscal, prudential and municipal affairs" of the city in a Mayor, a board of six aldermen elected at large, and a common council of twenty, elected by wards. The annual city election was held (as the town election had been held) on the first Monday in March, and the municipal year began April 1. These dates were later changed to the early part of November and January 1 respectively. The

[1] (8 Mass. Sp. Laws 577).

Mayor was the presiding officer of the Board of Aldermen, with a "casting vote" only, that is, a vote in case of an equally divided board. The executive powers formerly exercised by the Selectmen were vested in the mayor and aldermen, who appointed the police, issued licenses, prepared the voting list, and managed the recently established fire department. All the powers vested in the town were hereafter vested in the city council, including making by-laws, appropriating money, laying out streets and sewers, controlling health, and creating such officers as it should see fit; and the City Council was to elect a City Clerk and Treasurer. The voters, however, were to elect the School Committee and the Board of Assessors.

The last officers of the town of Cambridge were:

Selectmen: James D. Green (Chairman), William Wyman, Joseph Burrage, Jr., Alex. H. Ramsay, and Charles Wood
Assessors: Samuel S. Green, Lucius R. Paige, Royal Morse
Clerk: Lucius R. Paige
Treasurer: Abel W. Bruce

The officers in the first year of the City of Cambridge were:

Mayor: James D. Green
Aldermen: Samuel Batchelder, Ephraim Buttrick, Samuel P. P. Fay, William Fisk, Joseph S. Hastings, Charles Wood
Clerk: Lucius R. Paige
Treasurer: Abel W. Bruce
Assessors: Samuel S. Green, Lucius R. Paige, Royal Morse

That there was no break in the government is clear from these lists. The Chairman of the Selectmen became Mayor; the Clerk, Treasurer, and Assessors were reëlected. Three of the Selectmen were dropped from the Board of Aldermen, one of them being elected to the Common Council.

This simple charter, with such slight amendment as time brings, sufficed for the Cambridge of the times; it was the charter under which the city government was carried on in the old City Hall on Main and Pleasant Streets. But the great increase of population in the eighties brought the need of a more formal city govern-

ment, and particularly of an administration by the Mayor and appointed administrative boards, instead of by the elected board of Aldermen. Accordingly a new charter was drafted by a committee of which, if I am not mistaken, Judge McIntyre was chairman, and was passed by the General Court and approved by the Governor May 29, 1891, and was adopted by the voters at the next municipal election. The mayor was by this charter made the sole administrative officer, and the board of Aldermen became simply a branch of the City Council, with legislative functions only. The City Council were expressly forbidden to take any part in the employment of labor; thus emphasizing the dissociation of the Aldermen from administration, and the end of the ancient administration of government by Selectmen and their successors. The school committee and the assessors were still to be chosen by the voters; the City Council were to elect Clerk and Treasurer and overseers of the poor.

This was a model charter according to the standards fashionable at the time. It centered all administration in the Mayor; and it forbade to the City Council any hand in the employment of labor. A short use showed defects, and a self-appointed committee of citizens, which included several members of this Society, among them Richard Henry Dana, Hollis Bailey, George Wright, and Stoughton Bell, drew up a new proposal for a charter and submitted it to the legislature. The late Harry N. Stearns was then Senator from Cambridge; he was sure the entire charter could not be adopted, but did not wish to disappoint his friends on the committee, so he asked them to name two or three of the most important changes. The changes suggested were the change of the date of the city election to March again, with the hope of thereby getting rid of party politics, and the reduction of the school committee from thirty-three to five. These changes were enacted June 28, 1907, and were accepted by the city at its next election.

Soon after the adoption of the amendments of 1907, the country was swept by enthusiasm for city government by a Commission instead of by a City Council. This new plan, successfully employed in Galveston, was an adaptation of a plan almost uni-

versal in the South before the Civil War. A group of young men, headed by Professor Lewis Jerome Johnson, prepared a commission charter for Cambridge, which contained a provision for preferential voting, for recall of elective officers, and for the initiative and referendum. This charter passed the General Court, and was approved June 7, 1911. It was to be submitted to the voters in November, and its sponsors began at once a speaking campaign to educate the voters. When the vote was taken, it was found that the charter had been defeated, though by only a few hundred votes.

Not only in Cambridge, but throughout the state, interest in forms of city charter became intense. The Boston plan, the single chamber, the commission form, the city manager, all had their partisans. Finally, weary with frequent applications from each city for this or that new charter, the General Court passed a general charter bill, containing uniform general provisions, but with a choice between provisions as to form of governing board, known as Form A, B, C, and D. Upon a petition, containing a certain number of names, for the adoption by a city of one of these forms, the question was to be put upon the ballot for the next election; and if it passed in the affirmative, the city was to be governed according to the form adopted. A petition was put on the ballot in the election of 1916 for a Form B government, a majority voted in favor of it, and the form of the city government was again changed.

The changes from the then existing form were the abolishment of the Common Council and a slight increase in the appointing power of the Mayor. Other changes were not important, except that the Mayor was made chairman of the school committee — rather a backward step. The single-chambered council was warmly recommended by the academic experts on city government; but it may be pointed out that the Common Council performed a useful function in giving many young men a taste of city government, and trained many of them for further service. A curious result of its abolishment is that ambitious young men strive for seats on the school board, making that body, instead of the busi-

nesslike administrative body it was under the amendment of 1907, a body of eager-tongued young orators.

And so, in the course of its three hundred years of history, our Cambridge has passed from a pure democracy to what might be called an aristocratic representative government; and from a simple organization with few functions to a thing of many commissions and boards, of manifold functions carried out by professional heads of departments. It has often been said that city government is the one American political failure. This is perhaps too harsh a judgment; but it is certainly not too much to say that compared with the greatest political feat of our people, the invention of that purest of democracies, the New England town, our city government at its best is a high price to pay for the success of great size.

So much for the history of forms of government; the history of what has been accomplished by the government in its three hundred years is another and more difficult story.

I know no better way to test the excellence of local government than first, its economy of operation; second, the character of the citizens whose services it enlists. In both these respects the town government of the first two centuries passes the test. The membership of the Board of Selectmen during this period contains distinguished names. Almost every Assistant during the colonial period who lived in Cambridge served as Selectman, and many of those who were on the Governor's Council during the provincial period. During the first two hundred years the following families, most of those distinguished in our history, appear on the list: Boardman, Brattle, Bridge, Cutter, Dana, Danforth, Dunster, Farwell, Fox, Foxcroft, Goffe, Hastings, Hilliard, Jackson, Little, Oakes, Prentice, Russell, Saunders, Trowbridge, Vassal, Wellington, Whitney, Willard, Winship, Winthrop, Wyeth, and Wyman.

These men and their companions governed affairs so economically, not to say parsimoniously, that the tax rate in the two hundredth year of the city was $2.26 on the thousand; and ten years later $2.77, a rate which led the Committee on Finance to utter a warning against extravagance. But, as Paige points out,

"Municipal affairs were very economically administered. The school-houses and other public buildings were few and inexpensive; the streets and sidewalks were neglected and unlighted; thorough sewerage was unknown; the members of the fire department were volunteers; and the police consisted of one constable in each of the three principal villages," that is, Cambridge, Arlington, and Brighton. There was no public water supply, no paved road, no care for the public health; but there was an almshouse. It may be added that Old Cambridge was against a city government, and in favor of separation into two or three towns.

With city government we get a very different story. Substantial citizens have not, generally speaking, been interested in the government or taken part in it. The Board of Aldermen seldom contained in its membership a person of note otherwise than for his connection with the city government. Rather more persons of importance have served in the Common Council, the most eminent of whom was Charles William Eliot in 1866; but his membership was so unimportant to him as not to be mentioned by his latest biographer. The undistinguished members of the city governments in eighty-five years have done away with any suspicion of parsimony. In 1846 the debt was $22,000 and the tax rate $5; in 1930 the debt was over eight and one-half million and the tax rate over $30.

JOHN BURGOYNE[1]

POLITICIAN, DANDY, MAN OF LETTERS

By David T. Pottinger

Read April 26, 1932

"MAKE WAY! Make Way! Give the General elbow room!" jeered a single-toothed crone who had sought a place of vantage on the top of a shed while below her the inquisitive but good-natured mob surged round a British officer and his comrades trudging dispiritedly through a narrow Boston street. Amid the guffaws of the multitude, the officer visibly blanched and started back. His chickens had come home to roost! A prisoner in the land of the enemy, far from the thousands of brave men who had gallantly followed him through the terrors of the American wilderness, conscious that his defeat was the worst sustained in many a long year by British arms, he was anything but the gay young fellow whose first remark in America was thus garbled by a long-memoried old woman. For this was none other than John Burgoyne, lieutenant-general of His British Majesty's forces, who had said as he sailed up Boston Harbor two years and a half before, "Our army cooped up in this village? Let us once land, and we'll make elbow-room!"

As the officers and their captors squeeze their way along the streets and then take up the journey to their place of detention in Cambridge, let us consider the height from which this Lucifer had fallen. Choosing the Army for a career, he had made rapid progress through the usual subaltern grades and on May 10, 1758

[1] This paper, originally written in 1924, was printed in slightly different form in the *Boston Transcript* of April 26, 1924. Since then a valuable addition to the subject has been published, *Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne*, by F. J. Hudleston [Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1927]. My own paper I look upon as a complement to Mr. S. F. Batchelder's *Burgoyne and His Officers in Cambridge*, published in Vol. 13 of the PROCEEDINGS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY (for the year 1918).—D. T. P.

was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Two years later he did his tour of duty in the Seven Years War against France, serving at Belleisle. The next year, when Spain joined forces with France and attacked Portugal, England sent an expedition to the relief of her ally. Among the officers were Richard Lee and John Burgoyne, who were destined to be on opposing sides during the American Revolution. The campaign along the Tagus during the summer of 1762 sinks into subordinate importance in any but a minute history of the period; but like our own Mexican and Cuban wars it proved the mettle of future leaders. Burgoyne showed himself to be a trustworthy commander and a shrewd tactician. Promoted to the rank of colonel, he returned home in October, 1762. Ten years later he was made a major-general.

When the clouds of war began to darken in America, three major-generals were selected to serve under Gage at Boston; they were Sir William Howe, John Burgoyne, and Sir Henry Clinton. They set sail on April 20, 1775. Burgoyne's attitude towards the men under him was, as always, humane and enlightened; towards the Colonists, it was stupidly silly if we may judge fairly from the bombastic manifestoes he wrote for General Gage; towards his superior officer, it was insidiously disloyal. After a summer in the besieged town, he returned to England in December to look after some personal affairs. His departure was, from a military point of view, indefensible. Gage had already been recalled; Clinton had been sent with a detachment to the southern colonies; and therefore the command would, in case of accident to Howe, devolve upon the young and inexperienced Lord Percy. According to Horace Walpole — whose statements must, however, be discounted — Burgoyne arrived full of complaints and was literally bought off by Government. Whatever the reason, he was raised early in 1776 to the rank of lieutenant-general.

In April 1776, with his professional and financial status thus improved, Burgoyne set forth to America a second time. This summer he spent around Quebec, where he drove off the rebels and did much to keep the province loyal to the Crown. December

found him back in London again, with animadversions now against his associate General Carleton. His reception was, however, very different from the previous one. No one would listen to his complaints, nor offer sympathy for his sorrow at the loss of his wife, who had died a few months before. The King scarcely spoke to him, and he was forced to ask for an audience.

Such an attitude could not long be maintained towards anyone with the family influence and personal charm of John Burgoyne. When England decided upon a more vigorous military policy the next year, he was once more called upon to take a leading part in the campaign. In the theoretically perfect manoeuvres that were to give the British control of the Hudson and thus sever the colonial union, Burgoyne had by far the most difficult share; for he was detailed to break from Quebec through the wilderness, where unguessed obstacles of nature were added to the lurking attack of the Indians and the guerilla warfare of the colonists. The incidents of the expedition are familiar matters of history, which rightly designates the Battle of Saratoga as the turning point of the American Revolution and the nadir of British fortunes in the eighteenth century. The cause of the defeat is certainly not to be imputed to the brave general who crashed his way through the forest amidst heart-breaking difficulties and carried out to the letter his instructions to get to Albany. On excellent authority we know that Lord George Germain, the graceless hero of Minden, at this time Secretary for American Affairs, called at Downing Street to sign the orders for Burgoyne and for Howe; the latter's part being to proceed up the Hudson and effect a junction with Burgoyne. Finding only Burgoyne's orders ready, he refused to delay an excursion into Kent until the other set should be copied fair. On his return from the country, he had forgotten all about the matter. Thereafter the Government party was bound to exert every effort to conceal the Minister's carelessness.

After Burgoyne's surrender to Gates, his army was quartered in Charlestown. The commander himself was lodged in the so-called Bishop's Palace at Cambridge. The house, with its beautiful paneling and balustrades, its great fireplaces, and its lovely archi-

tectural proportions, has just been rescued from decades of oblivion and henceforth is to be the residence of the Master of Adams House.

Meanwhile rumors of the disaster had reached England from Carleton at Quebec. Distance and uncertainty added to the anxiety felt on all sides. Saratoga was fought in October; official messengers did not reach London till early in December.

After vexatious delays, Burgoyne reached home about the middle of May, 1778. Lord Germain saw to it that he was forbidden to appear at Court, and a board of general officers was appointed to examine his conduct. But every circumstance now indicated that he would be used as a scapegoat for the sins of the administration: the court of inquiry declared that as a prisoner on parole he was out of its cognizance; a court-martial was denied him; an attempt was made, after he had delivered two scathing speeches against the ministry, to exclude him from his seat in the House of Commons. Finally he was ordered to return to Cambridge on the ground of his presence there being necessary to his troops. This order he refused to obey and in the end he resigned all his appointments, amounting to £3500 a year, retaining, however, his rank in the army in order that he might later be amenable to a court-martial and might fulfill his personal obligations to Congress. For over two years he and his friends sought an opportunity to defend his character. At last in 1781 he succeeded in presenting favorable evidence before a committee appointed to inquire into Sir William Howe's conduct during the war; but the committee was suddenly dissolved before it had passed a single resolution on the subject before it. He was finally exchanged against Henry Laurens, President of the Continental Congress. When the opposition came into power in 1782, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland and a member of the Irish Privy Council. He retained this rank for about two years, after which his military career definitely ended.

Politics was so intimately interwoven with every feature of late eighteenth-century life that Burgoyne, like other military men, was almost forced into a parliamentary career. His record in the

House of Commons began with his election as member for Midhurst in 1761, a seat which he assumed on his return from Portugal. In the next election, that of 1768, he was returned for the borough of Preston. Junius asserts that he spent ten thousand pounds in securing this seat; but Junius is no more trustworthy than Walpole where Burgoyne is concerned, and the whole matter must be judged not with our enlightened civic conscience but by the general practice of the time. Whether corruption placed him in Parliament or not, he now took a more active and certainly a creditable part in affairs of state. In 1771 he attacked, eloquently but unavailingly, the Administration's acceptance of a very inadequate satisfaction from Spain for the seizure of the Falkland Islands. In 1772, when he voted for the Royal Marriage Bill in spite of having spoken against it on the first reading and then having stayed away from the later debates, General Conway sneered at the honesty of his vote. Within a month Burgoyne was again on his feet, this time in a matter of much greater moment. He now led the attack on Lord Clive which deprived the East India Company of its control over India and marked the final chapter in the wholesale plundering of that empire. "The whole attack on Clive," says Horace Walpole, "showed Burgoyne's position in the House." And that position, it may easily be seen, was neither insignificant nor dishonorable. In 1774 he was active in supporting Sir Edward Astley's motion for making Grenville's Select Committee Bill perpetual, a measure for the trial of contested elections that was in the direction of better government.

Burgoyne belonged, as might be expected, to the Court party, that band of "the King's friends" with which George III attempted to restore Stuart absolutism in principle if not in appearance. As a matter of course, he took his orders and reaped his rewards. Although his attitude towards the Colonists, for instance, was entirely friendly, he was able to persuade himself — with military premiums in view — that they were legally and constitutionally in the wrong. He even confessed to the King that in serving against them he missed that sense of exhilaration he had always felt when he had gone against an enemy. That he was shrewd enough to

jockey the Ministry into buying off his complaints and giving him all he had worked for, we have already seen. But when his schemes failed to work, when the coldness of the King showed him plainly that he need hope for neither pity nor favors, he was prompt to join the Opposition. According to Wraxall, when he returned on parole Charles James Fox went down privately to Hounslow in a hired post-chaise, where he met Burgoyne soon after he had landed, and persuaded him to change his political allegiance partly through reasoning and partly through promises of present protection and future employment. Does this seem unprincipled? It can be duplicated in the Parliamentary record of many leaders of the time. But what a company he entered when he was in Opposition! Wilkes, the Grenvilles, the Townshends, Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Barré, Dunning, Keppel, Dick Howe, Sir George Saville, Lord John Cavendish, General Harry Conway, and others make up the greatest assemblage of first-rate talents that have ever sat on the Opposition benches. It must have been amusing for cynics to see John Burgoyne joining such a company to drive Lord North from office in 1781, and leading a mob of three thousand people in Westminster Hall on the second of February, 1782, to protest against the high cost of coal and the profiteering of the Duke of Richmond, the Coal Baron of the time!

Once more, however, the General was to take a part that commends him even more warmly to the judgment of our own day. As he was foremost in the attack on Lord Clive's administration of India, so he came to the front in the trial of Warren Hastings. As one of the Managers of the trial, he was conspicuous among that historic, solemn gathering in the Great Hall of William Rufus on the thirteenth of February, 1788, so brilliantly described by the graphic pen of Macaulay. "But neither the culprit nor his advocates," says that sonorous page, "attracted so much attention as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches, and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the

illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and a sword. . . . The box in which the managers stood combined an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern." What a pity that Macaulay did not describe Burgoyne himself, whose love of fine clothes and pageantry combined with distinction of bearing to mark him out in any company less exalted. We catch a glimpse of him, standing upon his dignity as a Manager, in Fanny Burney's Diary. She had gone to the trial a second time with her brother James, who had been a companion of Burgoyne's on his trip to America in 1777 and who must have become very intimate with him in the circumscribed quarters afforded by vessels of the time.

"When the managers," says Miss Burney, "who, as before, made the first procession, by entering their box below us, were all arranged, one from among them, whom I knew not, came up into the seats of the House of Commons by our side, and said, 'Captain Burney, I am very glad to see you.'

" 'How do you do, sir,' answered James; 'here I am, come to see the fine show.'

"Upon this the attacker turned short upon his heel, and abruptly walked away, descending into the box, which he did not quit any more.

"I inquired who he was; General Burgoyne, James told me. 'A manager!' cried I, 'and one of the chargers! and you treat the business of the Hall with such contempt to his face!' "

Burgoyne, like so many others who witnessed the opening of the trial, did not live to see the last day of that long-drawn-out process. His activity, however, did not tire; for we find him at one time moving a vote of censure upon Major Scott for a libel on the conduct of the committee, and at another the object of a series of anonymous doggerel epistles.

An impartial observer might judge that such distinguished services in the halls of Parliament could well atone for even so black a failure as Saratoga. But it has been the fate of Burgoyne to live in the popular mind by that incident alone, without regard to his previous or his subsequent record. Bostonians have not forgotten his desecration of the Old South Church by the conversion of it into a riding-school, nor the grandiloquent language of the proclamations penned for General Gage. The Weems school of American history, too, which is still perniciously active in its efforts at "pure Americanism," has been delighted to single out Burgoyne as a chief example of the "Red Coat" who, both instinctively and purposely, adopted the colors of His Satanic Majesty.

Even readers with a greater range of historical background, who recognize that the proper estimate of a man must rest upon knowledge of his whole life and his cultural inheritance, have been too prone to accept without inquiry the ill-natured comments of Horace Walpole. Thackeray, for instance, despite his genial outlook upon humanity, could be betrayed into picturing Burgoyne as "tripping down St. James's street on his way to beat the Americans, and slinking back to his club crest-fallen after his defeat." Walpole scarcely even mentions the General without a sneer: he is "the silent, modest, humble General Burgoyne," writing "concise descriptions" of his exploits; he is Julius Caesar Burgonius, Burgoyne the Pompous, General Hurlo-thrumbo, General Swagger. Over and over again Walpole applies to him such phrases as pompous, pompously pathetic, "a vain, very ambitious man, with a half understanding that was worse than none," "the most verbose and bombast boaster that ever bore a truncheon"; and he speaks of "his bombast style," his "rhodomontade," his "supernatural hyperboles," and the like. Such severe epithets call for explanation. It may be found, perhaps, in a letter written in 1766 by Burgoyne to Lord Townshend, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, regarding the application of a certain officer for the appointment of aide-de-camp. Burgoyne honestly and vigorously opposed it. But — the applicant was Horace Walpole's nephew!

Two more slanderous statements regarding Burgoyne may be traced to Walpole; namely, that Burgoyne was a natural son of Lord Bingley and that his marriage with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of Lord Derby, was a run-away match disapproved by her father. These statements are repeated in almost every early account of the General. As a matter of fact, he was certainly the son of Captain John Burgoyne, a spendthrift man of fashion, and grandson of Sir John Burgoyne, Baronet, of Sutton Park, Bedfordshire. His marriage with Lady Charlotte Stanley while he was a young subaltern at Preston, took place with her eldest brother's full approbation and from his house in London. Her father at first objected, but was finally reconciled to the young couple, made them an allowance of £300 a year, assisted Burgoyne to rise in his profession, and, by his will, bequeathed Lady Charlotte the sum of £25,000. Their marriage seems to have been a very happy one, and there is no reason to doubt the extremity of his grief when she died while he was far away in Boston. John Deare, a promising young sculptor, did most of the work on a monument for her which the General ordered from the workshops of Thomas Carter in Piccadilly and which was to be put up in Westminster Abbey. No such monument, however, is there now. Unfortunately, then, for romance, Burgoyne's name cannot be added to the long list of eighteenth-century young men who rose from obscurity to rank and fortune by means of a hurried trip to Gretna Green. On the other hand, his marriage certainly improved his situation and placed him on an intimate footing with the great men of his day.

Those men, in view of the exclusive character of London society at the time, formed the circle that every reader of Georgian diaries, letters, and memoirs knows full well. Charles James Fox, the first of the Macaronis and the idol of England all his life, was an intimate friend even when the two men were on opposite sides of the political fence. Lord North, a most attractive gentleman in private life, was another. So was Lord Strange, eldest son of the eleventh Earl of Derby and father of the twelfth Earl. The Duke of Devonshire, George Selwyn, and "Old Q," the Earl of March

and Queensbury, were among those who spent hours with him over the play-tables in St. James's street; for Burgoyne was a remarkably clever and successful gambler at a time when gambling was the very breath of social life. The Betting-Book at Brooks's, that repository of a thousand silly or scandalous wagers, which gathered up the crumbs from the greater losses at the card tables, contains the entry, "Mr. Burgoyne betts Mr. Charles Fox 50 guineas that four members of the club are married or dead before Charles Fox is called to the bar." Even Walpole, however, acquits him of the dastardly charge made by Junius under the cover of his anonymity that he waited round the tables for an opportunity of fleecing drunken young noblemen at piquet.

Although he was a close friend of most members of Johnson's Club, there is nothing to indicate that he ever met Johnson himself. Indeed, when the disaster at Saratoga was the one topic of conversation on every lip, Johnson is recorded as having made only a technical comment on the item in the Convention regarding the unfortunate soldiers' piling up their arms. In the autumn of 1790 he was proposed for membership in the Club, but greatly to the mortification of Boswell, who was in the chair on the election day, he received three blackballs. On the same day the Bishop of Carlisle and Dr. Blagden were proposed; Boswell doubted whether the latter would be admitted before Burgoyne. The Bishop was elected on May 22, 1792, some three months before the General's death, and Blagden not until March 18, 1794.

Of his political friends we have already spoken. To them must be added, in a more strictly social sphere, all that brilliant throng of men and women who assembled at Devonshire House during the reign of the great Georgiana. Artists and writers, whether men or women; "lions" from every quarter of the earth; the leaders of fashion and of pleasure — these made that wonderful palace at the head of St. James's street the center of society; and with them all John Burgoyne walked on equal footing. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his portrait in 1766 and must afterwards have met him constantly, says Tom Taylor, "in the Green Room of Drury Lane, at the dinners of the Thursday Night Club, at the

Star and Garter, at every place of amusement where the gay, the witty, and the well-bred of London were gathered together." With Garrick as well as with Sheridan he was drawn into close relations through his remarkable success as a dramatist, which we shall discuss in a moment.

His refined tastes and love of society; his tall, distinguished person; his irresistibly charming manner; his genial, kindly nature; his unquestioned reputation for courage — were impeccable credentials in every circle. He had an unusual facility for inspiring attachment in all those with whom he came in contact, and the strength and permanence of his friendships throughout his life indicate that he was essentially a lovable man. His conqueror, General Gates, spoke of him as one "in whom the fine gentleman is united with the soldier and the scholar." Like all fashionable people of his time, he was fond of late hours, and seldom failed to find plenty to sit up with him long past midnight when his conversation, roaming over the incidents and the aquaintances of a widely varied career, became the most delightful thing possible. Would that there had been a Boswell present on such occasions with his recording pen! At this distance of time we can only console ourselves with Johnson's dictum that "the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression."

Still more eloquent tribute to Burgoyne's essential lovableness and strength of character is found in his treatment of his subordinates, that test which warps away the veneering from many a fine reputation. One of his subalterns in the Canadian Army of 1777 wrote to a friend in England that there was no doubt of the success of the campaign "if good discipline, joined to health and great spirit among the men, with their being led on by General Burgoyne, who is universally esteemed and respected, could ensure success." "He had acquired the respect of his soldiers," says Trevelyan, "by treating them respectfully, and had secured the esteem of his officers by the scrupulous regard for justice which he exhibited in all his professional relations, and by his unaffected and easy friendliness when off duty. From the first hour of the

expedition, up to the very latest, his commands were eagerly and punctually obeyed; and seldom has a general, and never perhaps a luckless general, been more heartily beloved by his comrades and subordinates." He maintained discipline among both officers and men by habitually treating them with discrimination and sympathy. Unlike any other officer of his period, he hated flogging, which was the common punishment in the army; he tried continually to find substitutes for it, and he used it humanely and judiciously when he was obliged to use it at all. In two ways he anticipated some of the most important advances in military science which the World War has made familiar to everyone. In the first place he attempted to apply such psychological principles as his common sense dictated: "to succeed," he said, "where minds are to be wrought upon, requires both discernment and labour. Admitting that English soldiers are to be treated as thinking beings, the reason will appear of getting insight into the character of each particular man, and proportioning accordingly the degree of punishment and encouragement." Again, he recognized the importance of morale and the dangers to which the spirit of an army is exposed during a long siege; he therefore, during the siege of Boston, turned Faneuil Hall into the eighteenth-century counterpart of a "Y" hut. His dramatic instincts naturally led him to the formation of an amateur theatrical company which presented the tragedy of "Tamerlane," some recent comedies, and a local "revue" called "The Blockade." For this last piece the General himself contributed a prologue, which was spoken by Lord Rawdon, a gentleman who later became Lord Moira and spent a long life in the field of statesmanship. Is it any wonder that such a man was followed with a pride and devotion that were proof against every danger and every toil; or that, in gentler walks of life, he was always at the center of an admiring group?

From these facts, which are matters of history all too little known, one may add another verse to the words of Koheleth. Still another may be found in Burgoyne's career as a dramatist. Who now reads his plays? Who knows that he ever wrote any? Even Professor Bernbaum, who has dragged many a worthless

comedy from its mouldy hiding-place, dismisses the General's dramas with a few brief sentences. Gradgrinds have passed them by, leaving them for the inevitable day when thesis subjects shall have become more difficult to find. Only those who know their Elia minutely may have been led into this deserted region through the hidden reference to Burgoyne in the essay on "My First Play." Yet Burgoyne had a noteworthy dramatic career and his plays would be as worthy of revival by semi-professional players as any of the minor Elizabethan works that have had so much vogue; and above all, for the student who wishes to get a picture of the foibles and manners of the late eighteenth-century, they are documents of unrivaled vividness.

Burgoyne's first adventure of this sort was a fête champêtre, a kind of pageant, which he was the first to introduce into England from France, entitled "The Maid of the Oaks." It took place on June 9, 1774, to announce the betrothal of his nephew, Lord Stanley, afterwards the eleventh Earl of Derby, to Lady Betty Hamilton, the daughter of the famously beautiful Elizabeth Gunning. The brothers Adam laid themselves out to transform Lord Stanley's estate, The Oaks, just outside London, into a sylvan scene appropriate to shepherds and shepherdesses, fauns, satyrs, and elves, and the conventional pastoral figures that so much charm us on old Dresden china. The hothouses of the metropolis were stripped of their orange trees to provide decorations; fountains were constructed; lighting effects were carefully planned. On the day of the festival, all the *haut monde* in their gorgeous equipages filled the roads leading thither. For once in the records, the capricious June weather of England proved favorable, and the whole celebration went off to the immense delight of the bored aristocrats and the gaping rustics. Garrick was there and, with an astute sense for profits, gained permission to produce the piece the next season at Drury Lane. With a few judicious alterations and additions from his pen, it was tremendously successful; and the editor of Burgoyne's Collected Works, published in 1808, said that "it has not yet lost its attractions with the public." Thirty-five years is a much longer lease of life than would be granted to most of the

"follies" and "reviews" of our own day! Mrs. Abingdon took the part of Lady Bab Lardoon; Mr. King, of Old Grovesby; Mr. Palmer, of Sir Harry Grovesby; and Mrs. Baddely, of Maria. Mrs. Abingdon's efforts, according to trustworthy information, "set the town in ecstacies," though Horace Walpole, as usual, sneeringly said that the play was "as dull as the author could not help making it."

Unfortunately the marriage to which the fête was the prelude, was not so happy as one would expect; but Lady Betty's story would lead us too far afield. It is important to note, however, that the Earl of Derby was always a close friend of Burgoyne's both politically and socially. Walpole says, perhaps with considerable truth, that he was "a raw young man, totally given over to his pleasures." Like his crony "Old Q" he now lives only in the annals of sport; for his estate The Oaks afterwards gave its name to the famous Oaks stake at the Epsom races.

In December 1780 appeared Burgoyne's next piece, a comic opera in three acts, entitled "The Lord of the Manor"; it contains some very excellent fooling on the methods of recruiting employed at the time and shows all the insight that we should expect from its author. Produced anonymously, it was attributed to almost every possible writer and the songs were thought "by many respectable judges" to have been written by Sheridan. The burlesque part of Moll Flagon, the brandy-sotted camp-follower, was taken by Suett.

Burgoyne's masterpiece, "The Heiress," was presented at Drury Lane on January 14, 1786. Walpole wrote the next morning to Lady Ossory that he heard it had succeeded extremely well and was, besides, excellently acted. Miss Farren, who wrote the last letter Garrick ever received and who married the Earl of Derby a few days after Lady Betty died, took the part of Lady Emily Gayville; and it was always one of her favorite characters. Three weeks later, Walpole wrote again to Lady Ossory and told her that he had gone through "The Heiress" twice in one day and had liked it better than any comedy he had seen since "The Provoked Husband." He praised the prologue (by Richard Fitz-

patrick) but did not much care for the epilogue, which Burgoyne had prepared in a hurry. On June 14, 1787, writing again to the same correspondent, Walpole called it "the best modern comedy" and ascribed its perfection to the fact that its author moved habitually in the sphere of high life he had undertaken to depict. Horne Tooke said that it was, "one little morsel of false moral excepted, the most perfect and meritorious comedy, without exception, of any on our stage." Mrs. Tickell wrote to her sister Mrs. Sheridan after the performance, "The play went off with the most brilliant and satisfactory applause, epilogue and all. They have had a meeting at King's room to-day, (or I believe rather yesterday) to make a few necessary curtailments which the whole house was of opinion was the only thing to be done to it, to render it the most finished performance since the comedy 'The School for Scandal.' "

"The Heiress" kept the stage for many, many years. Miss Farren was succeeded in her part by Mrs. Pope and then by Miss Duncan, but neither of them equalled her rendering. Debrett, the publisher, gave Burgoyne £200 for the copyright, the largest sum that had been paid up to that time for such a work. Within a year, however, he had more than reimbursed himself for his unprecedented liberality, for he sold out ten editions and continued to reap his harvest long afterwards. It was translated into French, German, Italian, and Spanish. So late as 1857 a writer in "Notes and Queries" referred to it as "one of our most popular and celebrated comedies." There is even better evidence that it was well-known to Dickens and his early readers. In one of the scenes Lady Emily is "preparing the cast of her lips for the ensuing winter," to be called the Paphian Mimp; "it is done by one cabalistical word, like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself niminiprimini — the lips cannot fail of taking their plie." The passage seems certainly to have been in Dickens's mind when he said in *Little Dorrit* that "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism — especially prunes and prism" are "all very good words for the lips."

In October of the same year (1786) Burgoyne repeated his success with another play, "Richard Coeur de Lion," an adapta-

tion from the French of Sedaine. Mrs. Sheridan wrote the prologue; Linley, Sheridan's father-in-law, wrote the incidental music, except for a few portions that were retained from Gretry's original scores; and Mrs. Jordan took the leading female part. John Kemble was the Richard, and, to the astonishment of the public, he actually sang a song, "Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn." Mrs. Tickell wrote of the first performance, "Richard's himself again; in plain matter-of-fact prose, never were the most sanguine expectations of success so completely gratified last night as at our Richard, and what delighted us all more than anything was that the carpenters exerted themselves so much that there was not the least degree of impatience shown by the audience before the second act opened with such a wonderful alteration of beautiful scenery that it seemed quite the effect of magic to have had it there so soon." She wrote again, after the performance on the third night, "It went so much better than either of the preceding nights and the applause was if possible much warmer." Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto, saw it in the following February and wrote, "Never in my life was I more highly entertained and delighted."

The occasional songs interspersed through the plays indicate that Burgoyne was by no means least among the large company of fashionable people who at that time were ready on a moment's notice to turn a copy of verses. The fashion, started, or at least fostered, by Lady Miller's Batheaston Vase and its imitations, was responsible for a greater quantity of amateur poetry than any other period except the Elizabethan can boast. To our ears much of it has a thin, tinkling sound; but anyone with a trifle of Johnson's "observation" is aware that our admiration for Elizabethan minor verse is only a recent growth, and he hesitates to declare that the verse of Burgoyne's contemporaries will never again appeal to English ears. The General's poetry, apart from the plays, consists mainly of prologues and epilogues — not forgetting the Prologue to "Zara," which he wrote for Lord Rawdon in Boston — and his contributions to that excellent bit of fooling, "The Probationary Odes," in which even more renowned men combined to "roast" Tom Warton, the successful candidate for the Laureateship.

Besides these literary interests, he had a flair for antiquarian researches such as Bishop Percy and Joseph Ritson pursued. The original "Maid of the Oaks" was an early example of the modern pageant as distinguished from traditional survivals from mediaeval practice; and Burgoyne could not have planned it without some considerable knowledge of rural customs. Naturally, therefore, he became a leading member in a Society for the Encouragement of Ancient Games which Sheridan and Windham projected in 1787. Perhaps he and William Morris, otherwise a strangely contrasted pair, are even now enjoying a bout at single-sticks in the Elysian Fields!

Literary triumphs, with the social prestige they inevitably gave, and parliamentary duties of such importance that they still further enhanced it, must often have caused Burgoyne to forget the bitter days when defeat and obloquy were his portion. His friends, however, remarked that those days had left indelible marks on him despite his usually carefree air. Gout too claimed him as it did most of his contemporaries and eventually caused his death. Antony Morris Storer wrote to Lord Auckland on the tenth of August, 1792, "The papers must have told you of Burgoyne's death. It was very sudden. He passed Wednesday and Thursday at Mr. Fox's at St. Anne's Hill, in good health, complaining, however, of symptoms of the gout. On Friday he went to London, and on Saturday morning he died." This was on the fourth of August in his house at No. 10 Hertford street, Mayfair, once the residence of Lord Sandwich and later of Sheridan. He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey with a surprising lack of funereal ceremony, only one coach with four occupants in attendance. No memorial, not even a simple stone, was ever erected to mark his grave, and it never has been certainly identified. Nor does history relate who those four mysterious mourners in the coach were. One likes to imagine that they were Richard Fitzpatrick, Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Lord Carlisle — gentlemen all, and merry companions whether around the baize at Brooks's or in the Green Room at Drury Lane or in the great Ball Room at Devonshire House.

REMINISCENCES OF SPARKS STREET

Three Papers Read June 10, 1932

1. NOTES ON SPARKS STREET

By Maria Bowen

SPARKS STREET[1] is divided into two parts. Lower Sparks Street descends into what used to be called "the Ma'sh," which is now drained and adorned. Mr. George Martin Lane, Professor of Latin, lived in Mercer Circle, and dated his letters "Upper Marsh." When Sparks Street crosses Brattle Street, it becomes uplifted and has a hill in it.

It is named for a President of the College. Every President has had a Cambridge street named for him, except perhaps Dr. Hill, an unaccountable omission. Jared Sparks started in life with no advantages but a fine mind and personality, and the modesty and simplicity of a true scholar. He worked his way through school and college; then he devoted himself to history, and has left monumental biographies of Washington and Franklin. When a sculptor was working on a bust of him, the sculptor remarked on the height of the upper part of his head. "Ah," said Mr. Sparks, "it must be like an idiot's." He always wore the same half broken-hearted, half absent-minded air that Lincoln had, though of opposite appearance in other ways. In the hall of his rather stately house in Quincy Street, now belonging to the Swedenborgian Church, hung in glowing colors Miss Jane Stuart's portrait of his daughter Florence, represented as Alexander Pope's Belinda with a cup of tea. His daughter Eliza Wadsworth married the Director of the Observatory, Professor William Henry Pickering, transformed the picturesque old dwelling-house there (with terraces guarded by cherry trees) into a French chateau, and reigned as one of the queens of college society.

[1] Sparks Street was the boundary between Watertown and Cambridge until 1754.

Two houses dominate the Square at the junction of Brattle Street. Denman Ross's large white house was built by Welch of Welch & Bigelow, the printers, and sold to Mr. Ross's father, a big man like his two brothers, who as Ross Bros. built school furniture. LeBaron Briggs lived in half the double house opposite the Ross place. Mrs. Charles C. Little, when a widow, also lived there until she took up her residence in Florence, Italy.

Sparks Street has a fine entrance. On one side lies the historic Brewster estate with its magnificent lindens, finer than any in England, its "graveled pathway" sung by Longfellow, and its barn-field in all its luxury of space. On the other corner a large flower garden smiles at every passer-by. The house, one of those built by Horatio Greenough, is foreign-looking, and its perron is surrounded by a circle of bright flowers, — hyacinths, then daffodils, then roses and heliotrope, then chrysanthemums, according to the season. A large bush of Persian lilac stands at the opening of the drive-way, and ivy-borders recall the Tuileries gardens. The house was built for Guyot the geographer, and there is a tradition, how true we know not to the contrary, that at a dinner-party given here, Mr. Agassiz was invited and one of his friends brought his pet bear. The bear escaped through a window, and had to be recaptured. The Rumford Professor of Chemistry, Eben Norton Horsford, bought the house and adorned it with a lovely marble statue in the hall-vista, Louis Seize furniture in the drawing-room, and last but not least, five daughters and two granddaughters, who added to the list of Cambridge beauties.

Behind the roses and lilies of the further garden stands the Spelman cottage, where another Cambridge beauty lived.[1] Clement Lawrence Smith, Latin Professor, lived next. Then came Henry W. Paine's house, and beyond are the Harris and Dodge places, one of the latter now having its balustrade covered with trails of fuchsia. Mr. Paine possessed a great deal of dry wit, and was such a thorough American that when in Paris his chief occupation was to go to his banker's and read the American papers. Mrs. Paine was the soul of charity and geniality, and the one daughter

[1] Harriet Spelman, who married Ernest Longfellow.

inherited her father's legal mind. Mrs. Paine was the President of the Cambridge Humane Society, and the Paine Fund, left at her death, has largely increased in its sphere of influence, and is most ably administered by Mrs. Chesley. Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Wyman revelled in shopping, not only for themselves, but with great generosity for others. Mr. Paine solemnly remarked to a fellow-traveller, "It is an impossibility to keep women away from shops."

On the opposite side of the street is one of the few modest and attractive brick blocks of Cambridge, built in the early 80's. Next comes the Russell house, illuminated by the memory of the young Governor of Massachusetts, William Eustis Russell. He was no relative of the Revolutionary Governor, Eustis, but was named for him and added lustre to the name. The next house, a modern one, was built by Mr. James Atkins Noyes, who married the daughter of Justin Winsor, historian and librarian. Then comes the hill, covered with wild wood and holding a little well. On the top of this hill lived, with his motherly wife and their family, Dr. Morrill Wyman, "the beloved physician," peppery and tender, wise and devoted. His biography has been well written by his son. The large estate opposite was owned by George Meecham and the house was built in 1859 by Mr. Charles Deane the antiquarian, courtliest of gentlemen. There was only one more house beyond, a two-story farmhouse with garden and greenhouse, belonging to James O'Brien. The street was bounded by Vassall Lane, perhaps marking the end of the Vassall property, and running up into Concord Avenue. It would not know itself now, having been cut through in the other direction and prolonged into Huron Avenue.

The Deane estate was broken into first by a lot sold to Mr. Justin Winsor. Later, Clement Circle, named for George Clement Deane, was laid out for College people, Mr. Robinson, Professor of Botany, Mr. Bliss Perry, Professor of English, and two others.

2. NOTES

By Mary Deane Dexter

My own early recollections of Sparks Street as a small child in the seventies, naturally center around my grandfather's estate, the Deane house, barn, and extensive grounds and pasture land. It extended from the O'Brien line back to the present Manassas Avenue and down to the Dodge line, Mr. Dodge having bought his land from my grandfather in the late fifties, I think. The Deanes had a horse and buggy, carry-all and sleigh; a cow was kept, and there were flowers and a large vegetable garden and apple trees. I must have been small as I remember long days of play outdoors, when the corn was high enough to hide me and the trees seemed made for climbing. On the Fourth of July we would mount to the roof to see the fireworks and then all sit on the stone doorsteps and have ice cream and watch Dr. Wyman's fireworks on his place opposite. One pleasure was to creep up to an attic room where there was a curtained book-case containing children's books of the Deanes' time, — Jacob Abbott, etc. These old-fashioned books were a delight, and I lay on a horse-hair sofa and devoured them. I can still feel the prickly horse-hair and smell the aroma of bars of yellow soap, of which there was always an ample supply stacked in criss-cross pattern to harden. I suppose an open window did not enter into my scheme of things.

Now in 1932, after seventy-three years of occupancy by the same family, the estate passes into other hands. In September the Sparks Street neighbors will welcome Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Musgrave and their four children, and we hope they will like us so well they will pass another seventy-three years among us.

3. SPARKS STREET

By Rosalba Peale Smith Proell

Sparks Street, once Lovers Lane, leads upward in a northerly direction from Brattle Street to what was once Vassall Lane, now Huron Avenue; rising with a slight curve past pleasant gardens

with their lawns and shade trees, and dignified houses set back from the street at greater or less distance, according to the contour of the land and convenience for building. New houses have been set in what were open fields or parts of estates, but none of the older houses have changed their form except No. 64, which grew too small for the family and had to expand. Except for the paved sidewalk and the two streets leading out to the westward, Sparks Street keeps its old familiar appearance, which is very restful after seeing the changes in other parts of Cambridge.

The brick block at the corner of Brewster Street is a very good symbol of what Cambridge has so far escaped in its growth into a large city. I remember very well the disappointment felt, and expressed, by the residents of the street when Mr. John Brewster built this block. The view of beautiful sunsets would be, and was, entirely cut off from the houses on the east side there; but also I often heard the concluding remark, that they supposed that some day the whole street would be all built up closely on both sides, "just like Boston." The day may even now come, but let us be thankful that it is not yet. Brewster Street was not opened for a long time after the completion of the brick block. It was merely a driveway to reach the service doors at the back of the block, which did not have even fenced-off yards but was separated from the fields beyond by an ordinary rail fence. These fields made a good place for the children of Sparks Street to play. Those directly behind the block being filled with mounds of earth left when "the Museum" was put there, led to the invention of many new games in their hills and valleys. This Museum was built for Mr. William Brewster by his father to use for his collection of birds. It had a hall and stage of considerable dimensions. As far as I can remember, the building was never finished, though it may have been used for its original purpose. The only use I ever saw it put to was when some boy found a way to get in, and the rest of the boys and girls naturally followed. We found it empty and after the first thrills of exploring a large and echoing place, and scaring the girls by shouting and groaning through the furnace pipes, the novelty wore off and we turned to other things.

This building was later moved to the end of the Brewster land, when Brewster Place, as it was first called, was laid out that far, and made into four nice little houses in a block. In one of these lived Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deane, and next to them, Rev. and Mrs. J. I. T. Coolidge, Mrs. Deane's parents. At a later date Mr. Walter Deane was the curator of Mr. William Brewster's little brick museum which he set among trees, where he made a bird sanctuary. A tall wire fence with a slanting flange atop enclosed this on the south side of Brewster Street, down Sparks Street part way to the Brattle Street corner, and then across the grounds behind the old Brewster house, which faced Brattle Street. Inside lived little cocker spaniels who delighted to chase any cats that were clever enough to surmount the high wire fence but, once inside, could not get out again because of the top arrangement. But one oversight was that the posts of a narrow gate which opened on Brewster Street were of wood, so that puss soon found that she could come and go by this way if she cared to risk the danger of the dogs. Mr. William Brewster lived at first in a house in the brick block on Sparks Street; but after his father's death, he moved to the other house on Brattle Street. The Museum became the regular meeting place of the Nuttall Ornithological Society, the oldest society of its kind, I have been told. We were always grateful for the bird sanctuary, which gave us much pleasure in woodsy fragrance and bird song in the summer mornings and evenings.

The brick block may not have been a delight to the grown people who had to live opposite but it proved an enjoyable arrangement for their children. Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks with their two charming and handsome children, Arthur and Margaret, lived in the house at the upper end. Next to them in the block was a boarding house kept by a Miss Bangs, and between that and the Brewsters I remember the Dabneys. This is as I recall the first occupants of the block, in the early 1880's.

In 1883–4 we all moved over to Miss Bangs' while our house, No. 64, was being altered. It seems to me that it was while we were still there that the Brookses moved away and Professor and

Mrs. Thayer with their four daughters, Lucy, Grace, Miriam, and Edith and their son, Greenough, moved into the end house, coming from Andover, Mass.

It is always an unsolved question why children who have plenty of fields or large yards to play in, will continually prefer to play in the street. Perhaps the element of danger is the attraction, but so it seems to have been through the ages. They do it today, risking their young lives in automobile traffic just as we did then when only an occasional horse and carriage threatened us, or the policeman, who said baseball in the street was forbidden. Baseball we played nearly every summer evening, or "Three Old Cat," boys and girls together. Or, some boy having applied his mathematics to the circumference of the brick block and discovered that eleven times round was a mile, started us all to running, walking, skipping, and even hopping, miles. Little girls played jack-stones on the stone steps, or "house" in the vestibules. In the field behind we all made Pueblo dwellings up in the clayey mounds, and discussed the possibility of making them large enough to really get inside. Such was the interest inspired by our school teachers in American history. In the late afternoons we were often annoyed by the attention of children who came to and from the public school somewhere up Sparks Street, and who often became so troublesome that police authority had to be invoked. We knew them as "muckers" and were rather afraid of them. They were a race apart who lived on "The Marsh" as the other end of Sparks Street below Brattle Street was called. It was a good many years before I realized that "The Marsh" was really a part of Sparks Street. Brattle Street was so wide and the horse cars, branching at the Sparks Street corner, down Craigie and Brattle, seemed to segregate us entirely from that other less beautiful world.

Above the Hon. Charles Theodore Russell's place came a large field where is now Highland Street, which dipped quite steeply to a moist hollow under an apple orchard. In this hollow there used to be ice enough in winter for small skaters, and rivulets of ice ran down between the trees from street level. An exciting and some-

what dangerous game was to coast on our skates down these streaks of ice without hitting any trees. It was most exciting, and I do not remember any accidents. We were also allowed to coast with our sleds from the top of the steep hill in front of Dr. Wyman's house.

Snows used to be deep in those years, and Sparks Street sidewalks used to be hard to keep passable. But if you didn't get your sidewalk cleared in good time, the policeman came to remind you of your responsibility. Spring mud was deep in roadway and sidewalk, and there was talk about getting a flagstone sidewalk. Meantime my father had a wide board walk made for our stretch of sidewalk and my parents hoped that others would follow suit. But though much appreciation was expressed, especially when passersby stamped the mud from their rubbers as they stepped upon it at either end, no coöperation followed. January thaws brought flowing rivers in gutters which defied even knee-high rubber boots, and children often had enjoyable difficulty crossing the gutters on the way to and from school.

Our house, No. 64, was originally built by President James Walker upon his retirement from Harvard. He had planned to enjoy his retirement with his garden and fruit trees and hens, but he was taken ill and died before he was able to more than make a beginning. The house was square, with a flat roof and a cupola, and stood on a terrace at the northern side of the quarter acre lot. The front door in the middle was flanked by a bow window on each side on the first floor. There were four windows in each bow, narrow with round tops. Above these in the two second story rooms were twin windows with round tops to correspond, and also over the door. The front door was two-leaved, of black walnut with ground glass lights in each, having a vine pattern. Three wide granite steps led down to the top of the terrace, where there was a large slatestone landing; and below, two more granite steps led to the gravel path leading to the gate, set in the high fence between two tall spruce trees. The fence itself is rather interesting in these days of less privacy. It was perhaps four feet high, of straight round spindles set in a wide baseboard and topped with a simple

moulding. The posts were round, slightly tapering, and capped by wide disks which were like nothing so much as huge pancakes which had humped a little in the frying. These made fine seats for young observers who paused to watch the world go by; and also for tables of discard for tramps who scorned a piece of bread and butter after pleading hunger at the back door. In the 1870's there were a good many tramps, some of whom seemed to be quite dangerous looking men.

At the back of the lot, or yard, as it was always called, slightly to the south of the houseline, stood a carriage house, a replica of the house with its cupola, except for the large barn door below and the lesser one over it for the haymow. Inside was a wide room for carriages and off it a pump room and stalls for two horses. A built-in stair led to the second floor where hay was to be kept. Outside on the south side was built a two story henhouse having windows with sliding wooden panels into the carriage room from the upper part, glass windows on the outside of both. A huge apple tree, the largest I have ever seen anywhere, grew beside this building and spread its large branches over henhouse and "barn." The barn, as we always called it, proved a wonderful attraction for all the children of the neighborhood. There they could play and make all the noise they liked on pleasant or rainy days; and so they did, to the relief of many a mother's nerves. There was a good space between house and barn, originally intended for turning of carriage and horses, and a driveway led to the street through a wide gate, between the house and a double row of pear trees. These and the apple tree had been grafted by Professor Sophocles, and bore most beautiful and delicious Bartletts, Seckels, and "winter pears." The apple tree carried three different kinds, Gravenstein, Pound Sweets, and Snow apples. After we moved there, Professor Sophocles used to come often to see how his "orchard" was doing, and to consult with my father about their care, though I imagine that as my father grew up on a large farm in Pennsylvania, it was rather an exchange of experiences than a case of instruction. I remember feeling a great awe of the gentle old man, with his full white beard and eyes as black as sloes, who had "made the pears and apples grow" on our trees.

The back and north side of the lot was bounded by a high board fence. A row of tall spruce trees grew along the back fence. After a while there was a gate cut in this fence for the convenience of the Dexter family, who lived directly behind us on Buckingham Street. The part of the board fence under the apple tree was replaced by a picket fence, and a gate was put in that. But when the general public began to use it and wear a path across our lawn, the gate had to be closed lest it should become a public right of way.

The summer twilight brought neighbors sauntering along the street to drop in for a chat. Among them would be Mr. Spelman from next door on the south side, to advise my mother about her flower beds. His own in the angle at the back of his house was a lovely picture through the branches of our apple tree, though he said that it shaded it too much. Dr. George Goodale, professor of botany at Harvard, who lived with his interesting family two doors above, brought a shrub or a tree now and then; or came as a good friend when someone was ill. Or if Mrs. Goodale or my mother were entertaining, there was mutual assistance in the necessities of table accessories, in the days when salaries were not elastic enough to cover all needs. Mr. Charles Deane or Mr. Russell often came in. Mrs. Paine, next above, would run in of a morning with some dainty or preserve, or would call me over to give me some of the roses which climbed the trellis on the south side of her house. I learned to play backgammon with her in her shady parlor one warm afternoon. Miss Jennie Paine used to trip daintily down the street going a-calling, or taking the horse-car at the corner on Brattle or Craigie Street for Boston. Her little feet would slip in and out in a marvelous tiptoe step from under her full hoop-skirted dress, probably the very last to be worn, in Cambridge at least; a small bonnet on her neatly coiled hair, and a tiny parasol held against the sun most elegantly. Mrs. Russell used to run across to spend an afternoon at backgammon with Mrs. Paine, and sometimes in summer when windows were open we could hear that they disagreed over it, Mrs. Russell being very deaf. But they were always the best of friends. Both old ladies wore fascinating lace caps with tabs. As they belonged to a generation who put

on caps at forty as a matter of course, they were probably not nearly so old as we children supposed them to be. Our point of view was probably that of a little boy of six years who once after a considerable silence as they walked together remarked, "I s'pose it is most time for you to die, Papa." "Oh, why do you think so?" asked the surprised young father, who had hardly completed his thirties. "Oh, because you are so old." "How old do you think I am?" asked the father. " 'Bout four hundred," replied the youngster.

Mr. Justin Winsor, who had built a charming house on the southern slope of Mr. Deane's estate at the top of Sparks Street East side, spent many an evening on our front porch, which being without a roof made a pleasant cooling place to sit. I remember overhearing an interesting conversation about what books should be allowed for a young girl's reading. Should she be given Dickens and Thackeray, and which ones? In the light of today's literature, what a shock that would be!

The life of Sparks Street was simple and wholesome in spite of the fact, or perhaps because of the fact, that all the older people held positions of importance in the world, each in his own subject. We admired their ability and other accomplishments, but we loved them because they were fine, sincere, and kindly people. Many of the young folks then growing up have become important to the world's welfare. All the girls, I think, attended the Misses Smith's School, then in Phillips Place. Some of the boys did too, while some attended Mr. Hopkinson's school in Boston when they were old enough. The Misses Smith inculcated high ideals in us as well as the three R's and collateral subjects. We were perhaps at the time unconscious of the value of their instruction but we know now how to appreciate it. Later some of us went to Miss Ingalls' School in Berkeley Street, another fine school. It semes to me that standards in private schools were higher then and the children responded unconsciously perhaps, but fully, to the expectations of the teachers.

There were, of course, at our house a great many visitors besides our relatives, who came from different colleges in this country and

from universities in other parts of the world, or people interested in education; they would remain a few hours or for several weeks.

I think the most interesting of all to the family, and especially to my brothers and myself, was the Pundita Ramabai of India, who came to Cambridge from Philadelphia and stayed with us on her way across the country, a most charming guest. She was on a mission for the improvement of the condition of the child widows of India. I do not remember the exact date of her visit, but it must have been the summer of 1885 or 1886. She spoke before several gatherings and told of the dreadful conditions existing in India. To us she told even more. It is sad to think in the light of what has recently been written that apparently little change has resulted from her efforts. I read not long ago that the Pundita was traveling in this country, I suppose on a like mission, and was sorry that I could not see her again.

A still younger generation has grown up, married, and settled in Cambridge and in other places, but Sparks Street keeps the air of pleasant homes and dignified neighborliness which was always its charm.

CAMBRIDGE LAND HOLDINGS TRACED FROM THE PROPRIETORS' RECORDS OF 1635

By Dr. Albert P. Norris

Read April 25, 1933

AS THE FIRST settlers of Charlestown sailed farther up the Charles River, they would have passed the so-called Gibbons Creek which extended northerly to the site of the present Sullivan Square. Westerly they could have looked up the valley of the Gibbons River, which, flanked with broad marshes, extended almost to Union Square, Somerville. The headland of Otis Hill in East Cambridge arose abruptly from the southern shore at the mouth of Gibbons River, and was flanked on the south and west by over three hundred acres of perfectly flat marsh land overflowed at high tide and in general appearance very similar to the Mystic River marshes that we can cross to-day. Near the Cambridge end of the Harvard Bridge of to-day, a point of gravelly land extended far out into the river to very near the site of the present embankment wall. To the north of it a deep cove, soon after known as Goffe's Cove, ran inland nearly to the site of the present Sidney Street. South of this point, this level marsh-land continued to the Oysterbank Field. The site of the present Fort Washington was at the easterly end of the headland before the sharp turn in the Charles River towards the west. Captain Island, five acres in extent surrounded by a continuation of the broad marsh, would come next in view. A little beyond, one could look northward the whole length of Long Marsh, bounded on the east by the upland bordering the modern Pleasant Street, and on the west by the ridge of high land then known as Wigwam Neck and now as the Putnam Avenue district ending at the Riverside Press. Continuing to sail up the Charles, the settlers would have passed Common Marsh, then Ship Marsh continuous with it and ending at a little creek which

ran inland approximately under the new Eliot House and receiving a brook from the present Brattle Square. This brook and creek formed the eastern boundary of still another marsh and upland area known as the Ox Marsh, which terminated at Windmill Hill at the foot of our modern Ash Street. A half mile further up the Charles, having passed a marsh some twenty acres in extent called Windmill Marsh and a bold headland of beautiful pines later called Symond's Hill, their boat would have reached a little creek now called Gerry's Landing which, two centuries ago, was called Watertown "Town Landing." If a part of these explorers had there left the boat and endeavored to return to Charlestown dry-shod, in order to avoid the wet marshes along shore they would have walked approximately through our present Elmwood Avenue, down Brattle Street to Mason. Moist land occupied the Brown and Willard Streets sections. By cutting across our present Common, they would have avoided the swale in Brattle Square. Thence crossing broad level forest-land along our present Kirkland Street, they would have reached our Union Square in Somerville. The trail was along the edge of that marsh which flanked Gibbons River mentioned above and which would have prevented our explorers from crossing to our Cambridgeport or East Cambridge district. The mainland near Union Square terminated at the south edge of Washington Street in Somerville. This would have been their path to the narrow isthmus connecting the Charlestown headland with the mainland.

The three brothers Sprague, Thomas Graves, the Company engineer, the two Palmers, Abraham and John, with several helpers, had chosen the site of Charlestown about the old Town Hill near City Square in 1628. It was just a stone's throw from the stockade which had been built by John Walford several years before at the same time that Blackstone settled in Boston, and Conant on Governor's Island, and Maverick in East Boston. We all remember the history of the bad water supply in the Charlestown settlement. The fifteen hundred colonists under John Winthrop in 1630 determined to sub-divide the settlement, and Sir Richard Saltonstall and the Rev. Mr. Phillips migrated up stream

to the Watertown Landing, while other groups settled in Dorchester, Weymouth, and Boston. Rumors of invasion by Indians, or by French, or by Government officials, led the Assistants to determine upon founding a fortified area of comparative safety. This tract that we have sailed and walked about in imagination was found to possess such difficulties of approach over the deep tidal rivers and broad marshlands, that they decided to complete its defense by building a fence (the "common pales") from deep water on the Gibbons River to the site of the main settlement chosen upon the plain south of Harvard College.

After the memorable meeting of the Assistants when it was decided to place the new town on the plain above the creek near Brattle Square, the Company engineer laid out the group of eight streets over the comparatively flat, high ground between our Massachusetts Avenue and the marsh edge at South Street between Brattle Square and our present Bow and Arrow Streets. Approximately sixty lots averaging five to ten thousand square feet each, were staked out; and at an early meeting of the townsmen, it was decided that all houses should be erected at least six feet back from the property line. The village Meeting House was located at the present corner of Dunster and Mt. Auburn Streets upon land apparently in the center of the village and at the point of highest elevation. The Deputy Governor, Thomas Dudley, chose a double lot overlooking the creek and the broad marshes toward Watertown, and there he built the substantial house with a moderate amount of wainscoting in the front room which aroused the adverse criticism of his leader, Governor Winthrop. Matthew Allen, brick maker and enterprising man, chose two lots between the Governor and the Meeting House. Richard Lord, the local store-keeper, chose the lot alongside Governor Dudley, while Daniel Patrick, the military director of the town, took the remaining holding of this city block. The store-keeper also had a plot across Marsh Street extending down to the shore of the creek, where we can imagine he brought his supplies by boat from Charlestown. Andrew Warner built his house on the edge of Marsh Lane across the street from Richard Lord. William Spencer, the Town Clerk,

chose the corner that is now Brattle Square and Mt. Auburn Street; and at his house, we are told, the town records were kept for some years. Sir Richard Saltonstall was assigned the lot never built upon but from that day to this called the Town Market Place, corner of Boylston and Mt. Auburn and Winthrop Streets. To the west of his lot Governor John Haynes had the first, and Thomas Spencer the second, lot. Simon Bradstreet selected the prominent corner of Boylston Street and Massachusetts Avenue. Apparently each householder had a small holding on the edge of the town where his cattle were kept, as we find lot after lot of small area abutting our modern Mt. Auburn Street, Field Lane, and Cow Yard Lane. If we had walked eastward along Spring, i.e., our Mt. Auburn Street, away from the church site, Joseph Reading's home would be on the opposite corner, while adjacent to this house and on its south, we might look in upon our fellow member Professor Hart's tenth grandfather. Out from his southerly windows he would have looked upon the knoll our pioneers set aside as a site for a fort because of its commanding position overlooking Ship Marsh and the river, suitable in position to check hostile approach by way of the river. This site was never fortified but was assigned to Joseph Cooke after he purchased this adjoining property of Stephen Hart, when the latter moved to Hartford. We should mention how the creek extending from the river bank along the edge of Marsh Lane was widened and deepened at public expense, John Masters agreeing to make the excavation to twelve feet wide and seven feet deep at high tide. Those old streets have been widened a little and straightened, but their original relative positions for the most part continue to this day. In Paige's *History of Cambridge* we find a diagram of the eight village streets.[1] I have checked over the ownerships and find it to be in accordance with our City Clerk's records copied and published[2] since Paige was written. The records are so much more easily perused than that revered old volume written in Wm. Spen-

[1] See map 1, at the end of this paper, which incorporates Paige's material.

[2] Published in 1896, "by order of the City Council," with the title *The Register Book of the Lands and Houses in the "Newtowne" and the Town of Cambridge.*

cer's hand but aged by three hundred years. The principal street from the center of the town leading into the impaled area was the present Mt. Auburn Street and its extension, Back Lane or Bow and Arrow Streets, out onto Massachusetts Avenue near the present Remington Street, thence following the course of Massachusetts Avenue to Pleasant Street.

Not until after 1635, five years after the first settlement of Cambridge, did the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony pass the act that every town should report the names of its citizens and the kinds of realty property that each held. It is a map showing these possessions in New Town as described in this book that I now wish to put before you.[3] Each townsman had a town lot; many of them had a separate cow yard lot; each had a small planting field of from one to two acres and, elsewhere, small farm lots averaging from two to five acres, and a few acres of marsh land. Some of the more forehanded had generous holdings of from ten to sixty acres in all. Thus there were assigned the entire thousand acres between the Charles River bank and the common pales, which extended from deep water on Gibbons River in East Cambridge almost in a straight line to the center of the Harvard Yard as depicted on the map. This area was grossly subdivided into the following districts: outside the Village, eight lots already described, of a little over an acre each, fronting on Massachusetts Avenue, extended from the center of Harvard Square to Quincy Street. Some of the principal citizens had their homes thus early on this front half of the College Yard. East of Quincy Street and extending nearly to Dana Street was the Old Planting Field, sixty-five acres in extent. Dana Street was "the Highway to the Common Pales." There, some twenty citizens had long, narrow allotments extending from the modern Dana Street to below Hancock Street in that district between Massachusetts Avenue and the Charlestown-Somerville line. Beyond these small-lot fields, large farm assignments took up the area to the river bank, part upland and part marsh. At the corner of Pleasant Street and Massachusetts Avenue, a lane

[3] See map 2, at the end of this paper.

called "the Highway to the Oysterbank" ran along the present site of Pleasant Street as far as Pleasant Place, thence obliquely in a southerly direction to a landmark called "Black Birds Swamp," just south of the corner of Chestnut Street and Pearl Street. From this district Oyster Bank Field, roughly fifty acres, extended eastwardly.

From our modern Putnam Square there existed a ridge of land ending at the present holding in the Riverside Press. This land was in colonial days called "Wigwam Neck." Some forty-five acres comprised this ridge, and several of the leading citizens made this their first choice of farm land. The Long Marsh of sixty-five acres seems to have been very flat, cleared, and desirable marsh land; many of the citizens chose small holdings of it, probably to make use of the swale grass, which could easily be drawn up to their barns at the head of the street.

In 1849 the surveyor Alexander Wadsworth made a very careful plan of the Harvard Yard, plotting upon it the areas serially purchased by the College. Superimposed upon this Wadsworth plan I have located [4] the lots assigned in the Book of Possessions, 1635, matching the lines of those lots of known history, most of which are smaller than units which the College secured. To William Westwood the original records awarded one rood at the southwest corner of the College Yard, seemingly extending out into the present Square on a line with the present Boylston Street. Because this lot was double the area of the three adjacent lots to the east, it matched perfectly with the Wadsworth map of 1840. Next to Westwood came John Olmstead, who had sold to Edmund Goffe from whom the College bought. Next came William Peintry, who on going to Connecticut seems to have sold to Nathaniel Eaton, the original Harvard principal. Next along Massachusetts Avenue came Thomas Hooker with one rood of front property, while across the Cow Yard Lane Hooker held one acre and George Steele had one-half acre. Again along Massachusetts Avenue John White had one acre and John Clark one fourth of an acre, with properties across Cow Yard Lane held as follows: John

[4] See map 1.

Steele, three-fourths acre; Richard Goodman three-fourths acre; Edward Stebbins one acre. Then the Cow Yard Lane, having turned at right angles around the Stebbins lot, led to the ox pasture, with Daniel Patrick's two and one-half acres next beyond. In the light of history, the Daniel Patrick possession passed through the hands of Thomas Beale into the Congregational Society's possession in 1669 and Harvard at last purchased in 1830. One more lot carries our survey of the College Yard to Quincy Street, which passed through about the middle of the James Olmstead four-acre possession fronting upon Bow and Arrow Streets southerly. The northeasterly half of the College Yard, that portion beyond the Pales, was entirely included in the ox pasture, except the College grant of two and one-fourth acres. Later the Yard took the four and one-half acres of Thomas Shepard and the six-acre holding of Thomas Danforth. The areas awarded in 1635 are shown by this ox pasture plan [5] extending almost to Beacon Street, Somerville, half a mile away. The acre and a quarter adjoining the second Church lot, Westwood's original plot, was deeded by John Betts to Harvard in 1661. It is interesting to note that in November 1642 "John Betts was fined by us [the Town] 19s and 6d for his haystacks and cow houses and dung hills that he anoyde the street before his door with, and though after warned to clear the street yett denied to doe it." Since this property was near the site of Massachusetts Hall, he merited the rebuke.

The Sweetman lot, one acre in extent, adjoining the Betts property on the northeast and surrounding the present Phillips Brooks House, was secured in 1697. An abstract of the deed given by Michael Spencer, the son-in-law of the Sweetmans, may interest you.

In 1697 $350.00 (70 pounds) was paid for the lot, which was deeded to the following:

(President of Harvard)	Increase Mather
(Vice President)	Charles Morton

[5] See map 1.

Fellows of Harvard College	Michael Wigglesworth
	Samuel Torrey
	Samuel Willard
	Nehemiah Hobart
	Peter Thatcher
	John Danforth
	Cotton Mather
	John Lowell
	William Brattle
	Nehemiah Walker
	John White
	Paul Dudley
	Benjamin Wadsworth
	and
	Thomas Brattle, *Treasurer*

Together with this one acre, two Cow Commons were included in the deed of sale, with water and water-course rights upon the property. Apropos the above mention of water upon these premises, I was shown by Mr. Briggs at the Harvard Library a sketch drawn by James Winthrop in 1801 depicting Cow Yard Lane and Field as in 1635 and showing the position of a brook which ran from the vicinity of University Hall southwesterly around the base of Watch House Hill and across Harvard Square in the direction of Brattle Square.

In 1786 Harvard secured title to the Appleton pasture of three and one-seventh acres. Evidently this had been most of Thomas Shepard's early holding allotted from the first ox pasture. In 1794 four and one-half acres came from the Wigglesworth family, fronting on Massachusetts Avenue and having been principally the Thomas Hooker house and orchard of 1635. Fellows Orchard of a scant acre had been purchased from Thomas Marrett back in 1642, and this property had apparently been in John Goodman's possession in 1635. The Village Parsonage was not secured until 1833 when it comprised four and one-quarter acres originally the possession of Daniel Patrick, Edwin Stebbins, and a back

lot from the ox pasture. Acquired in 1835 was the Foster Estate at the corner of Quincy Street, originally James Olmstead's possession, and the Bigelow estate farther over Quincy Street, this a section of the Ox pasture. The "old planting field lots," extending from near Quincy Street eastward to Dana Street, was within ten years assembled from the first small holdings here depicted, into the possession of Edward Goffe, whose home was later built near the present site of Beck Hall. The two tiers of eastern lots in this old planting field became George Cooke's. Cooke also bought title to more than one-half the small lot hill district, i.e., bordering the easterly side of Dana Street. The Cooke brothers, George and Joseph, were among the most enterprising citizens of the town. Although they had been well-to-do husbandmen in England, they were disguised as servants of Roger Harlakenden when they shipped to America with the Reverend Thomas Shepard. Joseph Cooke established the ferry. He farmed extensively and together with his brother was the first to select the water-mill site on Mill Stream in the Arlington district. There he constructed a dam and a grist mill, which led to the betterment of the "Old Menotony Path" up North Avenue and, in 1637, to the construction of the cross road from Watertown to Arlington Centre.

George Cooke's abutters on the eastern slope of Dana Hill were the properties assembled by Roger Harlakenden and by his widow transferred by her marriage to Herbert Pelham. These included tracts, sixty-three and twenty-two acres respectively, first assigned to Governor Dudley and his son, together with those of Richard Goodman and William Westwood, a total of 118 acres which passed down through 150 years as a unit property, Harlakenden — Pelham — Bannister — Ralph Inman — Nathaniel Jarvis — thence to the United States Government in payment of debt and sub-division and sale at public auction into many small parcels in 1803. The story of this tract could fill a volume if we traced its use through forestry, grazing, and husbandry in the support of Herbert Pelham's good home and descendants; the romance connected with Ralph Inman's using it as a suburban estate, after nature had again covered it with extensive woodlands;

while the natural setting gave broad vistas over marshes, riverway, and basins, outlined by distant hills beyond the river. Then came the seizure by our American Revolutionary Army, and the line of investment at the siege of Boston. Breastworks and forts crossed the whole tract, while the manor house still held and protected Mrs. Inman living in the ell. The main house became the military headquarters of General Putnam. This old house stood on the lot a step behind City Hall. It is stated that barracks were constructed on both sides of the present Austin Street, in which five hundred Continental troops were housed. Near the corner of Essex Street and Austin, there was a fair-sized pond with swamp land extending well over towards Harvard Street in an area where, even to-day, serious difficulties have been found in putting in building foundations. This pond fed a brook which followed the course of the present Austin Street down to Columbia Street, where it turned south and crossed our Lafayette Square into Goffe Cove. History states that many willows were about the Frog Pond, and Port youths used it for skating as late as 1825. From the manor house the view southward was upon the so-called Locust Field, later a part of the Dana estate, extending from Pleasant Street to Pearl Street. A beautiful row of locust trees lined the main street. Sad to relate, they furnished fuel for soldiers; in fact, to quote from a letter from Mrs. Inman written immediately after the Revolutionary troops went away, "Oh! that imagination could replace the wood lot, the willows round the pond, the locust trees that so delightfully ornamented and shaded the roads leading to this farm. I say could imagination supply the place of those to the former possessor, how happy — but in vain to wish it, every beauty of art or nature, every elegance which it cost years of care and toil in bringing to perfection, is laid low. It looks like an unfrequented desert, and this farm is an epitome of all Cambridge, the loveliest village in America." Much difficulty was encountered by the Inman family in maintaining their American loyalty and consequent possession of the property, and in 1787 they transferred the title to Nathaniel Jarvis.

As the result of an agitation for fifty years, Harvard Square

citizens with the co-operation of some substantial Boston men, secured a charter to put in a toll bridge to lead by causeway and pile-piered bridge from Lafayette Square to Copper Works Point, Boston, and thence to Bowdoin Square. This construction was completed in 1794 and started a veritable boom in the former farm lands of Cambridgeport. Judge Dana was slow in disposing of his property, but Andrew Bordman and several aggressive operators purchased and sub-divided lands upon the route near the causeway from Lafayette Square to our present Grand Junction Railway track. Several taverns and shops were constructed before 1800. In 1803 Nathaniel Jarvis, who held title to the Inman estate and added to it a belt of land along the east side of Massachusetts Avenue to connect his large farm with the Pelham Island holding, became indebted to the United States Government. Foreclosure followed, and the Government surveyed the property and sold it out in small areas at public auction, again stimulating diversity of development. East of the Inman farm, whose boundary followed northeast of Norfolk Street to near where Prospect Street crosses the present Somerville line, the one hundred and twenty acres were held in four plots for about one hundred and fifty years. Tallcott, Dennison, Roger Shawe, and Henry Dunster in the early days used this tract for wood lots, plow fields, and orchards. The separate pieces changed ownership very seldom, among the Parishes, the Wyeths, Dunsters, and Foxcroft. In our progress over the eastward slope of Dana Hill we have now reached that area of lowland, marsh, and the insular highland, East Cambridge. This tract was assembled in a single ownership before 1700. Its bounds are firmly established in the Registry of Deeds from the corner of our Austin and Columbia Streets on the southwest to the Somerville line near Columbia Street, the northwest corner. Thence following the old line of common pales to tide water in the Gibbons Creek, it follows the shore around Lechmere Point and along the river front to the eastern end of a straight line of division from Munroe Street, corner of Third Street, across the marsh to Berkshire Street near Binney Street, thence south to Pelham Island near Moore and School Streets, thence westerly

to the point of beginning. The island-like section, one hundred and thirty acres in extent, must have been the most attractive farm and home site hereabouts because it was the chosen home of surveyor Thomas Graves, part of whose pay was to be one hundred acres of desirable land for a farm. A letter written by Graves in 1630 says: "Thus much I can affirme in generall, that I never came in a more goodly country in all my life, all things considered: If it hath not at any time been manured and husbanded, yet it is very beautifull, open lands, mixed with goodly woods, and again open plaines, in some places five hundred acres, some places more, some lesse, not much troublesome for to cleere for the plough to goe in, no place barren, but on the tops of the hils; the grasse and weeds grow up to a man's face in the lowlands, and by fresh rivers aboundance of grasse and large meddowes without any tree or shrubbe to hinder the sith." He lived in Charlestown and went up the old road towards Watertown, to the vicinity of Union Square, where the Gibbons River was narrow and he could easily ford it at low tide. He purchased one acre from the holdings of Increase Nowell, who was the first proprietor of that marsh land at the head of Gibbons Creek in Charlestown. Thomas Graves was thus able to reach the Cambridge pales by his ownership of this right of way across Gibbons Creek. It is generally believed that Graves built the first house on Cambridge soil, situated on the southerly slope of Otis Hill near the corner of Third and Spring Streets, East Cambridge. Three years later Graves sold this property to Atherton Hough, a colonist who had formerly been Mayor of Boston, England. He built his home at the corner of Washington and School Streets in Boston, using this river island for agricultural purposes. He commenced to purchase adjoining property — ninety-five acres of John Tallcott, twenty-seven of Matthew Allen, and eight of Hester Musse. In 1706 this large area became the possession of Deputy Governor Spencer Phips. He improved the property by laying out orchards and building walls, and erected a causeway across Gibbons Creek at the present site of Medford Street. Tradition says that upon this hill he built a beautiful suburban home, which was burnt simultaneously with

his moving into it. No records have been found other than tradition in confirmation of this.

Sir William Phips, founder of this family, was one of twenty-six children born in a humble family upon the coast of Maine. He became self-supporting when very young and followed the sea. He is supposed to have been a man of great physical strength. He learned the trade of ship carpenter. About 1680 he discovered among the Bahama Banks to the northward of Hispaniola an old Spanish galleon sunk at a moderate depth, from which he obtained a huge fortune of gold and silver. He took this directly to London and offered it to King James II. The King knighted him and shared the booty generously with him, and in a few years appointed him Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Sir William married the daughter of Captain Spencer, the widow of John Hull, a merchant of Boston. They had no children and they adopted his wife's nephew, Spencer Bennett. About 1705 the young man inherited the patrimony. He immediately bought the large estate in East Cambridge, formerly Atherton Hough's three hundred and twenty-five acres, which had been transferred to John Langdon shortly before.

In 1714 Spencer Phips purchased of Dr. James Oliver the Daniel Gookin homestead on Arrow Street in the Harvard Square district. He enlarged and developed this home, which was later occupied by William Winthrop. Spencer Phips rose to be Lieutenant-Governor in 1741. He had one son and four daughters. In 1757 he passed away and his estate was divided. This family materially aided in the particularly happy life then established along Tory Row, because Spencer Phips's daughters were gracing as wives several of these home. Sarah, the eldest daughter, had married Andrew Boardman, the steward of Harvard College in 1732, and lived opposite the Yard at the corner of Boylston Street. Elizabeth, the second daughter, married Col. John Vassall and lived in the newly built Vassall house, now the Vosburgh home. Mary Phips came next and had married Judge Richard Lechmere and occupied the Sewall-Cabot-Brewster house. Rebecca was Mrs. Judge Joseph Lee at the old Nichols-Cary-Lee house, now

owned by Professor Emerson. Elizabeth Vassall's granddaughter married Lieut. Gov. Thomas Oliver and lived at Elmwood. David Phips inherited the Arrow Street homestead. This group, you recognize, was no small part of that happy Tory set, including Ralph Inman, Henry Foxcroft, East Apthorp, and a few others, who were so rudely displaced when the Revolution broke out a few years later. The subsequent history of their holding in East Cambridge recounts its lease to James Russell during the Revolutionary War; the site of landing of British troops headed for Lexington and for Concord Bridge; the scene of grazing cattle viewed by the British beleagured in Boston during its siege; how a foraging party landed in Russell's pasture and drove into the water ten head of cattle and swam them across the Charles to furnish food for meat-hungry Britons. Its ease of approach led General Washington to direct construction of Fort Putnam on Otis Hill for its defence. After the war was over and Congress had confiscated some of the fields belonging to members of the Phips family who saw fit to go to England, the others slowly sold to Andrew Craigie, who had vision of industrial development at Lechmere Point. Battles for land ownership succeeded as Andrew Craigie sought for construction of the bridge to Boston, the bridge to Charlestown, the Middlesex County Court House, for the development of the glass factory, and for the terminal of the Middlesex Canal. How that man's energy did plan and how much he did by hook or by crook accomplish, only to overshoot the mark of safety! He became a prisoner for debt, not permitted to leave his own lands, Craigie House on Brattle Street.

Herbert Pelham, back in 1642, owned the Simon Bradstreet lot of sixty acres which was upon both sides of the present Massachusetts Avenue between Lafayette Square and the Harvard Bridge. The northerly portion of this lot became known as Pelham Island. It was some ten acres in extent surrounded by wet marsh, and Goffe's Cove severed about ten acres across the lower end of the lot. Two and one-half acres of high ground on the firm land opposite Pelham Island was deeded by Edmund Goffe to Thomas Marrett in 1734 and was described in the deed as a place for

catching pigeons. The seven-acre lot of Edward Stebbins, of which the above had been a part, first extended along the mainland shore from our Lafayette Square to Decatur Street and served as the northern boundary of those marsh holdings extending from the mainland to the river bank. At the lower end of this group of marsh lands was a tract used for many years as a wood lot for Harvard College. The property west of Pleasant Street, fourteen acres abutting Long Marsh, was first awarded to William Goodwin; and the brothers John and George Steele had sixteen acres to the east. This comprised all the upland between Pleasant Street and the Long Marsh. The adjoining properties came into the possession of Thomas Danforth and were the nucleus of the Thomas Soden farm purchased by him in 1743. To the south of Massachusetts Avenue from City Hall to Lafayette Square is a district which has less of historic interest. The property lines have been more complex.

Following the departure of Rev. Mr. Hooker's party from Cambridge, much of this Cambridgeport property was purchased by Nicholas Danforth or Edward Goffe. Their families continued owners of many small holdings until about 1730. The death of Thomas Danforth, whereby Francis Foxcroft and his wife inherited his various holdings, led to several exchanges of lots with Edmund Goffe which shaped up into the larger unit holdings. On May 23, 1732, Edward Goffe, then of Marblehead, transferred six and three-fourths acres of land at the foot of Pleasant Street to Thomas Foxcroft, then residing in Boston, and in exchange he received six and three-fourths acres partly adjoining this tract. A plan drawn and copied at the Registry of Deeds established the new and oblique line of possession which separated the southern part of the Soden Farm from the adjoining tract largely held by Goffe, Trowbridge, and Dana interests until well after the American Revolution. The oblique line thus established extended from the corner of Parks and Pleasant Streets to the upper edge of Black Bird Swamp, an area mentioned upon the Dana estate plan of 1800 kindly shown me by Miss Elizabeth Dana, and which to my mind solved the position of the old highway to Oysterbank

Field. That same day in 1732, Thomas Foxcroft sold the triangular-shaped piece of land two and one-half acres in extent but located immediately north of Black Bird Swamp; this transfer was to Goffe, who already owned the adjoining property east. Within ten years, Edmund Trowbridge inherited the Goffe possessions and on June 24, 1742 we find recorded the sale of seven and one-half acres in the triangular shape, adding five acres to that which Goffe purchased as above, now sold to Edward Manning of Cambridge, and on the same day five acres next above was deeded to Edward Marrett. This Marrett property remained in the family ownership until it was sold in 1783 to pay items under the terms of his will. This Marrett land was deeded to Thomas Warland. The transfer was accompanied by a map for which we are duly thankful, and by its accurate measurements this tract is exactly located. It had remained intact these fifty years; a so-called watering-place on the corner of Magazine and Prince Streets aided in exact location. The Soden Farm home-lot, thirty-five acres in extent, was from the upper corner of Pleasant Street and Massachusetts Avenue extending to Somerset Street at the edge of the old marsh. This lower edge is accurately described by a map accompanying the deed of sale: Seth Hastings, to Nathaniel Jarvis, in turn to Major John Palmer. This lower end of the farm comprised seven and three-fourths acres of upland from the Soden holdings and four acres from Aaron Brook's marsh. This plan gives a splendid outline of the Soden Creek now long since filled in. The Soden buildings (the old home and two barns) were at the present corner of Western Avenue and Pleasant Street opposite Soden Street.

In 1742 Francis Foxcroft, the son-in-law of Thomas Danforth, deeded to Thomas Soden, yeoman of Cambridge, all his possessions on the promontory towards Captains Island described in six parcels. From this deed we find mention of an old dam connecting Wigwam Neck with the ridge of land near our present Fairmount Street. No other mention of this dam have I found. Several deeds of the Long Marsh properties carry rights to approach across adjacent high lands, allowing the removal of driftwood to the main

roads during the spring and fall storm seasons. I will quote from one of these deeds that gave such permission to the Hastings family: "Forever the liberty of passing and re-passing through the same Mannings land where it will do the least damage, with a team in the months of July and August, to carry off the hay from the said Sodens and Hastings lands to the town or public way, as also the liberty of passing with a team anytime in the months of September, October, and November to bring off the tide wreck that may be lodged on said Soden land by the tide." Tradition says that Thomas Soden hired much of the Danforth holding of lands in Cambridgeport; to wit, everything from Pleasant Street to Long Marsh plus many lots in the Long Marsh; and apparently Soden occupied a hired house as early as 1720. Samuel Goffe had acquired ownership to nearly two-thirds of this old Ward 4 promontory previous to 1700, and about 1690 he deeded twenty acres of upland and eleven acres of marsh, the Andrew Warner lot with the James Clark marsh land below, to Harvard College for use as a source of wood. Edmund Goffe, who died in 1726, owned the Oysterbank Field and adjacent fields extending well up along Pearl and Brookline Streets, comprising eighty acres. The remaining thirty-five acres on the west side of the headland was the lower field of Soden's hired ground. I will read to you the 1704 report of a commissioner appointed by the Selectmen of Cambridge to state a highway to the Oysterbank:

> Pursuant to ye above mention'd appointment we have taken a View of ye above sd mr. Edmd: Goffe's Land yt: is called ye: Oysterbank feild, & do find it nesscesscary yt there be a High way thru: a tract of Land in ye Possession of Lt Amos Marrett & thru: a tract of Land in ye possession of mrs Mary Bordman from ye High way yt leads from ye Town to mr Pelham's Island. to ye above sd mr Edmd Goffe's Land called by ye Name of ye Oysterbank feild: we likwise find an ancient Cart way through ye above Said Lt Amos Marrett's Land & mrs Mary Bordman's land wch is extended from mr Edmd Goffe's Land called ye oysterbank feild to a high way yt: leads from ye Town, to mr Pelham's Island wch is Reported by ancient men of their own knowledge to have been improved & possessed for & as a high way by ye Inhabitants of Cambridge above fifty years Quietly without any Moles-

tation, which we Judge needs no Stating wch Cart way we Judge convenient to be continued & likwise to be ye Town's by Right & Possession

Camr: ye 12 June 1704

Solomon Prentice Senr:
Nicholas ffessenden
John Oldham

In 1764 Richard Dana leased to Edward Trowbridge during his natural life several pieces of property in old Ward 4, the rental from which was described oddly: "Paying only a peppercorn at expiration of the term, if requested." Sold in 1777 by deed not recorded until 1792, Samuel Soden transferred to Richard Dana twenty-six acres of the home lot of the Soden farm which was later sub-divided for residential purposes when the West Boston Bridge was put through. It will thus be seen that at the end of the century Judge Dana came into possession of much more than half of the Cambridgeport land south of Massachusetts Avenue through inheritance via the Goffe estate and by purchase from the Soden-Foxcroft-Dana estate. The village baker, a Mr. Palmer, secured the lower end of the Soden home-farm, ten acres in extent, which he shortly deeded to Leonard Jarvis in anticipation of the land boom. On this site two rope walks were built after the bridge was opened.

The properties originally held by Edward Elmer, the Widow Muzzey, William Westwood, George Steele, and James and Nicholas Olmstead at the lower end of Wigwam Neck, in all about eleven acres, were gradually assembled into the ownership of the Coolidges, Mannings, and President Appleton during a century, and later to the possession of William Winthrop and Samuel Manning at the time of the Revolution. On May 4, 1835 Samuel Manning, a descendant, deeded this tract to Amos Hesseltine, who sold it to the Town of Cambridge as its Poor Farm. An old section of the Riverside Press is a part of the building erected at that time for the poor of our town. They were moved from the former Home on Norfolk Street, which had burned not long before. A few years later the city sold this property to Little,

Brown and Company, who proceeded to sub-divide it. This tract to-day comprises the plots of the Cambridge Electric Light Company, the Standard Diary Company, the Riverside Press, and many humble residences. The tract abutted the old Soden Creek, which was dammed. There, a tidal-water driven grist mill was established. The plot originally assigned to Simon Bradstreet further up Wigwam Neck became the pasture of John Stedman, and for nearly a century was in that family ownership. His daughters sold it to the Reverend Nathaniel Appleton, who continued it for cow pasturing many years after the Revolution. The Reversible Collar Company and the Houghton School are prominent parts of this old holding to-day. The extreme northeast corner of this lot and the adjoining Thomas Hooker lot, which later became Edward Pelham's, was the site of Fort No. 2 used in the siege of Boston. On both sides of Massachusetts Avenue near the head of Wigwam Neck there were clay-pits that were developed in the earliest days as sources of brick clay. Matthew Allen, an enterprising colonist, seems to have been especially interested in brick-making. We have now completed our survey of the original impaled Cambridge, that section in which many individual pieces of property are described as bounded upon the northeast by "ye Common Pales."

West of the Brattle Square creek and northwest from the College Yard were the two areas soon designated as West End and Pyne Swamp Field respectively. The first was that entire tract of upland lying north of the ox marsh and windmill marsh, and bounded westerly by the Watertown line, i.e., Sparks Street and Vassall Lane, Fresh Pond along the Fresh Pond swamp, as the northerly boundary was Raymond Street extension. There is no mention made in the property-descriptions in this first book, of lands "abutting upon pales in this area." In this respect it is different from those lands to the eastward. However the Town Records mention under date of April 7, 1634, that John Pratt was granted "two Ackrs by the ould burieing place wthout the Comon Pales." Our historians have interpreted this to refer to a portion of the three and one-half acres bordering Ash Street road-

Map 1

NEWTOWNE—CAMBRIDGE HOMESTEADS

No. on map	1635	pp. in Prop. Rec.
1	William Westwood	7–11
2	James Olmstead	8
3	William Pantry	16
4	Rev. Thos. Hooker	3
5	John White	4
6	John Clark	17
7	William Wadsworth	29
8	John White	4
9	John Hopkins	26
10	John White	4
11	William Goodwin	12
12	John Steele	13
13	William Wadsworth	19
14	Wid. Esther Musse	19
15	Dan'l Abbott	27
16	" "	27
17	Thos. Heate	16
18	Christ'r Cane	51
19	Nath'l Hancock	30
20	George Steele	22
21	Edward Stebbins	21
22	Timothy Stanly	34
23	Jonas Austin	59
24	John Hopkins	26
25	Thomas Beale	16
26	Rev. Sam'l Stone	4
27	Simon Bradstreet	29
28	Abraham Morrill	20
29	Sam'l Greenhill	17
30	John Pratt	6
31	William Spencer	5
32	Thomas Spencer	7
33	John Haynes Esq.	3
34	Market Place	
35	James Ensign	27
36	Rev. Sam'l Stone	4
37	Wid. Isabel Sackett	33
38	Mathew Allen	25
39	Meeting House	
40	Samuel Dudley	31
41	William Andrews	41
42	William Lewis	14
43	George Stocking	34
44	Nicholas Olmsted	9
45	Joseph Reading	32
46	Stephen Hart	18
47	Nathaniel Richards	27
48	Wm. Westwood	1–7
49	Dolor Davis	10
50	John Bridge	10
51	Thos. Fisher	32
52	John Benjamin	10
53	" "	
54	" "	
55	Thomas Dudley	2
56	Mathew Allen	25
57	Humphrey Vincent	27
58	Daniel Patrick	28
59	Richard Lord	21
60	Mathew Allen	25
61	Edmund Gearner	28
62	John Arnold	28
63	William Kelsey	24
64	Andrew Warner	11
65	Daniel Dennison	18
A	John Meane	101
B	Helen Green	96
C	Richard Park	103
D	Nath. Sparhawk	80
E	Wm. Patton	77
F	Susan Blodgett	100
G	Eliz. Bittleston	100
H	Wm. Lewis	11
I	Sam'l Dudley	31
J	Hester Musse	20
K	Richard Lord	21
L	Jerry Adams	26
M	John'n Bosworth	30
N	Nath'l Richards	27
O	Edmund Frost	79
P	Thomas White	60
Q	Robert Demel	61
R	Gilbert Crackbone	62

No. on map	1642	pp. in Prop. Rec.
	Public Lot	
	Edward Goffe	84
	Harvard College	
	Rev. Thos. Shepard	77
	Richard Champney	78
	Thomas Beale	63
	Samuel Shepard	77
	Thomas Danforth	111
	Mark Pierce	114
	Edward Collins	88
	Samuel Shepard	77
	Robert Bradish	91
	Richard Champney	78
	Henry Dunster	74
	Francis Moore	109
	John Russell	90
	Thomas Marrett	52
	William Towne	51
	Nath'l Hancock	30
	Edward Goffe	84
	Nathan Aldus	
	William French	66
	Katherine Haddon	66
	Edmund Angier	40
	Thos. Beale	16
	Nathaniel Sparhawke	80
	Herbert Pelham	73
	Thomas Skidmore	108
	——— Turges	108
	Wid. Eliz. Isaac	109
	John Steadman	59
	William Dickson	114
	Henry Dunster	73
	Market Place	
	Edward Goffe	84
	Nath'l Sparhawke	80
	Robert Stedman	59
	Thomas Chesholin	43
	Meeting House	
	Robert Sanders	69
	Hezekiah Usher	93
	John Bridge	85
	William Manning	103
	John French	109
	Joseph Cooke	74
	Joseph Cooke	"
	Joseph Cooke	"
	John Betts	108
	Ed'd Mitchelson	66
	William Andrews	41
	Edward Shepard	71
	John Betts	108
	Edward Shepard	71
	Moses Paine	113
	Herbert Pelham	72
	William Cutter	53
	John Moore	61
	Joseph Cooke	75
	Herbert Pelham	72
	George Cooke	76
	Mrs. Eliz. Sherborn	67
	Thomas Hosmer	103
	John Sill	96
	George Cooke	76

HOME SITES SECTION OF NEWTOWNE 1635 MAP OF CAMBRIDGE — 1642

BASED UPON THE PROPRIETORS RECORDS. SHOWING INDIVIDUAL HOLDINGS OF THE FIRST INHABITANTS.

way leading down to Windmill Hill. Those huge willows standing a few years ago beside Memorial Drive and near the Cambridge Boat Club are often referred to as the riverbank terminus of the common pales extending from Centre Yard to this point on the river. Further research will possibly some day settle the intervening locations.

The Town Records state on January 4, 1635, "It is further ordered that the burryinge place shalbee palled in: wherof John Taylcot is to doe 2 rodd Georg Steele 3 Rod and Agate Thomas Hosmer 3 Rod Mathew Allen — 1 Rodd and Andrew warner apointed to get the Remainder done at A Publik Charge & he is to haue iiis A Rodd."

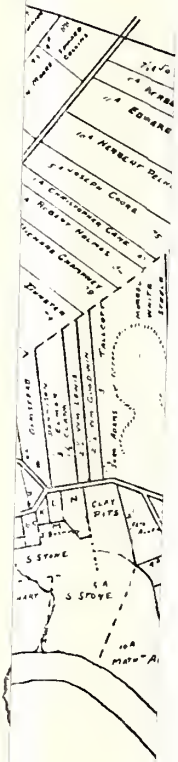
Symon Bradstreet had the adjoining lot to the south and was authorized by the town to build the street down by his pale.

William Butler and the Herbert Pelham holding at the corner of Brattle Street and Brattle Square came next.

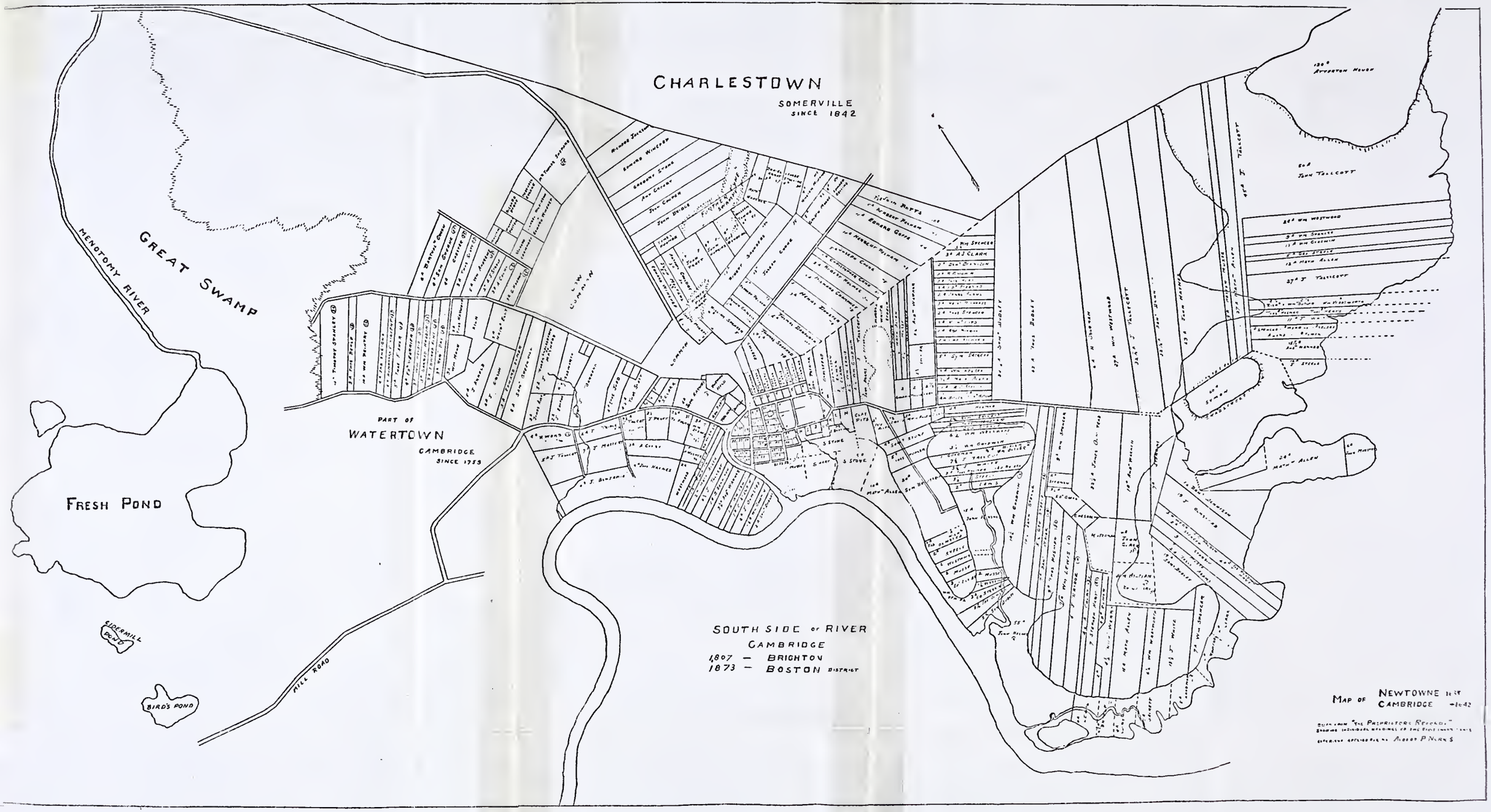
John Haynes was allotted six acres fronting both on Brattle Street and extending through to the Common. Adjoining the burying ground was the Town Pound, an area fifty feet square fenced in and used for many years. About 1750 when agitation for the construction of a Church of England edifice in Cambridge started, a portion of the Common was deeded to the Burying Ground and to the Read estate. Thus James Read squared the westerly line of the Burying Ground adjacent to that which he sold to Christ Church. Read sold a lot 100 x 100, and the Proprietors deeded a similar holding to the Society. Then the Proprietors established a straight line from the Burying Ground to Fay House corner (then in the Prentice family) and agreed to sell to each abutter the strip in front of his holding. Prentice and Bordman and others made use of this opportunity. The Vestrymen responsible for the development were: Henry Vassall, Ralph Inman, Joseph Lee, David Phips, Thomas Oliver, John Vassall, and East Apthorp.

The lot at the corner of Garden Street, Mason Street, and Brattle Street, comprising four and one-half acres, was very early assigned to Thomas Scott. The next holding, four acres in

VILLE
1842



Map 2


CHARLESTOWN
SOMERVILLE
SINCE 1842
GREAT SWAMP
MENOTOMY RIVER
FRESH POND
PART OF
WATERTOWN
CAMBRIDGE
SINCE 1759
CIDERMILL POND
BIRD'S POND
HILL ROAD
SOUTH SIDE OF RIVER
CAMBRIDGE
1807 — BRIGHTON
1873 — BOSTON DISTRICT
MAP OF NEWTOWNE 1638
CAMBRIDGE 1642

east by Raymond Street, south by Linnaean, and west by Garden, extending northwesterly to about Walden Street, was divided into eight small holdings, two to six acres in area aggregating thirty acres. East of Raymond Street was the upper section of Cow Common extending from Linnaean Street to Alewife Brook.

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF THE MINISTERIAL SUCCESSION IN THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE

By Julia Baynard Pickard Bailey

Read October 17, 1933

IN THE VESTIBULE of the First Parish meeting-house there is a tablet that bears the names of all the ministers of our beloved church. By the side of each name so honored are the dates that mark the length of service as pastor here. So much of history that brief, simple record holds! Perhaps one would have to be of a minister's family to be most deeply stirred by contemplation of any such memorial. And it surely would be true of any daughter, or mother, or wife of a clergyman — of any feminine member of a parsonage — that inevitably to her eye there would be another list of names accompanying these heroes and leaders, the ministerial servants of the faith. It is quite proper and in keeping with wistfulness of feeling, that the name of the wife of each minister should not actually appear on the tablet, but in thought how surely and quietly it does take its place beside that of her husband! A daughter of the parsonage, deeply impressed by viewing the names of the ministers of this church, my heart knew that there was an accompanying list which meant much — vastly much — that was of the very life of this church. And so the desire has been deep and real, since the first moment of my viewing that tablet, to know at least something of each woman who ever bore the title of "the minister's wife" in this parish.

The name "Susannah Hooker" must be sufficient for the wife of our first minister, Thomas Hooker; for it appears that her maiden name is not known. In some of the English parish records she is referred to as Susan Hooker; but her husband, in his will, made years later here in America, calls her Susannah Hooker. So Susannah she shall be to us. When one reads the familiar history of all the persecution and vicissitudes that Thomas Hooker suffered at

the constant, harassing will of Bishop Laud, in England and even later in Holland, one comes with enthusiasm and delight upon the fact that Susannah came into the life of our first minister under the particular circumstances that she did. It was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Drake (Mr. Drake a kinsman of the famous Admiral, Sir Francis Drake) in Escher, England, about 1620 or 1621, that Thomas Hooker and Susannah met. Susannah for some time had been assisting Mrs. Drake as companion. Mrs. Drake was a hypochondriac, who "had already worn out the consolations of two worthy ministers," one known as "Decalog Dodd," a great scholar, and the other, Dr. Usher, equally noted, Primate of Ireland. Thomas Hooker in his influence on Mrs. Drake proved to be successful in powers of restoration; and who knows but that his love affair with Susannah, at the time, added to the cheer which he was able to impart to the hitherto hopeless invalid? After they were married, Susannah shared with Hooker triumphs and trials in England and Holland. They lost two of their children, Anne and Sarah, who were buried in England. Coming to America, her husband served as the first pastor of this church; and they lived in the house famous as the home of the early ministers of Cambridge. In July, 1636, Susannah accompanied her husband to Connecticut, being carried there on a litter. She did not, however, remain in a state of invalidism. In time she presided over a charming home, reared splendid children, continued her great influence and interest in the church here as well as the church there, and outlived her husband, who died in 1647. Her husband in his will entrusts his literary treasures to her disposal and relies upon her judgment as to the disposition of much of his property and as to the rearing of his children. The children, John, Samuel, Joanna, Mary, and Sarah, are all mentioned in the will. The daughters married men who became ministers of note, and the son Samuel was a greatly beloved pastor. Susannah's grave is unknown but is thought to be in the little primitive first burial ground in Hartford, Connecticut, which has long since been disturbed. Although in a sense, Susannah Hooker will always be Connecticut's "First Lady," our church has a prior claim to that of Connecticut. Her

name takes its place beside the name of Thomas Hooker, minister of this church, 1633–1636.

The Rev. Samuel Stone, who was "Teacher" here during Thomas Hooker's pastorate, was married first in England. Although we do not have the name of his wife, she is said to have lived here with him; and she undoubtedly contributed much to the life of the church, and of her home, and of her community. The site of their home is well known and is frequently mentioned in Cambridge history. It is said that Mrs. Stone died at some time after going to Connecticut with her husband, and records indicate also that after her death there, Samuel Stone married again. He left, when he died, in Hartford, a widow, Elizabeth, and children, Samuel, Elizabeth, Rebecca, Mary, and Sarah.

Margaret Touteville, whom Thomas Shepard married in 1632, was a niece of Sir Richard Darley. From all the reports we have she must have been a young gentlewoman of an unusually courageous and gracious spirit. It was she who persuaded her husband to leave the persecutions in England. We have a very beautiful tribute to her in Thomas Shepard's own words. "She was," he said, "an incomparably loving, amiable, and pious wife." She died early in 1636, soon after her husband's installation. Just to have entered the sanctuary of this church was the fulfillment of her heart's desire! She left an infant son, Thomas, who grew up to be a noted minister, and through his daughter Anna, wife of Daniel Quincy, she became a direct ancestress of many famous persons, among them John Quincy Adams, President of the United States.

Joanna Hooker, Thomas Hooker's daughter, whom Thomas Shepard married in 1637, and who died April 28, 1646, for nine years brought cheer and comradeship to Thomas Shepard's erstwhile desolate fireside. Such occasions as the synods and the trial of Anne Hutchinson brought the Hooker and Shepard families together at Cambridge. Joanna inherited her splendid qualities from both her father and her mother. We are told in Shepard's autobiography some very definite traits of Joanna's. There was common-sense in abundance, thriftiness, deep piety, unswerving

cheerfulness. It is particularly interesting to note how much the people of the church meant to her, how greatly she enjoyed their fellowship. It is also a valuable clue to many things when Shepard states that she read and mused upon the notes of his sermons. He writes with evident satisfaction that she enjoyed them. Joanna left two small sons, — one of them died in infancy; the other son, Samuel, went to reside with his Hooker grandparents in Hartford after the death of his mother.

"My little Sam," wrote Hooker to Shepard, concerning the merry child, "is very well, and exceedingly cheerful, and hath been so all this time, — grows a good scholar — the little creature hath such a pleasing, winning disposition that it makes me think of his mother almost every time I play with him."

An ancient chronicler says: "On the eighth of September, 1647, Mr. Shepard married, for his third wife Margaret Boradel, by whom he had one son, (Jeremiah), born August 11, 1648, and who (Margaret Boradel Shepard) after his death, became the wife of Jonathan Mitchell his successor in the church at Cambridge." Margaret Boradel was born of English gentlefolk, wealthy and highly regarded. According to the will of her father, "John Borrowdale, Gentleman" of London, she evidently was the youngest child of her parents. Her marriage to Shepard probably occurred in Boston. We are told that Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Shepard's successor, was first engaged to be married to the daughter of the Rev. Cotton Mather, but that she died during their engagement. After a while his thoughts turned to the young Widow Shepard. We are told that when she married Jonathan Mitchell, there was a most joyful celebration on the part of the parish and the students of the college, the occasion being the inspiration of many literary felicitations. It would be very interesting to see some of these. It would also be very interesting to know which husband's sermons Margaret really preferred! She survived her second husband a number of years, and as "Mistress Mitchell" is frequently and affectionately mentioned in the church records as being the recipient, at stated intervals, of funds from the church. The settlement of her estate was made in 1691. Margaret Mitchell is said

to have been buried near the spot where Thomas Shepard and Jonathan Mitchell are supposed to be interred. One finds the tombstone there of her son Nathaniel Mitchell, aged seventeen. In Putnam's Magazine, the genealogical chart of Margaret Boradel Mitchell shows that President Grover Cleveland was of the seventh generation in direct descent from Margaret and Jonathan Mitchell. For this there is the sanction of Mr. W. Lincoln Palmer, the well-known genealogist.

The wife of Urian Oakes, who was the next pastor of this church and also President of Harvard College, is thought to have been a daughter of the famous Dr. William Ames; but she was not the daughter Ruth, as has sometimes been stated. We are told, however, that Urian Oakes was in England at the time of his marriage and that his four children, Urian, Edward, Lawrence, and Hannah, were born in England. It is reported that when the Parish here sent a delegation over to England to persuade Urian Oakes to accept this pastorate, for over a year he would not consider it at all, because his wife was very ill in England. Her death occurred there, in 1669, and it was not until Nov. 8, 1671, that he came to Cambridge and accepted the pastorate. Mr. Oakes never married again. The three Oakes sons having died in young manhood, Judge Sewall in noticing the death of the daughter Hannah, who married the Rev. Samuel Angier, refers to her as the "only surviving child of her father." We are told in another place that she reflected the dignity of her family. An only daughter must have been very close to her mother's life and it is very likely that the wife of Urian Oakes was faithfully reflected in the life of her daughter.

We know that Major-General Daniel Gookin was one of the greatest and most influential men in the entire colony. What adventures had been his! A life in England, Ireland, Virginia, Maryland, and New England had been one of stirring experiences and of unusual historic importance. He himself was a leader in all these happenings. The story of his life it seems to me would give all the Boy Scouts in Cambridge a hero after their own hearts, and his dignified tomb in our burial-ground furnishes a shrine worthy

of any hero-worshipper. Such a man was the father of Nathaniel Gookin who, on November 15, 1682, became minister of this church. Another fascinating name of about the same period is that of Abijah Savage. This Abijah Savage was only thirty-one when he died on a sea voyage to Barbadoes. We have ample proof that when he was a student at Harvard he led a highly successful College riot which involved, I daresay, many parishioners of this church. His name adorns pages of cherished information in the annals of Harvard College. He was the grandson of Anne Hutchinson, his mother being Faith, the daughter of William and Anne Hutchinson. Such a man was the father of Hannah Savage who, on August 3, 1685, became the wife of the Rev. Nathaniel Gookin. At that time she was but nineteen. They had three children, Nathaniel, Abijah, and Hannah. Nathaniel Gookin, the minister, died at the early age of thirty-six, on August 7, 1692. Hannah, his wife, died May 14, 1702. Tradition regarding the burial-ground here says that Nathanial Gookin "was buried under a brick monument crowned by a stone slab, but the inscription was gone in 1800; probably it was in the southeastern part of the yard where his wife's stone still stands." Constant were the generous appropriations of the church to the widow Hannah Gookin, in token of the regard in which she was held. There are evidences too of her abiding affectionate interest in church affairs after the death of her husband. Nathaniel and Hannah were a young couple with young children during the pastorate here. Descended from the very best that the state afforded, they undoubtedly were conscientiously devoted to the cause of the church, contributing much of lively interest to the life of the parish and community. I imagine that Hannah was a fine, happy young wife and mother, and it is easy to believe this quotation about her from a history concerning our city and parish: "The affection and esteem cherished by the church and town towards her, are manifested by their frequent donations while she lived, and by assuming direction and charge of her funeral, as they had previously defrayed the expense of her husband's burial." Does it not also tell us much of the name perpetuated in her descendants, that Dr. Holmes said in regard to a

member of that distinguished family who had just died: "She was the last of the Gookin family in Cambridge. It is said by those who remember her, that although she possessed but a small estate, in her personal deportment she fully maintained the ancient dignity of her family."

The first wife of the Rev. William Brattle was Elizabeth, daughter of Elizabeth Allen Hayman and Major Nathaniel Hayman, a well-known and influential citizen of Charlestown. They were married in Boston, November 3, 1697. She was admitted a member of the church at Cambridge April 10, 1698; and she died July 28, 1715, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, having borne two sons. We cherish the beautiful baptismal basin that was the gift from Mr. Brattle, and we wonder if Mrs. Brattle shared in the plan of the gift long before it was bestowed. I found this little item in small print tucked away among presumably more important matters in one of the order books of the Rev. William Brattle. On Feb. 21, 1707/08, he sent to England for "a modest silk with trimmings, Suitable for a Minister's wife of medium stature; Enuff for a gown and petticoat & 1 yd an ½ of ye silk more; about 6s. per yd; also a dress and sleeves, ye rest of ye money to be laid out in black sowing silk, stiff and Fine pins." Remembering the fact of all the great wealth of the Brattle family, and the emphasis which later historians seem to place upon their possession of it, we rejoice to observe that the qualification "suitable for a Minister's wife" is the only descriptive standard used in that order. Then too, we get just the one bit of knowledge of Mrs. Brattle's person: she was of "medium height." We rather infer, however, that in her bearing and manners there was something regal that expressed her sense of what was appropriate demeanor for a minister's wife.

The second wife of the Rev. William Brattle was Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph and Ann (Waldron) Gerrish of Wenham, widow of Joseph Green, Harvard College 1695, minister at Danvers. She was born October 9, 1673 and married Mr. Green on March 16, 1698/9. He died November 26, 1715. They had nine children, one of them born posthumously. Shortly after Mr.

Green's death Elizabeth married Mr. Brattle. We know that as the daughter of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gerrish, she had a very beautiful and charming upbringing in a delightful home environment. We like to think that she shared the quality of mercy and tolerance which so characterized her father that he played an important part in subduing the tragic and hysterical witchcraft activities at the time. He defended and the home of her parents protected accused persons who were in danger of their very lives during this black period in our colonial church history. So we know that the second wife of Mr. Brattle brought with her a heritage of culture and piety, a spirit familiar with religion at its highest level, a rational faith capable of resisting the frenzy of mistaken persons, even though those persons were numerous and also important in regard and reputation. As we read the history of the First Parish of Danvers and recall the famous Diary of her first husband, we realize that she was a beautiful example of a worthy companion to a minister. Probably Mr. Brattle was very sure of Elizabeth's possessing all these estimable traits as he sought a second wife. But, as I have said, Mr. Brattle died shortly after his second marriage. It would be interesting to know how long she continued to live in Cambridge. She was seventy-four years old when she died on May 22, 1747 in Medford. From all accounts of her, — a wise, wholesome, courageous, attractive woman!

Margaret Gibbs Appleton, the wife of Nathaniel Appleton, was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Gibbs and his wife Mercy Greenough of Watertown. Mr. and Mrs. Appleton were both of distinguished ancestry, and through them has been transmitted an equally distinguished progeny. Mary Gibbs was born July 3, 1699 and married Mr. Appleton June 25, 1719. The longest pastorate of this church was the more than sixty-six years of Mr. Appleton, who died February 4, 1784, aged ninety years. Margaret Gibbs Appleton died January 17, 1771, aged seventy-two years. One has but to recall that the term of the Appleton pastorate contained the years of our American Revolution and all the incidents that led to it, to realize that these crises and experiences called for

a very high type of woman to fill the role of minister's wife. We are very fortunate in having in the Fogg Museum a portrait of Margaret Gibbs Appleton by Copley. It seems to me that we observe in this picture sweetness and strength, a sure understanding of life, a religion that finds life good. There seems to blend in it all the approachableness of the real aristocrat and a self-reliance that has so much strength that it can share with others. There also is a deep pleasantness of expression, that could give comfort and yet not be unmindful of sorrow. One feels that she brought much to life and that she also acquired much from life. In her portrait she wears a green frock with the white accessories and white cap. I think the wearer of that green attire was serene, poised, and cheerful. She has a distinguished place in all the histories of Cambridge and Massachusetts. Her twelve children, her husband, their descendants, — brilliant. notable, worthy, — and the members of this Parish rise up and call her blessed, finding inspiration and a sort of happy strength in her very name.

Timothy Hilliard, the next minister of this church, married, in Boston, November 7, 1771, Mary Foster, the daughter of Thomas Foster and Sarah Banks, his second wife. Mr. Hilliard was ordained in Barnstable, his first parish, April 10, 1771. He took his bride there in the autumn of the same year. There they spent twelve years of happy, useful life. In Barnstable these children were born to them: Mary, Joseph, Timothy. William, and Charles. Timothy Hilliard was installed as pastor of this church October 27, 1783, and died May 9, 1790. During the nearly seven years of his pastorate here, he and his wife lived in the parsonage which stood in the College Yard, a little west of Quincy Street. Three of their children were born there. We have the marked graves in our burial-ground of the daughters Frances and Julia, who died young — Frances aged sixteen months and Julia aged eight years. Timothy Hilliard was the son of a deacon, Joseph Hilliard of Kensington, N. H.; and the wife of Timothy Hilliard, Mary, was the daughter of a deacon, — James Foster, of the West Church in Boston. We are told that our Mary Foster Hilliard was "a lady

of rare endowments and accomplishments." She was a true gentlewoman and was connected by marriage with leading families in Cambridge and Boston of that time. She shared the brilliant and interesting life of her family and relatives as well as that of the Parish. Her brother was Bossenger Foster, who married first Elizabeth Craigie of Cambridge, and after her death, married Mary Craigie. He lived on Brattle Street in the Vassall House. After the death of her husband, — seven children surviving their father, — Mary Foster Hilliard some time later hired the house of Judge Winthrop and had a boarding house there. It evidently was the center of much friendly hospitality and charm. We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Isabella Gozzaldi for affording information concerning Mrs. Hilliard by a printed contribution to the Cambridge Historical Society of a correspondence several of the letters of which were written by Harriet, one of Mrs. Hilliard's daughters. Mary Foster Hilliard died the 23rd of October, 1817, and is presumably buried by the side of her husband Timothy Hilliard, in our burial ground. There can be found many tributes of praise to this interesting, courageous woman, and her name has enriched our annals and interwoven itself with the affections, struggles, joys, and sorrows of our Parish and of the community.

"Mary, born August 25, 1767; married Rev. Abiel Holmes. A.M." — this recorded by President Ezra Stiles, of Yale College, her father. He states also: "The Rev. Abiel Holmes and my daughter Polly were married August 29, 1790. And November 9, 1790, embarked for Georgia." The father of Mary Stiles, the first wife of Abiel Holmes, was spoken of here and in Europe as the most learned man of his time. He seems almost a miracle among men. The marvel of his career was, to a large extent, made possible by his wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Col. John Hubbard of New Haven, Conn. By her son-in-law, Abiel Holmes, we are given this description of her: "A woman of excellent accomplishments, intellectual, moral, and religious; and who, therefore, deservedly possessed his [her distinguished husband's] tenderest affection. By her prudence, and exclusive care of everything pertaining to domestic economy, she left him in possession of his whole time

for literary pursuits and pastoral duties." The story of the family life of Mary, familiarly called "Polly," is nothing short of enchanting. She was one of eight children in the Stiles home. Tender devotion and unusual congeniality marked the relationship between these children, and they enjoyed a rare fellowship with their parents. We are not surprised that the great William Ellery Channing as a youth found inspiration in that home. A most interesting collection of verse by the Stileses, known as "A Family Tablet," contains eight poems written by her, signed "Myra," an anagram for Mary. Of course it is well known that Mary Stiles Holmes went to Midway, Georgia, as a bride. I have often thought of that lovely New England bride in the far-away Southland when travel was so rare and differences of sections much less familiar than they are to-day. I have longed to feel sure that japonicas and jessamines and Southern smilax were at their loveliest for her. She did not find the climate congenial, but the people poured out their hearts in welcome and lavished their affection upon her. She found some of the finest plantations adjoining Midway belonging to Southerners who were members of the Stiles family. They had come from England and aristocratic Barbadoes, and were very influential and prominent. The name is allied with the best Southern tradition, of the present and the past. When Mary Stiles Holmes came to Cambridge it must have given her great delight to be in her dear New England again. Her years of residence here were few: her husband having been installed in 1792, she died August 29, 1795, aged twenty-eight. She rests in our burial-ground, and near her two of her charming sisters, Elizabeth and Ruth, the mother of Ezra Stiles Gannett. Mary Stiles Holmes bore no children; but she was an abiding inspiration to her husband's literary achievements and ministerial labors.

One day the mother of Col. T. Wentworth Higginson, as a girl, wrote her mother: "Now, Mamma, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes, of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W. is going to be married, and of all folks in the world, guess who to. Miss Sally Wendell . . . it has been kept secret for six weeks, nobody knows for what. I could not believe it for some time and scarcely can now; however it is a fact they say."

Sarah Wendell, the second wife of Abiel Holmes, whom he married in 1801, was the daughter of the Hon. Oliver Wendell and his wife Mary Jackson of Boston. She was thirty-three at the time of her wedding, her birthday being December 30, 1768. The Wendells were of Dutch origin. "My forefather Evert Jansen Wendell," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "was among the early settlers of Albany, and his arms, as I have often mentioned with a certain satisfaction, were stained on one of the windows of the old Dutch church of that city." Sarah Wendell had New England ancestry also; she was a direct descendant of Ann Bradstreet, "the Tenth Muse." John T. Morse, Jr., says that in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes "there was much more of the intellectual quality of the mother than of the father." Mr. Morse continues: "Her traits were very different from those of her husband. She was a bright, vivacious woman; of small figure, and sprightly manners. Being also very cheerful and social, and very fond of dropping in upon her neighbors, and withal of sympathetic and somewhat emotional temperament, so that she readily fell in with the mood of her friend, whether for tears or for laughter, she was a very popular lady whom every one greeted kindly. Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Cambridge, who knew her well, wrote to Dr. Holmes: 'Your mother's age, her pleasant ways, her gentleness, her never-failing inquiries for others, all impressed me with a reverential love, like that for my own mother.' " Perhaps no minister's wife of this parish was partner to more of perplexing heartache or showed greater wifely loyalty than Sarah Wendell Holmes; for her husband's pastorate came upon days that were marked by conscientious decisions of a rending kind, and the severing of precious ties of church and friendship. One rather infers from statements made by her distinguished son that the strictest orthodoxy was not really an entire expression of her Christian faith; but we know that Dr. McKenzie truly reports her partnership with her husband when in writing of Dr. Abiel Holmes he says: "His second wife, the mother of his children, . . . long survived him, [she lived to be ninety-three] and received the affectionate homage of many hearts, both for her own excellence and for her association with him whose life she had shared and adorned."

We come now to one who is beautifully remembered by members of our church living in our midst to-day. I have asked many about Mrs. William Newell, and always there comes the immediate response: "Oh, she was very lovely! Yes, indeed I do remember her." Then, in every case of such inquiry, there is eager recounting of some incident or characteristic that is a delight to hear. We are blessed in having Mrs. Newell's own daughter, Mrs. James Lowell Moore, as a member of this church, and she has kindly consented to tell us something about her mother, Frances Boott Wells Newell.

I hardly know how to paint an adequate picture of my mother. I was the child of my parents' later years and when I was thirteen the crushing blow of the death of my two sisters within four months fell on her and caused a partial eclipse of her lighter side. My feeling of her character was of intense lovingness. She was preeminently maternal and wrapped up in her children, all of whom she survived except two, my brother, William Wells Newell, and myself.

But beside the mother characteristic she was greatly interested in public affairs and had a fine appreciation of values therein. Of course the Civil War enlisted all the intensity of her nature, especially as the second son, Robert, entered the service, leaving college in his junior year to become a lieutenant and then a captain in the 54th regiment. She was always a firm supporter of Abraham Lincoln and I remember her telling me that she said in her sewing-circle, near the beginning of his term, that she believed he was destined to be a very great President and that the other ladies hooted at her. Boston showed its worst side in its non-appreciation of Lincoln's quality, but my mother's fine instinct grasped it early and never wavered in her faith. I remember an incident when as a little girl, I was asked by my sister, "Are you for Lincoln or McClellan?" and my answering "McClellan" because he had kissed me at a reception at Harvard (one of my earliest recollections), and my sister saying "You mustn't say that, you must say Lincoln." When he was assassinated it was exactly as if one of the household had died and I remember seeing my reticent sister lying on the sofa and sobbing as if her heart would break when I came into my mother's room in the morning and asked what was the matter to be told that Lincoln had been killed.

In 1827, William Wells, the well-known publisher in Boston, lost his printing and publishing establishment by fire and, by the mistake of a clerk, also lost his insurance. He was an excellent classical scholar and

turned for a living for his wife and seven children to the profession of teaching. With the help of friends he bought the Fayerweather estate on Brattle Street in Cambridge, consisting of a colonial house and sixty acres of land, for the sum of $8000. The present stately mansion opposite Elmwood Ave. was then in such a rundown condition that his friend, Mr. Lyman, who helped him to finance the project, advised him not to let his wife see it till it had been renovated. Here he set up a boarding-school which was attended by many subsequently well-known characters, three of whom were Judge Story, James Russell Lowell, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The school has been hardly treated in several biographies, but somewhat unjustly, as the harsh discipline was not unique but the accepted method in English schools and Mr. Wells was an Englishman who happened to have been transplanted to America as a young man when his beautiful father, the Rev. William Wells, of Brattleboro, left his country in the 1790's, on account of the Birmingham riots, to settle in a remote country town in Vermont.

Here in Cambridge Mr. Wells' family grew up. My mother, the third daughter, was thirteen years old when the family moved to Cambridge and took up their residence in the dear old house, which is associated with the happiest memories of my childhood. Soon after Mr. Wells bought the house, he sold all the land except five acres which came down to my own day. My wonderful grandmother and three loving aunts made their house a perennial source of delight to my mother's six children. Grandmother's garden was a paradise to the youngest of the family with its wealth of fruits of every kind and old-fashioned flowers.

Grandmother was the eldest daughter of Kirk Boott, a commission merchant of Boston, who built the house in Bowdoin Square which afterwards became the Revere House. The family were all extraordinarily distinguished in looks and my mother inherited the fine profile characteristic of my grandmother's family.

My mother never told me much of her childhood but I gather that her bringing up was a Spartan one. I remember only one incident: that she saw her mother eating a bowl of rice and milk and wished she could have some, but apparently the child never dreamed of asking for anything, a wonderful contrast to the pampered young folks of to-day. When one sees the results of such bringing-up, as in her case, one questions the validity of present-day methods in producing the qualities of self-sacrifice and unselfishness, so needed in this chaotic world of ours.

In 1830 there came to Cambridge, then a small village, a young minister, Mr. Newell, twenty-six years old, for his first parish, which he was to keep for thirty-eight years, his only pastorate. In 1835 he married Frances Wells, who was then twenty-one, and brought her to a

house in Phillips Place where they began a long and happy married life till 1881, when he died at the age of seventy-seven.

My mother in her later years was fond of sewing and embroidery, and there was a beautiful peacefulness about her in these occupations. The family cat appreciated this quality and often insisted on sitting in her lap, knowing it would be thus free from disturbing influences. Her personality possessed an aura of warmth and sweetness which always attracted children. I remember with gratitude the comfort of her presence and the joy of nestling closely into her warm atmosphere.

She was very fond of biography, and we have read together many beautiful lives of interesting characters.

She was, as I have said, much interested in public matters. In her day there were no public associations of women and I have always regretted that she did not have the opportunities for social interests that her daughter possesses, for she had a keen and active mind with hardly enough to occupy her happily in her later years when the younger people were busy with their own affairs. We are more fortunate in that respect to-day but perhaps sometimes the more intimate relations, which she filled so beautifully, suffer.

Her religion was always intensely real and a part of her life. To see her once more is one of the great joys the future holds for the writer.

Vivid and adored in the memory of many hearts, Cora Weld Peabody, wife of Francis Greenwood Peabody, daughter of Francis Minot Weld and Elizabeth Rodman Weld, was born January 4, 1848 and died September 5, 1914. When I tell you that our greatly beloved Dr. Peabody, graciously acceding to my request, has himself given us a glimpse of his lovely wife, you and I know that we are very fortunate to be so honored. The light that came into Dr. Peabody's eyes and the tones that came into his voice as he talked to me about her seemed the perfect tribute, and only words such as Dr. Peabody can use can at all represent that light and those tones. Here is what her husband says about Cora Weld Peabody:

The first thing to say is that nothing would surprise Mrs. Peabody more completely than to know she was remembered by anybody, in the parish or outside of it, nineteen years after her death in 1914, not to speak of more than fifty years after her experience as a pastor's wife.

Mrs. Peabody was by temperament and inclination of extreme modesty

and quietude of spirit, with no concern for self-importance and no desire for a conspicuous place in the church or the community. Her mother had been born and bred in the Society of Friends, and though marrying out of that connection remained in habit and taste a Quaker all her days, with the disciplined simplicity and the "surrender of silence" which characterizes the Friends. Her daughter inherited these beautiful traits, of self-restraint and spiritual tranquility, and it is a curious fact that these qualities, which might seem evanescent and soon forgotten, have survived in the memory of friends more permanently than many achievements of more ambitious lives. The efforts and schemes of active enthusiasts have their day and cease to be, while there remains the kindly reminiscence of unassuming and self-effacing service. It is striking to remember that a woman without any pretense of influence was in fact sought out for counsel and comfort by the most diverse kind of people, her contemporaries, younger women, men of the world, distraught or sad. They came to her as to a confessional, and told their troubles and revived their strength. In a word, she had that quality which is the most rare and precious of human endowments, and which we loosely define as charm; — a graciousness and instinctive wisdom which is the gift of God to favored souls.

This does not mean that a life which thus shunned publicity was ineffective in public affairs. Mrs. Peabody gave herself wholeheartedly to the parish, making her home a meeting-place for old and young, serving in the ranks of committees and organizing the hospitalities of the Church. With her friend, Mrs. J. P. Cooke, she maintained for many years a weekly gathering of poor women, to prepare garments which were sold at nominal prices to them and their neighbors. She became much disturbed by the conditions of life in which many married students at the University and their wives were living, and she held a meeting at her own home to organize, with Mrs. G. L. Goodale, the Society of Harvard Dames, for the purpose of lessening the unbefriended solitude in which many married couples were involved. In kindly tasks like these Mrs. Peabody was happily busy, but she was by inclination and determination less a leader and administrator than a gentle and modest neighbor, preferring obscurity to prominence and giving to such duties the saving touch of humaneness and love. She had many severe trials and tragic sorrows to bear, but they did not break her serenity or crush her faith. Those who shared these experiences with her were sustained by her quiet self-mastery and by the unfailing source of her strength.

Mrs. Peabody was of the Victorian type of womanhood, whose first care was for her home, her husband, and her children, and whose place in the larger world was not of leadership, but of generosity and charm. One of her friends, who was a young girl in Mrs. Peabody's life time,

has said that there was never anyone else like her. That would seem to say that simplicity, naturalness and self-forgetfulness are more rare than ambition and self-display, and are long remembered, like the memory of a gentle day, with its kindly warmth and its light at evening tide.

I often think that the Quaker poet, writing of the Quaker temperament, might have had in mind this self-effacing character:

"The blessings of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And the dear memory serve to keep
Our faith in goodness strong."

Does it not seem appropriate that the deepest, most quiet, most reverent, expression of our church life is associated with her in the following beautiful way?

This Resolution, offered by Prof. Jeremiah Smith, was unanimously adopted by the church, on Sunday, April 11, 1915.

RESOLVED:—

(1) "That the thanks of the Church are given to Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody for his gift of silver plates to be used in the Communion Service; and inscribed to the memory of his wife, Cora Weld Peabody.

(2) That Rev. Dr. Peabody is assured that this gift will be especially cherished as a remembrance of one whose helpful service and complete self-forgetfulness will long be an example for the younger generations of this Church, and whose beautiful life in our midst was a perfect illustration of Christian discipleship."

Louise Bronson Crothers — all hearts beat more quickly at the very sound of her name! Every one who knows her would vie with every other in bringing a tribute to her, but no mere eulogy could be adequate. Her blessed presence among us is the climactic fact in the story told by this paper. It would be presumptuous for me to try to tell you about Mrs. Crothers or to describe how deep, abiding, and general is the appreciation of her distinguished husband, and of all their family. In spite of her gifts of mentality and humor, in spite of her wealth of spirituality, each of us unhesitatingly calls her "my Mrs. Crothers." And all of us gladly feel that in a real sense we belong to her.

OLD CAMBRIDGE

By David T. Pottinger

Read at the Winter Meeting of the Bay State Historical League in Christ Church, Cambridge, January 28, 1933

WE ARE MEETING this afternoon in a region which, if we may credit the late Professor Horsford's assertions, has known the presence of white men for over nine hundred years. A mile or so up the river a fence used to enclose the spot where on a sandy bank at the foot of a little hill, Leif Erikson built a house in the year 1000 and remained through the winter.

After that date, however, there is a long gap until sober history begins in December 1630, when a spot was selected between Charlestown and Watertown as a suitable place for a fortified settlement. It was called New Towne until the General Court ordered on the second of May 1638 that it should thereafter be called Cambridge.

Able, substantial men settled here immediately and laid the foundations of a prosperous community. Their first undertaking, almost, was to build a fence or pale or palisadoe, as it is variously called, around the town for protection against Indians and wild animals. Remains of it could be seen until a few years ago in the willow trees at the foot of Hawthorn Street and over on Oxford Street in front of Pierce Hall and the Agassiz Museum. The settlement itself was small — it was bounded on the north by what is now Massachusetts Avenue and Harvard Square, on the west by Brattle Square and Eliot Street, on the south by Eliot Street and South Street, on the east by Holyoke Street. These streets, together with the intersecting Winthrop and Mt. Auburn Streets, and the King's Highway (now Kirkland, Mason, and Brattle Streets) leading from Charlestown to Watertown, are the only relics that we have left from the earliest days.

Perhaps I should include the Common, but that is really only a

small portion of the community pasture that stretched as far north as Linnaean Street. Away up there, in 1657, Selectman John Cooper built a house which is now the oldest building in Cambridge, substantial enough to have lasted these 275 years without material alteration or repairs. Surrounded by twentieth century apartment blocks which cannot possibly last a fraction of its age, it has witnessed practically the whole span of Cambridge life.

So fast does that life now move that it is hard to realize the comparative spaciousness and leisure that prevailed here until very recently. We can scarcely believe, as we look on these crowded streets, that only seventy-five years ago Admiral Davis had an unobstructed view from his house on the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway over to the dome of the State House in Boston. But most of us here this afternoon can recall the beginnings of the Embankment along the river and the building of the dam at Lechmere Point which has abolished the ebb and flow of the tides along our shores and has completely altered an important part of the landscape. To understand Cambridge history at all, then, one must remember that for over two centuries the town had more of a rustic than an urban quality.

During the seventeenth century the boundaries were constantly changing. At one time they extended from Dedham to the Merrimac river and included the present Newton, Brighton, Arlington, Lexington, Bedford, and Billerica. Much of the history of the century is concerned with the setting-off of these sections from the central settlement at Old Cambridge. At the very beginning, however, the whole venture nearly came to grief through dissensions that culminated in the removal of the first minister of the parish, Rev. Thomas Hooker, and a large number of citizens to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1635. Hooker was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Shepard. When he died in August 1649, he had done so much for the town that he was more lamented than any other public man except Winthrop, who had died a few months before. Another theological quarrel arose in the pastorate of Shepard's successor, Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, when the President of the

college, Rev. Henry Dunster, took his stand in opposition to infant baptism and baptism by sprinkling, and as a result was expelled from both church and college. Whether or not one takes a lively interest in these metaphysical disputes, they must be recognized as part of the time, as reflections of the fact that Cambridge, like other New England towns, was a theocracy. What John Calvin barely succeeded in doing for a brief period at Geneva, the Puritans did fully accomplish over many decades in Cambridge.

Analysis almost as detailed as that enjoyed by the early Cantabrigians would be necessary to show how this little community loosened its theological bonds and became for part of the eighteenth century one of the most cosmopolitan towns in the country, the seat of New England's nearest approach to a landed gentry with all the comforts of life implied in that term. On a small scale it is comparable to the change that came over London when the great Elizabethan pirates brought back the wealth of the Spanish main or when, two centuries later, the nabobs came home laden with the spoils of India. It must be remembered that wealth, as expressed in terms of money, is not indigenous to Massachusetts. It has always been imported, notably from the Orient during the palmy days of the East India trade. So the stately days of Cambridge in the eighteenth century were built largely upon the wealth derived from the West Indian plantations of the Vassall family.

The first of them was Colonel John Vassall, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1732, who in 1736 bought the house and land on the corner of Brattle and Hawthorn Streets belonging to Mrs. Mercy Frizell. His brother Henry in turn bought it from him in 1741 and proceeded to enlarge both the mansion and the grounds in a way that made it a truly distinguished estate. Later on, since the family possessed a well-stocked medicine chest and there were at least twenty rooms available for hospital use, the house became the medical headquarters of the Continental Army while it was in this vicinity.

About the year 1759 John Vassall's son, John, built a stately home almost opposite his uncle Henry's. During the Revolution,

while its owner was a refugee in Halifax, it became the headquarters of General Washington. Mrs. Washington arrived there on the 11th of December, 1775; and in spite of the General's ban on festivities, their wedding anniversary was celebrated with a gorgeous Twelfth Night party. Later the house was owned by Dr. Andrew Craigie, whose widow was forced to turn it into a rooming house. But what a series of boarders! Edward Everett, Willard Phillips, Jared Sparks, Henry Bellows, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Joseph Worcester, all lived there for longer or shorter periods. In 1843 Nathan Appleton bought it as a present for his daughter who had married Longfellow, and since then it has become, with the possible exception of Mt. Vernon, the best known private house in America.

Proceeding down Brattle Street, the visitor finds nearly opposite Elmwood Avenue the lovely Fayerweather House, built about 1760 by Amos Marrett, fifth in descent from President Dunster. Part of it was used as a hospital after the battle of Bunker Hill. A little farther along its neighbor the Oliver mansion, built almost at the same time, has become nearly as famous as the Craigie house; for here James Russell Lowell was born and this was his life-long home. The original builder, Thomas Oliver, was one of the happy family circle made up of Vassalls, Lees, Phipses, and Royalls, all closely related by blood as well as by marriage, who were the social leaders of the surrounding country. He was forced to abandon it in 1776 and later it came into the hands of Elbridge Gerry, Commissioner to France, Governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States.

Although Elmwood brings us to the end of Tory Row, it does not by any means close the long list of old and interesting houses in Cambridge. The Nichols house at 159 Brattle Street, the Brattle house and the Read house near Harvard Square, the Ware house on Waterhouse Street, the magnificent "Bishop's Palace" now the Lodgings of the Master of Adams House, — these are only a few landmarks in this immediate vicinity; while a day's stroll in other parts of the city would reveal many other charming places, here unnoticed because they are a mere century or century and a quarter old.

Nor is there time to do more than hint at the story of this building in which we are meeting to-day. Begun in 1760, it was a very new affair when the Revolution broke out but that fact did not bring it any measure of consideration. Services soon had to be abandoned and the edifice became a disgraceful ruin. At last, in 1824 it was repaired and since then it has gone on to increasing usefulness. It seems quite certain that Mrs. Washington attended services here, and there is a strong tradition that the General himself did so.

Let me remind you once more that the citizen who looked forth from these windows in 1824 saw a simple rustic landscape. There is no reason to think that there was a town shepherd as there had been a century before; and yet the dusty road to Lexington, after it passed the college buildings and a few shacks on the left, cut through nothing but scrubby waste-land and swamp. The development we see about us is the work of the nineteenth century, even of the twentieth. It indicates the change to large-scale industrialism, large-scale housing, rapid transit, the development of mechanical invention by which Cambridge has suffered and has gained along with all the rest of the country. We simply cannot stand aside and refuse to deal with these innovations; for while we are sighing over them, the subway has emptied into our streets a dozen fresh trainloads of people clamoring for new apartment houses!

And yet Cambridge never has been quite like the "average" city. How could it be, with Harvard College in our midst? Thousands of people who know nothing of Vassalls or of Brattles, know that Harvard is in Cambridge, or vice versa. And thousands of others, who have never walked these brick and stone streets of ours or gazed down the vistas of our gardens, know well the lanes and homes of that city of the mind which we have here built up in three centuries.

A city of the mind! In one little-visited quarter are dull, narrow, stifling streets left as curiosities from the seventeenth century, where Increase Mather's gloomy theology shuts out all sight of the sky; and in another quarter is that lovely estate to which James, Royce, and Palmer have introduced us! As we push out

from the ancient ways, we see more and more of these spacious places until it seems as if we to-day were living in the most beautiful regions of all time. Thought has become free, and the expression of thought — provided it is marked by courtesy and honesty — is unmolested. Health and weather may still be topics for greeting, but outside opinion has it that we do not ask our neighbor about his last operation but about his next book. And if you never lived in a town where everybody has written a book, you can't quite imagine what Cambridge is like!

Cambridge has given Harvard its local habitation; and, with a few noteworthy exceptions, town and gown have been one. In recent years, especially, it is remarkable how often the city has asked from the college expert advice on municipal questions and how eagerly the college has responded with its aid. Even the annoying matter of taxation has for the moment been happily settled. Cambridge may well be thankful that the college did not permanently move to Concord at the time of the Revolution.

Yet here again, development — physical development at least — has been comparatively recent. Thirty years ago, for instance, the Yard seemed unalterable: Massachusetts, Harvard, Hollis, Holden, Stoughton, Holworthy, Thayer, University, Weld, Grays, Matthews, Dane, Wadsworth, Gore, Appleton, and Sever had all been there for at least a generation. Each dormitory entry had one bathroom, from which you took hot and cold water for use in your own bedroom. Gas was the only method of lighting unless you sensibly preferred the good old student-lamp that utilized kerosene. You kept your study warm by means of a coal fire in a Franklin grate; and you had no heat whatever in your bedroom. Such conditions were only a very slight improvement over those of thirty years before that, nor was there any notable further change for another ten years. Most Harvard graduates got a shock when they realized not only that someone wanted to change all this but that, when the changes were completed, they did not harm anybody or anything.

The extensions of the University's equipment outside the Yard have been so great that a graduate returning after a twenty years'

absence needs a guide. Laboratories, museums, and the Law School stretch to the north; southward are the Houses, the gymnasium, and numerous smaller buildings; across the river the Business School and the fully utilized Soldiers Field occupy much territory that originally belonged to the Cambridge settlement.

The contrasts pile up as one considers this great expansion: instead of two commons, there are now a dozen dining halls; instead of one physician working in a small dormitory room, there is a corps of doctors in a "medical center"; instead of dangerous, separate furnaces in each building, there are no fires at all and heating is done by live steam piped through miles of tunnels from a central source. So the story goes into almost every detail of college life.

But while physical conditions have been made so much more comfortable, what has happened to mental conditions? These, I think, have become far more uncomfortable to the boy who has come to college for a gay four year holiday. And by the same token they have also become far more invigorating for the student who has some intellectual goal in view, who really cares for the things of the mind. What with the concentration and distribution of courses, modern language requirements, general and divisional examinations as a prerequisite to the degree, a Harvard man has at his command the best machinery for getting an education that has yet been devised. In saying this, I would not for an instant disparage the equally great reforms of the educational system that were introduced by President Eliot sixty-five years ago. His development of the elective system changed Harvard from the provincial boarding-school that differed only slightly from its predecessor of the eighteenth century, and made it grow up into a national institution, flexible, vigorous, capable of meeting the needs that our country experienced in its amazing progress at the end of the century. For its time, Mr. Eliot's reform was as revolutionary as Mr. Lowell's has been for these latter days. There is no need to ask which is the greater; it is enough for us to know that here in our own time the giants have lived!

But what about the humbler folk, that miscellaneous crowd of

"characters" that has been part of the college scene from the very beginning? The Cambridge landlady has certainly gone, done for by the increased dormitory facilities and by the apartment houses. John the Irish Orangeman has gone, along with a good many of the peddlers, book agents, and solicitors who are supposed never to enter the college halls. Yet life is colorful. Even though *we* have become old, there are still cakes and ale, and ginger is hot in the mouth of these youngsters. And one does recall Mr. S. F. Batchelder's story of the two grey headed classmates who, as they crossed the Yard one day, got talking about the old college characters. John named them off one by one, all of them disappeared and forgotten; "life," he said, "must be colorless to present-day students without such background." "But, John, you forget," smiled his companion, "*we* are the college characters of to-day!"

The story reveals, I think, one further thing about Cambridge: it gives even the casual summer visitor an unusual sense of permanence; here, if anywhere in America, the links with the past are visible, are an accepted, undiscussed element in everyday living. And yet they are not allowed to limit our freedom of action in the present: a lively reverence for the Past gives the true Cantabrigian an equally strong sense of responsibility for the Future.

THE BROWNE AND NICHOLS SCHOOL

By W. Rodman Peabody

Read as part of the Exercises commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the School; June 9, 1933

THE APPROVED FORM of old graduate's address, as I have known it in literature, begins with a sentimental reference to the familiar buildings, each brick of which brings a heartfelt memory to the speaker, and then continues with the general allegation that never in after life has the speaker been so happy as when he played upon this familiar sod. Then follows the sentiment that a vast responsibility rests upon the present schoolboys to maintain the high traditions of Eton, Harrow, Groton, and St. Paul's, or way-stations. I cannot address you in this manner; first, because never before this afternoon have I had the privilege of seeing your school buildings, and, secondly, because the last time I was crossing what is now the school lawn I was eluding hurriedly a blue-coated police officer who was fortunately content with the arrest of my companion. The latter, unfortunately, had in his hand that damning evidence, a still smoking revolver. But, that, as Kipling said, is another story.

The alternative form of introduction to the old graduate's address contrasts the greatness of opportunity presented by the modern school to the boys of today with the crude conditions under which the speaker achieved his own education. This introduction is followed by a wish that the speaker had enjoyed the privileges of the present generation and a demand that the present undergraduates shall realize that never again will they be so happy as at the present moment. This approach to my subject is also closed to me; first, because it is not true that youth is the happiest time of life. The normal life becomes happier each year, at least up to the fifties; and I see no reason to believe that what the graph-makers call the curve of tendency will not be constant. This alter-

native introduction is also closed to me because in spite of all the privileges offered to you who are in school today, and much as each of you doubtless appreciates the opportunities which come from your daily association with your headmaster, I shall have to tell you frankly that I would not exchange my schooldays for yours. If I did not get a good education, it was as much my fault as it will be yours if you fail today.

In the first place, I am glad that I began school in the Cambridge of 1886. Cambridge was then a university town and not part of a great metropolitan city. It had a life quite independent of that of Boston. True, a horse-car drawn by two horses in summer and four in winter ambled its peaceful way under the elm-treed arches of Brattle and Craigie Streets and thence by way of Harvard Square to Bowdoin Square in Boston. But the running time from Elmwood Avenue to Boston was more than three-quarters of an hour, and the journey was an expedition rather than an incident in the day. It was a Cambridge with a Harvard Square from which it is true the elm tree in the center had been removed, but on one side was the town pump with the tin dipper. On the opposite side were the steps of Lyceum Hall on which it was said that J. R. Lowell had roosted with Mr. Sawin, the expressman, and other neighbors, in order that he might acquire the Yankee dialect which appeared later in the Biglow Papers. Across the way was the candy store of Ma Jones with its deterring sign, "Gentlemen will not, others must not touch the candy."

It was a Cambridge where from the site of the present Boat Club one could trace to the Somerville boundary the line of great willows said to be the remnants of the original stockade against the Indians. It was a Cambridge where the schooners under their own sails slowly worked their way up the Charles River to the wharves near the present Anderson Bridge and where the creeks and marshes of what is now Soldiers Field offered many an exciting field of exploration by canoe. It was the Cambridge of Mr. Longfellow in whose chair made from the spreading chestnut tree many of us small boys had had the privilege of sitting. His brother,

Mr. Samuel Longfellow, himself the writer of some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language, was our Sunday School teacher. Oliver Wendell Holmes had moved into Boston from his house near the Law School, but he was known by sight to all of us; and Mr. Lowell at Elmwood was a neighbor of our parents.

It was a Cambridge where Fresh Pond was still surrounded by great ice houses whose contents were shipped to the West Indies and whose annual ice harvest offered many adventures to skaters, who rode the moving floes from the ice fields to the elevators. And, speaking of skating, it was a Cambridge of dirt streets with wide gutters where water stood and froze in a cold snap after a thaw so that on many a winter's morning one could skate from my father's house on Kirkland Street straight to the Washington Elm, then a real tree of beautiful proportions, and thence into the Browne and Nichols schoolyard which was just opposite. It was in such a Cambridge that I began my five years of schooling.

The schoolhouse itself was a brown dwelling house near the corner of Garden and Mason Streets. Next door was the Fay Mansion, which was all there was then to Radcliffe. On Mason Street, with its back yard abutting ours, was the girls' school. It was early found advisable that the recess periods of the two schools should not coincide, but a gate post with a dry rot cavity provided a letter box by which appropriate communications were circulated among the initiated, and as all sports were held upon the Common immediately opposite, it was customary to carry a school bench across Garden Street to the Common for the benefit of our supporters at school games.

The house itself had been remodeled so that downstairs it contained two large schoolrooms presided over by Mr. Browne and Mr. Nichols, respectively. Upstairs was a smaller room in which Mr. Metivier taught French and History, and a kind of back bedroom where Mr. Webster had collected enough apparatus to get most of us through our entrance examination in Physics. Behind the house was a run-down garden and orchard — a pleasant spot

to study in spring — and a small barn whose second story was the gymnasium. Therefore, all the physical essentials of education were available, although to one brought up in these surroundings many inconveniences would have been apparent.

The school had existed for three years when I entered it at the age of twelve, but at least two of these years had been of an experimental character in the little house of Deacon Kendall on Appian Way. Our year brought the first group large enough to be fairly called a class. The two principals of the school were young men only recently out of college who together had conceived an idea not less original at that time for the fact that it is commonplace today. The idea was that education consisted not so much in driving facts into a boy's head as in making him use his head so that occasionally something intelligent would come out of it. In place of memorizing, the boy was to think. This radical experiment was received by our parents with skepticism. My own father was most pessimistic about my ability to pass college examinations because I could not repeat by heart a single whole page of Allen & Greenough's *Latin Grammar*. Exchange of thoughts between teacher and pupil could never, in the opinion of our parents, be a substitute for the accomplishment of an academic task. I must confess that this new idea presented a difficult program in the case of some of my friends who were constitutionally opposed to thinking. Still, if it were true as has been said that Mark Hopkins and a boy on a log would have constituted a university, it would be equally true to say that a boy on the centre of a log with Mr. Browne on one end and Mr. Nichols on the other would have had a hard time in escaping an education.

Mr. Browne presided over the younger boys and taught English and Latin. He was short, stocky, quick in movement, high strung, with a nervous energy which at its best stimulated his class to unusual alertness, but occasionally drove him to over-fatigue and the class to nervous timidity. On the whole he was the most stimulating teacher I ever faced until I sat under Professor John Gray at the Harvard Law School. He was, as you probably know, a remarkable skater and never was a group of boys more stimulated

to outdo themselves in intellectual effort than on a Saturday morning, when engaged in making up back work, the news was circulated that Fresh Pond was black ice. No one was so eager to be away as Mr. Browne, and under the pressure of the skating urge he could whip boys into a mental activity that was astonishing. His teaching of Latin was original. Every boy had a blank book in which as a result of his reading he composed his own Latin grammar. The rules of grammar were derived by him from his own reading instead of reading following the dreary repetition of rules of grammar. Of course, this primitive test of thinking had to be reinforced later by Allen & Greenough, but it was a worth while experiment. I confess that I am somewhat in doubt, however, whether the general success of the class in passing its examinations for college in spite of parents' fears, was due to this excellent grounding or to Mr. Browne's uncanny insight into the minds of the examiners which enabled him to predict the sight translations with the result that we sat down before our papers with confidence and translated passages from Virgil and Cicero which we had gone over carefully with him the week before.

Mr. Browne was a good teacher of English because he loved English literature. As in the case of Latin, he made the younger classes do some original thinking. As an incident to our English Class we studied phonetics. Mr. Browne had early concluded that the English classes as then conducted in many schools involved a great waste of time and that five years of school ought to provide instruction adequate to permit the anticipation of the required Harvard College English A. No examination in English A had ever before been given at the college entrance examination. The English Department welcomed the innovation, and Mr. Browne was so ingenious in predicting examination questions that practically our whole class passed with honors.

It was, however, for what I acquired outside the school curriculum that I am most deeply grateful to Mr. Browne. In our first year of English we read Bradford Torrey's *Birds in the Bush*, and I can still remember distinctly the thrill I received when Mr. Browne pointed out a downy woodpecker on a pear tree just out-

side the school window. Ornithology was not then a popular avocation; boys who stood under trees and looked up were considered a little sissy. Bradford Torrey was followed by spring walks before breakfast in the Fresh Pond marshes, which opened to me and to many other boys a love and a resource which has been one of life's great happinesses. To love of birds and love of literary style — the joy of finding that good prose is really true poetry and that good poetry is really true music — I am indebted to George Browne, and deep indeed is that debt.

Mr. Nichols was in many ways the antithesis of Mr. Browne. Tall, spare in his youth, he led rather than drove. His appeal was to the higher scholars. He did not force open the door of knowledge; he simply offered the key. He taught Mathematics and Greek, but I think that Mathematics was the favorite subject of his orderly mind. Under his guidance one of our class became a distinguished professor of Mathematics. Like Mr. Browne he broke away from a fixed curriculum and we were required to devise a system of Mathematics with only eight digits instead of the usual ten digits. For some reason this was called the toe system. I have said his appeal was to the scholar, yet there must have been some further quality which induced almost a whole class to come voluntarily to school once a week in the afternoon through a winter to read with him or rather to follow him as he read Ovid aloud. Perhaps it was a fear of disappointing him which brought some of us, for he assumed in a schoolboy something of his own ideals, and a boy's failure to maintain the standard he had conceived reasonable seemed more like a blow to his faith. That anybody should desire to receive a higher mark than he deserved would have been a genuine shock to him. He was not a sentimentalist; he simply judged others by the tests he applied to himself.

I said that he was not a driver. I state a half truth. He led others, but he drove himself. Not content with teaching school six days a week, he was our Sunday School teacher, — succeeding Mr. Longfellow, and promptly ending our extraneous activities. Later he took an active but inconspicuous part in civic affairs and

it is as a conscientious but self-effacing citizen striving for a cause rather than a candidate that I remember him best. It was this determination to maintain the high standards of duty which he set before himself and which made rest appear to be mere idleness, that in part at least caused his premature death — if death in the pursuit of a vision is ever premature. Mr. Nichols lives in the hearts of a generation of Cambridge boys as the embodiment of a Christian gentleman.

Of course, all the educational experiments of these two young schoolmasters could not be successful. At first they attempted to disregard the natural barriers between teacher and scholar by becoming our companions at recess, but they were wise enough to learn early that to a normal boy play with a master is a task, and that it is more humiliating to muff a ball thrown by a master than to fumble his classroom question. After the first year the normal proprieties between teacher and scholar were maintained. Moreover, it was not a success when the graduating class was permitted to study in a room without a teacher in order that they might prepare themselves for the independence of a college career. At least, the experiment terminated promptly after a cock fight that cracked the plaster over Mr. Nichols' head, and the discovery of one member of the class hiding on the roof. There were other similar disasters which I refrain from revealing lest they overstimulate the imagination of Class 1, but such incidents are part of the normal development of a young and growing school. I assume that no such problems face the schoolmaster of today.

Somewhat as I have described them to you were the early days of the school. A group of healthy, normal, average boys taken in hand by two young men who had a clear purpose and tireless industry, who disregarded traditions and were unafraid of criticism, who were unperturbed by their own mistakes, who recognized that only through experiments could they learn the way, who had faith in their principles of education, and who lived to see their principles accepted by the academic world, who believed that as a boy's muscle can be developed only by his own efforts and that no massage can take the place of exercise, so a boy's mind will develop

only through his own original and constructive thinking, and that inserting facts into a passive mind is as unrewarding as kneading a passive muscle; that as physical efficiency comes only to a boy who is interested in the game and wants to win, so intellectual growth is achieved only by the boy who is interested in learning. The successful teacher, as they saw it, was not the man who could spoon-feed knowledge but who could arouse in his boys an appetite for knowledge. Once the mind is stimulated, education will follow as a matter of course.

That these principles are sound would be proved even if they were not now generally accepted by the generations of boys who have graduated from this school; by these buildings which were created because men had faith in the principles of the school and believed that they could not better serve their community than by insuring their perpetuation; by this group of masters and boys, who are the evidence of their living spirit; by this gathering which has paused for a moment to look back to the beginnings of the school with the quiet confidence of those who know that the course which they have steered is true.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1931

During the past year we have lost through death the following members:

Mr. Richard H. Dana
Rev. Prescott Evarts
Miss Alberta M. Houghton
Mr. William Coolidge Lane
Mrs. Fred N. Robinson
Mr. John H. Sturgis
Mr. Joseph G. Thorp

The following resignations have been accepted:

Mrs. Frank M. Clark
Mrs. Doris Hayes-Cavanaugh

The following new members have been elected:

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Bright
Mr. and Mrs. David E. Burr
Miss Fanny E. Corne
Mr. Lloyd A. Frost
Mr. Roger Gilman
Rev. and Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
Hon. Louis L. Green
Mr. Nathan Heard
Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Reynolds
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth S. Usher
Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey (Associate)

We have, therefore, only nine vacancies at the present time in our regular membership list.

The minutes of the meetings throughout the past year show that a growing number of the members find stimulation in attending both the regular meetings and the Garden Party, and that

there is a pleasant tendency towards more members taking part in preparing papers or in contributing informal reminiscences or anecdotes after the prepared programs.

The twenty-sixth Annual Meeting was held on January 27, 1931, at the residence of Mrs. S. M. De Gozzaldi. After the reports had been read, and the officers elected or re-elected, it was voted to elect Mrs. Frances Rose-Troup, formerly of Cambridge, now residing in England, an Honorary Member of the Society in recognition of her writings on the early history of Massachusetts. Miss Alice C. Allyn's most interesting paper on "A History of Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts," was then read, followed by some of the informal reminiscences just mentioned.

The Spring Meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peter Vosburgh on April 28, 1931. Tribute was first paid by Mr. Briggs to the notable life and work of the late William Coolidge Lane, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society and a valued member of its Council since its inception; and by Professor Beale to the character and influence of the late Rev. Prescott Evarts, a former member of the Council of the Society. Then Mrs. Gozzaldi, Miss Dana, and Mr. Pottinger presented a detailed and fascinating history of "The Vassall House and its Occupants in Three Centuries." Through the kindness of the Rector of Christ Church, the original record books of the Church were an appreciated exhibit at this meeting.

On June 3rd, 1931, a delightful garden party took place at Gerry's Landing, the residence of Professor Kenneth G. T. Webster, with Oliver Elton, King Alfred Professor *Emeritus* of English Literature at the University of Liverpool, speaking entertainingly about his ancestor Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Oliver.

At the invitation of Mrs. C. C. Felton, the Fall Meeting was held at Phillips Brooks House, Harvard University, on October 27, 1931. Mrs. Felton and Professor Ephraim Emerton contributed a charming paper, and an interesting talk, on "Cornelius Conway Felton, Professor of Greek 1832–1860, President of Harvard University, 1860–1862," to this meeting.

Since last January, the Council has gathered for its four stated

meetings to carry on the Society's activities and meetings. In May, the Council voted that the Secretary arrange for the taking, and the sharing of the expense, by the Society, of photographs of the statue of John Bridge, requested by Mr. Alfred Hills, Solicitor, of Braintree, England, from which lantern slides were to be made for use by him and the Rotary Club of Braintree and Bocking, while Mrs. Gozzaldi supplied much historical information to accompany them. The Society later received pleased and grateful acknowledgment of these pictures. The Council also voted in May to elect Professor Eldon R. James to fill the vacancy in the Council caused by Mr. Lane's death; and to hold half the title, with the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, to the set of seventeen negative plates of the interior of the John Hicks House, in return for sharing the expenses connected with obtaining them. At its meeting on January 12th, 1932, the Council approved the appointment of Mr. Frank G. Cook as Auditor for the Society, to succeed Professor Beale resigned.

Respectfully submitted,

BERTRAM K. LITTLE
Secretary

January 26, 1932

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1932

The following is the report of the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year 1932, with which has been incorporated the Annual Report of the Secretary covering the same period.

Three regular meetings of the Society were held in 1932: the Annual Meeting, January 26; the Spring Meeting, April 8; and the Summer Meeting and Garden Party, June 10. These meetings were quite largely attended and indicate the active interest of the members in the Society and in Cambridge local history. With great regret the Council was led to abandon the regular Autumn Meeting, owing to its inability to obtain a paper notwithstanding constant efforts to secure one. It was found that a number of papers were actually in course of preparation but none would be ready in time.

In addition to the regular meetings, a special meeting was held in the Craigie House on February 22, in honor of the two-hundredth anniversary of General Washington's birth. The attendance at this meeting was very large.

The following papers were read at the regular meetings: "The History of Local Government in Cambridge," by Professor Joseph H. Beale, at the Annual Meeting; "John Burgoyne: Politician, Dandy, and Man of Letters," by Mr. David T. Pottinger, at the Spring Meeting; "Sparks Street and Its Residents," a symposium consisting of two papers, one by Miss Maria Bowen and the other by the late Mrs. Rosalba Smith Proell, both read by Miss Mary Deane Dexter, at the Summer Meeting. At the Special Meeting in the Craigie House, Mr. H. W. L. Dana read a paper dealing with General Washington's occupancy of the house, and also some of Washington's letters written from the house. These papers were listened to with great interest, and the thanks of the Society were extended to the authors and reader.

The Council desires again to express its thanks to those who so graciously entertained the Society at these meetings.

The Council reports only two deaths among the membership of the Society during the year:

Mrs. Anna Lyman (Mrs. John C.) Gray and
Professor William W. Fenn,

both of whom joined the Society in 1909.

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Mr. N. Russell Cazmay
Mrs. Margaret C. (Mrs. Norton A.) Kent
Mr. Norton A. Kent
Mrs. Dorothea F. (Mrs. Roger B.) Merriman
Professor Roger B. Merriman
Mr. A. Clendenin Robertson (Associate),

a total of five members and one associate.

The following were elected to membership:

Mrs. F. Wilhelmina (Mrs. Nathan) Heard
Mrs. Annie Longfellow (Mrs. Joseph G.) Thorp
Dr. William Stewart Whittemore
Mrs. Alice B. (Mrs. William S.) Whittemore
Mrs. Lillie McFall (Mrs. Harry F. R.) Dolan
Mr. Albert Guy Keith
Mrs. Edith S. (Mrs. Albert G.) Keith
Miss Grace A. Wood
Miss Christine Farley
Mrs. Roscoe Pound
Miss J. Linda Corne
Mr. Allyn Bailey Forbes
Miss Mabel F. Read
Miss Alice Putnam
Mrs. W. Stephens Thomas (Associate)

On December 31, 1932 there were 212 members and 14 Associates.

Six meetings of the Council were held during the past year.

The Society was represented by a member of the Council upon the Joint Committee for the improvement of the Old Burying Ground. This Committee has succeeded in having the City of Cambridge, with the assistance of the Committee on Unemployment, lay water pipes in the Burying Ground. Some planting has been done, and it is hoped to do more this spring.

The Council was also represented at the dedication of the Cambridge Markers on the route taken by General Washington to his first residence in Cambridge, Wadsworth House.

There was found among the papers of the late Richard Henry Dana a document showing Mr. Dana's desire that the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vassall, which are the property of the Society, should be hung in the Craigie House. The Council voted to authorize an indefinite loan of these portraits to the Longfellow Trustees, subject to withdrawal by the Society at any time.

The Bay State Historical League, through its President, Mr. Albert L. Haskell, requested that the Society act as host for a meeting of the League to be held in Cambridge on January 28, 1933. The Council acceded to Mr. Haskell's request and has arranged for the meeting to be held in Christ Church. At this meeting there will be an address of welcome by the President of this Society and a paper on historic Cambridge by Mr. David T. Pottinger. After the meeting Mrs. Joseph G. Thorp and Mr. H. W. L. Dana will entertain the delegates at tea in the Craigie House. Members of the Society are invited to the meeting in Christ Church.

A project sponsored by the Metropolitan Improvement Association for naming the bridge to be built at or near Gerry's Landing, the Charles William Eliot Memorial Bridge and for a statue of President Eliot to be erected at or near the approach to the bridge on the Cambridge side of the Charles River, was presented to the Council by Mr. Van Ness Bates, a representative of the Metropolitan Improvement Association. The project was in general endorsed by the Council, which adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, that the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society approve of the proposed plan for the completion, before March 20,

1934, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles William Eliot, of the bridge to be built at or near Gerry's Landing in Cambridge and that the bridge so built be named the Charles William Eliot Memorial Bridge, to commemorate the services of President Eliot to this Commonwealth. The Council also approves the establishment of such other memorial to President Eliot in connection with the proposed bridge as may be suitable.

Any member of the Society who has not yet had a copy of Paige's Index, to which he or she is entitled, may receive the same at this meeting by signing for it.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES
Secretary

January 17, 1933

The following note was read as part of this Report:

Two Ancestor Records were sent in after the Annual Meeting in January 1931. They are those of

Miss LESLIE HOPKINSON, descended from seven early settlers: Henry Prentiss, John Sill, Percival Green, Edward Mitchelson, Zechariah Hicks, Thomas Whittemore, and Abraham Hill.

Mrs. GRACE E. (WYETH) NORRIS, descended from eleven early settlers: Nicholas Wyeth, Nathaniel Hancock, Deacon John Cooper, Edward Jackson, John Ward, Richard Francis, Elder Jonas Clark, Henry Prentiss, Richard Park, Nathaniel Sparhawk, and Francis Whitmore.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI
Surviving Member of the Early Settlers Committee

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1931

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1931 balance	$800.52	
Annual dues and initiations	688.00	
Sale "Index to Paige's History"	87.50	
Refund partial expense, photos John Bridge Statue	3.00	
Interest, checking account	2.84	
Interest, life membership fund	33.98	
Total		$1,615.84

DISBURSEMENTS

Postage	$ 21.48	
Printing	19.75	
Clerical assistance	19.93	
Chairs hired	13.50	
Bay State Historical League . 1930–1931	4.00	
17 Prints John Hicks House	27.20	
Positives — Letters from John Adams to President Joseph Willard	9.00	
Photos — John Bridge Statue ($3 later refunded)	8.00	
Printing and binding "Proceedings XV"	266.85	
Printing and binding "Proceedings XVI"	778.71	
Expense in preparing "proceedings"	25.00	
Flowers	6.00	
Total		$1,199.42
Balance December 31, 1931		416.42

LIFE MEMBERSHIP ACCOUNT

Balance January 1, 1931	$697.15	
H. W. L. Dana	50.00	
Balance December 31, 1931		$ 747.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Treasurer

(This account has been examined and found correct by Frank Gaylord Cook, Auditor. His signature subscribing to the above appears in the books of the Treasurer.)

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1932

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1932, Cash on hand		$416.42	
Dues and initiations			
187 Regular Members @ $3	$561.00		
14 Associate Members @ $2	28.00		
12 Initiations @ $2	24.00	613.00	
Sale 3 copies Proceedings XVII		3.50	
Interest Life Membership Account		32.07	
Total			$1,064.99

EXPENDITURES

Publishing Proceedings Vol. XVII	$397.00	
Cambridge Com. George Washington Bi-Centennial a/c Bronze Tablet	25.00	
Dues: Bay State Historical League	2.00	
Printing	63.90	
Stamps	27.88	
Clerical Help, preparing and mailing notices and bills	35.38	
Check tax	.06	$ 551.12
		$ 513.87

LIFE MEMBERSHIP ACCOUNT

January 1, 1932, balance	$747.15	
No transactions during year		
December 31, 1932, balance Cambridge Savings Bank		$ 747.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Treasurer

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1932. All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited in the bank, and proper vouchers were shown for all expenses. Balance of $513.87 as shown in the Treasurer's Report agrees with balance shown on bank statement.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

Auditor

REGULAR MEMBERS

1932–1933

Marion Stanley Abbot
Anne Elizabeth Allen
Mary Ware Allen
Alice C. Allyn
Charles Almy
Albert Francis Amee
Albert Stokes Apsey
Agnes Gordon Balch
John Herbert Barker
Mary Emory Batchelder (L)
Elizabeth Chadwick Beale
Joseph Henry Beale
Mabel Arrabella Lewis Bell
Stoughton Bell
Mrs. J. Clarke Bennett
Alexander Harvey Bill
Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly Bill
Clarence Howard Blackall
Emma Murray Blackall
Albert H. Blevins
Mrs. Albert H. Blevins
Warren Kendall Blodgett
Ella Josephine Boggs
Annabel Perry Bonney
Maria Bowen
Walter Benjamin Briggs
Elmer H. Bright
Mrs. Elmer H. Bright
Ada Leila Cone Brock
Arthur Hendricks Brooks
Elizabeth Harrington Brooks
Jessie Waterman Brooks
Sumner Albert Brooks
Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David E. Burr
Mrs. David E. Burr
Annie Jump Cannon
Philip Greenleaf Carleton
Sarah Swift Schaff Carleton
Flora Kirkendall Carver
Thomas Nixon Carver
Zechariah Chafee, Jr.
Annie Bourne Chapman
Philip Putnam Chase
Leslie Linwood Cleveland
Edith Mary Coe
Margaret E. Cogswell
Ada Louise Comstock
Frank Gaylord Cook
Fanny E. Corne
J. Linda Corne
Louis Craig Cornish
Sally Adams Cushman
Henry Orville Cutter
Elizabeth Ellery Dana
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana
Lily Eugenie DeKalb
Ernest Joseph Dennen
Mary Deane Dexter
Edward Sherman Dodge (L)
Harry Francis Roby Dolan
Lillie McFall Dolan
Laura Howland Dudley
William Harrison Dunbar

Frances Hopkinson Eliot
Samuel Atkins Eliot
Emmons Raymond Ellis
Frances White Emerson
William Emerson
Ephraim Emerton
Sybil Clark Emerton
Claire Schayer Fande
Christine Farley
Charles Norman Fay
Lillian Hale Fay
Eunice Whitney Farley Felton
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Worthington Chauncey Ford
Frances Fowler
Esther Stevens Fraser
Lloyd A. Frost
Dana Taylor Gallup
Roger Gilman
Rev. C. Leslie Glenn
Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
Mary Isabella Gozzaldi
Louis L. Green
Virginia Tanner Green
Lillian Helen Hadley
Thomas Hadley
Edwin Herbert Hall
Elizabeth Harris
Albert Bushnell Hart
Frank Watson Hastings
Frances P. Hawley
Nathan Heard
F. Wilhelmina Heard
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
Stanley Barbour Hildreth
Alison Bixby Hill
Leslie White Hopkinson
Cornelia Conway Felton Horsford
Aria Sargent Dixwell Howe
Lois Lilley Howe
Eda Woolson Hurlbut
Edward Ingraham
Elsie P. Ingraham
Eldon Revare James
Phila Smith James
James Richard Jewett
Margaret Weyerhaeuser Jewett
Ethel Robinson Jones
Mabel Augusta Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Albert Guy Keith
Edith S. Keith
George Frederick Kendall
Justine Houghton Kershaw
Anna Read Lamber
James M. Landis
Mrs. James M. Landis
Thomas Wolcott Little
Flora Virginia Livingston
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
David Gordon Lyon
Mabel Everett Harris Lyon
Elizabeth MacFarlane
Ethel May MacLeod
William Mackintosh MacNair
Emma Endicott Marean
Georgie Maria Marsters
Herbert Bruce McIntire
Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
John Douglas Merrill
Nelson Case Metcalf
Josiah Byram Millett
Emma Maria Cutter Mitchell

Alice Manton Morgan
Samuel Eliot Morison
Velma Maria Morse
James Buell Munn
Mrs. James B. Munn
Emma Frances Munroe
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Emily Alan Smith Nichols
Gertrude Fuller Nichols
Henry Atherton Nichols
John Taylor Gilman Nichols
Albert Perley Norris
Mrs. Albert P. Norris
Margaret Norton
Carleton Eldredge Noyes
Charlotte Metcalfe Noyes
James Atkins Noyes
Penelope Barker Noyes
Thomas Francis O'Malley
Edward Holyoke Osgood
Margaret Nickerson Osgood
James Leonard Paine
Mary Woolson Paine
William H. Pear
Mrs. William H. Pear
Grafton B. Perkins
Mrs. Grafton B. Perkins
Clarence Henry Poor, Jr.
Arthur Kingsley Porter
John Lyman Porter
Lucy Wallace Porter
Alfred Claghorn Potter
David Thomas Pottinger
Roscoe Pound
Mrs. Roscoe Pound
Alice Putnam
Harry Seaton Rand
Mabel Rena Mawhinney Rand
Mabel F. Read
Willard Reed
Robert D. Reynolds
Mrs. Robert D. Reynolds
Frederick Albert Richardson
Harriette Taber Richardson
Mrs. Arthur Clendenin Robertson
Fred Norris Robinson
James Hardy Ropes
Gertrude Swan Runkle
John Cornelius Runkle
Helen McK. M. Russell
Richard M. Russell
Paul Joseph Sachs
Mary Ware Sampson
Eleanor Whitney Davis Sanger (L)
Carolyn Huntington Saunders
Francis Webber Sever
Martha Sever
Willard Hatch Sprague
Genevieve Stearns
Grace Williamson Stedman
Dora Stewart
Mrs. Charles Strong
Helen Grace Olmstead Swan
William Donnison Swan
John Houghton Taylor
Annie Longfellow Thorp
Alfred Marston Tozzer
Eleanor Gray Tudor (L)
Kenneth S. Usher
Mrs. Kenneth S. Usher
Bertha Hallowell Vaughan
Charles Peter Vosburgh
Maude Batchelder Vosburgh
Mary Richardson Walcott
Robert Walcott

Grace Reed Walden
Henry Bradford Washburn
Frederica Davis Watson
Jenny C. Watts
Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster
Mrs. Walter Wesselhoeft
Alice Merrill White
Fanny Gott White
Horatio Stevens White
Dr. William Stewart Whittemore
Alice B. Whittemore
Mary W. Willard
Olive Swan Williams
Samuel Williston
George Grafton Wilson
Mrs. Henry J. Winslow
John William Wood, Jr.
Grace A. Wood
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Mrs. C. H. C. Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Gardner Weld Allen
Hollis Russell Bailey
Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey
Francis Apthorp Foster
Anna Lyman Gray
Eliza Mason Hoppin
Rysse Gilman Houghton (L)
Ernest Lovering
Bradford Hendrick Peirce
Philip Leffingwell Spalding
W. Stephen Thomas
Alice Mathews Van Brunt
Mary Lee Ware

HONORARY MEMBER

Frances Rose-Troup

With the exception of Volume VII, which is out of print, there is on hand (November, 1937) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The price is $1.00 each, for members of the Society; $1.50 each, for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Walter B. Briggs, Curator, Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is $7.50 a copy, postpaid.

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXIII

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1934 and 1935

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1937

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXIII

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1934 and 1935

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1937

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

OF

The Cambridge Historical Society

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH MEETING

Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held in the Parish House of Christ Church on January 17, 1934. About sixty members were present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:05 o'clock. The President stated that the Secretary had been called out of town; upon motion of Mr. J. T. G. Nichols, Mr. Walter B. Briggs was chosen Secretary *pro tem.*

The records of the meetings of January 17, April 25, and October 17, 1933 were read and approved.

The President read the report of the Council and of the Secretary for 1933, and it was voted that it be accepted and placed on file.

The President also read the reports of the Treasurer and of the Auditor. These were accepted and ordered placed on file.

The Curator read the report of the Curator and also the report of the Committee on Descendants of Early Settlers of Cambridge. These were accepted and placed on file.

The President then called for the report of the Nominating Committee but as no member of that Committee was present, the President stated that he understood the nominations were as follows:

President	Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Mrs. S. M. De Gozzaldi Joseph H. Beale Frank Gaylord Cook
Secretary	Eldon R. James
Treasurer	Willard H. Sprague
Curator	Walter B. Briggs
Editor	David T. Pottinger

Council: the above and

H. W. L. Dana	Rev. Samuel A. Eliot
Roger Gilman	Rev. C. Leslie Glenn
John T. G. Nichols	James L. Paine

It was moved that subject to correction and verification by the Nominating Committee and a confirming vote at the April meeting of the Society, the persons named be elected. This motion was seconded and voted unanimously.

The President called attention to the meeting of the Bay State Historical League at Winthrop on January 20th, at one o'clock in the Deane Winthrop House.

Mr. John Perkins Brown was then introduced by the President. Mr. Brown gave a most interesting talk, illustrated by lantern slides, on the history of Christ Church, especially of its original architecture both outside and inside, based upon the investigations recently carried on by him.[1]

The President expressed the thanks of the Society to Mr. Brown and also to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn, whose guests the members of the Society were.

The meeting then adjourned, after which refreshments were served.

[1] See *post*, pp. 17–23.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on Tuesday, April 17, 1934, at 38 Quincy Street. About sixty members and guests were present. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:15 o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the meeting of the Society on January 17, 1934, it was voted to confirm the election of the following as Officers of the Society for 1934:

President	ROBERT WALCOTT
Vice-Presidents	MRS. S. M. DE GOZZALDI JOSEPH H. BEALE FRANK GAYLORD COOK
Secretary	ELDON R. JAMES
Treasurer	WILLARD H. SPRAGUE
Curator	WALTER B. BRIGGS
Editor	DAVID T. POTTINGER

Council: the above and

H. W. L. DANA	REV. C. LESLIE GLENN
REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT	JOHN T. G. NICHOLS
ROGER GILMAN	JAMES L. PAINE

The President spoke of the work which had been done in making the Old Burying Place more sightly, and briefly sketched the plans for future work.

The Secretary then read the notice of the next meeting of the Bay State Historical League, to be held at Fitchburg on April 21, 1934. He also read an invitation from the Georgian Society of America to the members of the Cambridge Historical Society to attend its annual meeting in Robinson Hall Annex on Thursday evening, May 3, 1934.

The President called attention to the volume of Proceedings just issued and stated that the Council had voted to authorize the combination of the Proceedings for two years into a single volume to be published as funds became available.

Professor Hart mentioned the tablet he proposed to have erected to mark the site of the house of his ancestor Stephen Hart, and requested the cooperation of the Society. The President stated that by vote of the Society at the meeting of April 7, 1933, the Society had expressed its willingness to cooperate with Professor Hart.

Mr. David T. Pottinger then read his delightful paper, "38 Quincy Street." [1]

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Pottinger for his paper and to Mr. and Mrs. Pottinger for their hospitality.

The meeting adjourned, after which refreshments were served.

[1] See *post*, pp. 24–48.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on June 7, 1934, at the residence of Miss Bertha H. Vaughn, 57 Garden Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 4:30 P.M.

After a brief statement as to the work being done at the Old Burying Place, President Walcott introduced the Honorable ROBERT GRANT, who read from the manuscript of his forthcoming volume of reminiscences[1] a delightful account of his life as a student in Cambridge from 1869 to 1879.

After a vote of thanks to Judge Grant and to Miss Vaughn, the meeting adjourned.

[1] The complete volume of Judge Grant's reminiscences has been published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH MEETING

THE AUTUMN MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on October 23, 1934, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon R. James, 114 Brattle Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:20 P.M.

The President made several announcements, after which he spoke of the work being done at Fort Washington under the auspices of the Georgian Society by E. R. A. workers. He called the attention of the Society to the fact that within the past year two Massachusetts local historical societies had been given houses for their permanent occupation, and expressed a hope that a similar gift might be made to this Society.

The President appointed the following as a committee to nominate officers for the Society for next year, to report at the January meeting: Messrs. Usher and Nichols and Mrs. Greene.

The Secretary then read two papers prepared and edited by Mrs. GOZZALDI, one of which consisted of extracts from the diary of her mother, Mrs. Isabella Batchelder James, and the other reminiscences of James Russell Lowell by Mrs. James.[1]

After a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gozzaldi, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See *post*, pp. 49–66.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH MEETING

Thirtieth Annual Meeting

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held in the Upper Parish Hall of the First Church (Congregational), on January 22, 1935. About fifty members and guests were present.

In the absence of President Walcott, the chair was taken by Vice-President Beale, who called the meeting to order at 8:10 P.M.

The minutes of the October meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary read the report of the Council and Secretary for the calendar year 1934. It was voted that it be accepted and placed on file.

The Auditor, Mr. Cook, read the report of the Treasurer and the Auditor. It was voted that these reports be accepted and placed on file.

The Curator then made an oral report, accompanied by the display of a large number of interesting gifts made during the year to the Society.

The Chair then called for the report of the Nominating Committee. The Secretary then read a letter from Mr. Usher, the Chairman of that committee, as follows:

Dear Professor James,

As Chairman of the Nominating Committee of the Cambridge Historical Society I am pleased to report regarding the officers for the coming year. It is the wish of the Committee that you cast one ballot at the January meeting, re-electing unanimously the present officers for another year, with the one exception of Mr. John T. G. Nichols, who desires to withdraw from the Council. This will leave the required number of five members.

Sincerely yours,

KENNETH S. USHER

The Chair called for other nominations. There being none, it was unanimously voted that the Secretary cast one ballot for the present officers and members of the Council, with the exception of Mr. Nichols. This having been done, the Chair declared the following officers and members of the Council elected to their respective positions for the ensuing year:

President	Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Mrs. S. M. De Gozzaldi Joseph H. Beale Frank Gaylord Cook
Secretary	Eldon R. James
Treasurer	Willard H. Sprague
Curator	Walter B. Briggs
Editor	David T. Pottinger

Council: the above and

H. W. L. Dana — Rev. C. Leslie Glenn
Rev. Samuel A. Eliot — James L. Paine
Roger Gilman

Rev. Raymond Calkins, minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), then read an account of the life of the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, formerly Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), and of his friendships.[1] Dr. Calkins's interesting address was listened to with great attention.

At the conclusion, the Chair inquired whether any of those present who knew Dr. McKenzie, cared to add anything to Dr. Calkins's remarks. Dr. Eliot, Rev. Mr. MacNair, and Mr. Gilman responded with interesting accounts of incidents in Dr. McKenzie's life with which they were personally acquainted.

After a vote of thanks to Dr. Calkins, the meeting adjourned.

[1] Dr. Calkins's biography of Alexander McKenzie has been published by the Harvard University Press.

ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH MEETING of the Society was held on March 12, 1935, at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, 25 Reservoir Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:20 P.M. There were more than one hundred members and guests present.

The Secretary read a letter from Rev. C. Leslie Glenn inviting the Society to attend a meeting at Christ Church on May 23, 1935, to be addressed by Sir Edward Undeventer and Canon Waddey on "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Colonial Church in Massachusetts."

The Secretary then read the following minute, prepared by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot:

EPHRAIM EMERTON

Ephraim Emerton, President of the Cambridge Historical Society for the years 1921–1928, died at his home in Cambridge on March 1, 1935, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He graduated at Harvard in 1871, studied at Leipzig, and joined the teaching staff at Harvard in 1876. In 1882 he was appointed to the newly established Winn Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, which he held for thirty-six years, becoming Professor *Emeritus* in 1918. He was a thorough and productive scholar, a stimulating teacher, the author and translator of many books, a good citizen, and a beloved neighbor. As our presiding officer he joined unfailing courtesy and felicitous speech to alacrity and firmness in the despatch of business. The Society honors the memory of a learned and distinguished historian, a wise counsellor, and a genial and helpful friend.

It was voted that this memorial be entered in the minutes of this meeting.

Mr. Eliot then spoke briefly of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose lamented death occurred on March 6, 1935.[1] Mr. Eliot read extracts from

[1] See *post*, pp. 67–71.

the address of Mr. Justice Holmes at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Cambridge.

The President then introduced Rev. Dr. FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, who read a delightful paper on "Harvard in the Sixties — A Boy's-Eye Point of View." [2] At the conclusion of the paper, the thanks of the Society were extended to Dr. Peabody, and to Dr. and Mrs. Eliot for their generous hospitality.

[2] Dr. Peabody's paper was privately printed in pamphlet form and copies were distributed to members of the Society.

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING and Lawn Party of the Society was held at the residence of Miss Frances Fowler, 4 Kirkland Place, on June 6, 1935. About seventy members were present. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 4:45 P.M.

The President presented a memorial of the late Mrs. Gozzaldi, First Vice-President of the Society.[1]

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, reported that Mrs. Gozzaldi had bequeathed to the Society a portrait of Washington Allston by Chester Harding, Lieutenant Kingston's manuscript list of the Convention prisoners, Pope's "Pioneers of Massachusetts," and a selection of historical books from her library. With the kind coöperation of Mrs. Richard W. Hall, about one hundred volumes had been so selected.

Mr. Briggs also reported several other gifts.

Miss FOWLER then read a delightful paper on "Kirkland Place" and its interesting residents.[2]

At the conclusion, the thanks of the Society were voted to Miss Fowler both for her paper and for her generous hospitality.

[1] See *post*, pp. 72–75.
[2] See *post*, pp. 76–94.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH MEETING of the Society was held on October 15, 1935, at the residence of President and Mrs. Walcott, 152 Brattle Street. About sixty members and guests were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President stated that at a meeting of the Council held on July 2, 1935, the sum of $300 had been appropriated for the purchase of supplies in connection with the E. R. A. project for the preservation of the records and papers of the County Court of Middlesex County, beginning in 1649. Professor Beale, as Chairman of the Committee in charge of the matter, reported that the work was progressing. Mr. Briggs reported that of the $300 voted, only about $60 had been spent. The work began early in July. Miss Eva Moore, with experience in handling such documents, had been appointed supervisor, and under her there were five workers. The work was suspended shortly afterwards, but was resumed on September 9th. It is now in process of being transferred from the E. R. A. to the W. P. A., and work is done only on two days of the week. There is every likelihood that the work will be continued for nine months more.

The President reported the resignation of Miss Maria Bowen, a matter of great sorrow to everyone.

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, reported a number of interesting gifts.

The President announced the appointment of Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq., as Auditor; and Mr. Fay, Mr. Little, and Miss Mary Deane Dexter as a Nominating Committee.

The President then introduced Professor WALTER R. SPALDING, who gave an interesting and entertaining account of Cambridge personalities with musical interests.[1]

After a vote of thanks to the speaker and to President and Mrs. Walcott for their generous hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

[1] The complete volume of Professor Spalding's reminiscences has been published by Coward-McCann.

CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE[1]

By John Perkins Brown

Read January 17, 1934

FOUNDING OF CHURCH

On the twenty-fifth of April, 1759, a group of prominent Cambridge men led by Henry Vassall, Esq. sent a petition to the London headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts requesting that the Society permit them to erect a church and establish a new parish in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This, however, was not the first attempt to establish a church in Cambridge. As early as 1746 we find the same Henry Vassall unsuccessfully undertaking a building subscription among his rich Tory friends.

The reasons for the founding of this new parish are so interestingly put forth in the London petition that a part of the document is quoted here:

"There is no church nearer to us than Boston, which is from some of us eight, from others ten and twelve miles distant; unless, for shortening the way, we submit to the inconvenience of a large ferry, which in stormy weather, and in the winter season especially, is very troublesome, and sometimes impracticable. The Society will easily conceive the difficulty of conveying whole families to a place of public worship at such a distance, and attended by such

[1] As it is very difficult and well-nigh impossible to remember in 1937 what was said in a lecture in 1934, especially when there was no manuscript for the same, the Editor has kindly permitted me to use excerpts from my own nearly completed "Architectural Monograph of Christ Church, Cambridge" in the volume of proceedings of the Society for the years 1934–1935. While these excerpts do not cover the two years of architectural and documentary research at Christ Church, which was the subject of the lecture on January 17, 1934, they may serve as an acceptable substitute for the now-forgotten material of the latter, and give some added interest to the history of one of the most architecturally imporant 18th century church edifices in New England. — J. P. B.

obstructions. To remedy which, we have agreed to build a Church at Cambridge, which, as it is in the center, may indifferently serve the neighboring places of Charlestown, Watertown, and Newtowne: besides providing for the Gentlemen who are students at the College here, many of whom, as they have been brought up in the Church of England, are desirous of attending the worship of it."

The petition had hardly started on its long journey across the Atlantic before the subscribers, with the exception of Robert Temple, Ralph Inman, and James Apthorp, calling themselves a building committee, proceeded to solicit subscriptions for a new church. They also engaged young East Apthorp as rector for the, as yet, non-existent Cambridge parish, and made him a member of the above committee.

PETER HARRISON

Henry Vassall and his committee received a reply to their petition on the twelfth of August, 1759. Their request for a new parish had been duly approved, and permission to proceed at once with the erection of the church building had been extended. Accordingly they set out to procure an architect. Their obvious choice was Peter Harrison of Newport who, a decade before, had done such a noble piece of work in designing the new King's Chapel in Boston, where most of the Cambridge subscribers had been worshipping up to this time. At a meeting of the committee on September 29, 1759, it was voted, "that a letter be wrote to Mr. Harrison of Newport, requesting a Plan and Elevation of the Outside and Inside, and of the Pulpit and Vestry of the Church; and that, if Mr. Harrison approves of it, there be no Steeple, only a Tower with a Belfry, and that he be informed of the dimensions of a Picture designed for the Chancel." The further requirements were "that the extreme dimensions of the Church, including the thickness of the Walls, but exclusive of the Chancel and Tower, be sixty Feet in Length, and Forty-five Feet in Breadth. That the Architect be at liberty to make any alterations in the above-named dimensions of sixty feet by Forty-five, provided he does not enlarge the Area of the Church. That the Expence of erecting

the whole building is not to exceed Five hundred pounds sterling. That the building be of wood, and covered on the outside with Rough-cast; that there be only one tier of Windows, and no Galleries, except an Organ Loft." The committee felt every confidence that they had selected the right man. "We have applied to a masterly Architect for a plan, and purpose to build a handsome Church of Wood," they wrote to London, seeking the usual benefactions thence. We shall see later how far Harrison followed their requirements.

THE SITE

While Harrison was taking his time with the plans for the new building, — and we find letters sent to him repeatedly by the impatient committee — much thought was given to the selection of a suitable site for the church. At first the corner of what is now Appian Way and Garden Street was chosen; but finally after much deliberation, the present lot was purchased. The lot was made up from the rear part of the estate of James Read, whose house still stands at the corner of Farwell Place and Brattle Street, and from the "Common Lands" of the Town of Cambridge. This latter part, which included the Town Pound, was an ungainly projection of the Common, and its sale to the Church straightened what is now Garden Street.

FOUNDATIONS

With the purchase of a lot and the much-delayed arrival of Harrison's plans from Newport, the Committee proceeded to rush along the work of the foundations. In the Treasurer's book for August 1761 we note the item;

"Pd. Robishew digging the Cellar and 13 days work Acco't £16–8"

Aaron Hill was the mason, and James Brackett furnished nearly £70 worth of foundation stones, which were carted by John Hicks for £32. As the only good building stone in this section of the country had to be hauled from Quincy, as had been done in the construction of King's Chapel, the Committee followed the more

economical plan of buying ballast from trading vessels to Boston. In the fact that many of these ships were from Quebec, may be the origin of the tradition that foundations of Christ Church are from the old French fortifications there. Hence the following curious items:

"To John McClarry for 2 load Ballast d^d^ Crump in Exch^a^ for Stones taken out of his Vessell £2.8."

"1759 Novr To Cash p^d^ the Sailors picking Large Stones out of the Vessell from Quebec 9/."

THE CORNERSTONE

The cornerstone was laid "with some ceremony" in August 1760, more than a year after the building subscription had been begun. Sir Francis Bernard, Baronet, newly appointed governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay, was present on this occasion and contributed a guinea toward the "remembering" of the masons. The Governor donated ten guineas for the church building, as well. A copy of the inscription on the stone, probably composed by East Apthorp, follows:

DEO. AETERNO
PATRI. FILIO. SPIRITUI. S
HANC. AEDEM.
SUB. AUSPICIIS. ILLUSTRISS. SOCIETATIS.
PROMOVENDO. EVANGELIO.
IN PARTIBUS. TRANSMARINIS.
INSTITUTAE.
CONSECRABANT. CANTABRIGIENSIS.
ECCLESIAE. ANGLICANAE. FILII.
IN.
CHRISTIANAE. FIDEI. ET. CHARITATIS.
INCREMENTUM.
A.D. MDCCLX
PROVINCIAM. PROCURANTE
V. CL.
FRANCISCO. BERNARDO.

In the fact that the stone is not visible in the foundations, and much digging by zealous members of the congregation has failed to locate it, may have been the origin of many stories that the stone was stolen by patriotic Tories during the Revolution, or that it was removed and destroyed in the nineteenth century additions to the church fabric, and so on. But it must be remembered that it was the custom in the eighteenth century to place a cornerstone face down in the mortar of the foundations to preserve the inscription for all time. We have records that the cornerstone of King's Chapel, 1749, second Harvard Hall, 1764, and University Hall, 1813, were laid in this manner. Therefore, the cornerstone of Christ Church is probably still in the place where it was laid in 1760, with only the thickness of the stone showing in the foundations.

THE PLAN

The similarity in plan and detail of Christ Church and King's Chapel is to be expected for several reasons. In the first place, more than half of the members of the new parish had been connected with the older one in Boston. As such they would naturally want a building very much like their "Mother" church, which was considered one of the most beautiful and stately in America. The use of the same architect, especially when he was to have only five works to his credit, would further imply significant parallels. In addition, records show that the same artisans, including Temple Decoster, housewright, Edward Burbeck and W. Austin, woodcarvers, were employed on both projects. As the architect of this time left most of the carrying out of small details to the master workmen, it is not strange to find identical moulding forms in both structures.

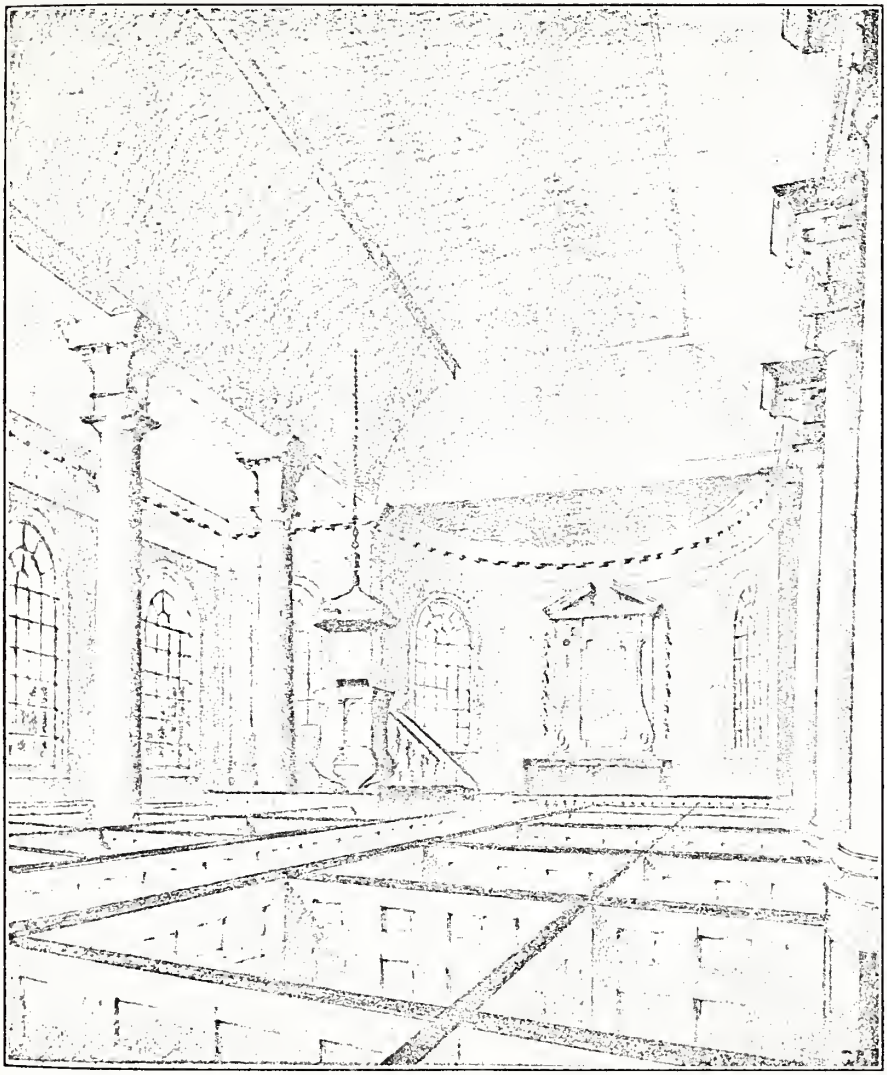
The original plan of Christ Church as carried out in 1761 was that of a simple three-aisled basilica 45′–0″ by 60′–0″. A semicircular apse extended at the East end of the Nave, with a small vestry adjoining, and there was an entrance tower at the West. Four beautifully turned columns on either side of the nave separated it from the aisles. The shafts and plinths of these were of

one piece; and according to existing documents, these and the smaller columns under the gallery were made from huge logs cut on the upper Charles. They were floated as rafts down to the Common where they were turned in an old mill which stood until 1795 at what is now the corner of Waterhouse Street and Concord Avenue. Because of the increased cost of the building, the present Ionic capitals, carved by Isaiah Rogers, were not added until 1826.

The ceiling over the aisles and apse was flat, while that over the nave was as it now exists, in section, a truncated barrel vault. The central section was painted that curious chalky blue found in many eighteenth century buildings, and used by Harrison in the Synagogue at Newport. The floor of the nave was divided into box pews 5′–0″ by 5′–6″ on either side of the 6′–0″ centre aisle. The two on the West end of this centre aisle, in front of the Gallery columns, not as large as the others, were reserved for the Wardens and held their wands of office. Against the wall on either side of the church and returning to the gallery columns in the West end was a series of wall pews, which, in the opinion of Governor Bernard's wife, were very "airy." In the central bay of the nave on the left side of the middle aisle was originally the Governor's pew, occupying the entire space between the two centre columns. Records show that the pew had the canopy and parapet customary in such pews. Under the panelled covering of the plinth of the left centre column may still be seen the outline of the parapet. The Governor's pew, however, was torn down before 1770 for some unknown reason, and the space it occupied was filled with much needed pews.

LIGHTING

Nothing remains of the first chandelier used to light the Church in the eighteenth century. That there was a chandelier has been proved without a doubt. There still exists in the roof beams a crudely forged iron hook in what was the centre of the church before the enlargement of 1859. There has also been found recently a heavy iron rod 64″ long with a hook at either end which extended from the above hook to the plaster ceiling below. From



RESTORATION: CHRIST CHURCH

Drawing by John Perkins Brown

this extended an iron chain to the chandelier. Records show that this chain was sold in 1859 for $3.00 when the chandelier was removed and gas installed in the building.

What this first chandelier looked like or what was its material is unknown today. A study of contemporary lighting fixtures would indicate that it was either of brass or of that less sturdy but equally common type with a wood core and heavy wire arms with wooden cups for the candles. The author believes that it was this latter type of chandelier that was first used in Christ Church, both because it was the cheapest they could obtain, and because while mention is made of the sale of the iron chain for the chandelier in 1859, no record is made of the disposition of the chandelier itself. If it had been of brass, it seems certain that some mention would be made of it at that time. Moreover, we find the following for 1835:

Jacob H. Bates, Dr.

Dec. 19	— to painting chain for chandelier	$ .50
" 23	— to painting and varnishing 12 lamps 3 coats @ 12½	1.50

The lamps referred to were rush lamps bought in 1811 to substitute whale oil for the more expensive and less efficient candles.[1] If the chandelier had been of brass, it seems unlikely that these lamps which were made to fit into the candle sockets would have been painted and varnished.

From the brief notes and evidence which we have, we may therefore safely conclude that the first chandelier was a simple wood cored type with twelve wire arms, suspended from the ceiling by an iron chain. In 1811 whale oil lamps were used in the fixture in place of candles, until 1859 when gas was introduced and new fixtures installed.

[1] Two of these lamps were recently found by the author and are now preserved at the Church.

THIRTY-EIGHT QUINCY STREET

By David T. Pottinger

Read April 17, 1934

When the Harvard University Press transferred its publishing department in July, 1932, from Randall Hall to the house at the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, we naturally began to inquire about our predecessors. The investigation has clothed the house with associations that are unusually rich and varied even for Cambridge. Architecturally it is almost exactly the same as when it was first built but from every other point of view it has constantly changed. The story of the house must become the story of its occupants, each one of whom has contributed a distinct element to the unique aura within its walls. For nearly a century the most diverse sorts of people have gone forth from this spot on voyages to the ends of the earth, on excursions into the realms of thought; and always they have looked back hither and have seen these gracious rooms as home. Serene in the dignity of a day long departed, the house provides a frame in which to enclose the picture of their lives.

The lot bounded by Prescott, Cambridge, and Quincy Streets and Broadway, which formed a part of the extensive Foxcroft farm at the time of the Revolution, came into the possession successively of Abraham Bigelow, John Ripley Bigelow, and Thomas B. Curtis during the early part of the nineteenth century. Curtis conveyed the westerly half to Lieutenant Charles Henry Davis, U.S.N., by a deed dated December 28, 1846; the price was $2081.50. The premises are described in two parcels, the first on the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, the second on the corner of Quincy and Cambridge Streets. The line on Quincy Street measures 172 feet, six inches; the depth is 104 feet, two inches; the back line is 228 feet. The second parcel was subject to two rather curious restrictions: first, that no building should be

38 QUINCY STREET

From a photograph taken about 1890

erected on it for the term of ten years next following; and second, that no building erected thereon after the expiration of ten years should ever be used for any trade or manufacturing purpose whatsoever. As a matter of fact it was nearly sixty years before any building occupied the site, not, that is, until the Langdell house was moved in the summer of 1900 to make room for Robinson Hall on the southwest corner of Quincy Street and Broadway.

Evidently there were no restrictions on the southerly parcel conveyed to Lieutenant Davis, for he is listed in the Cambridge Directory of 1848 as living on Quincy Street and more specifically located in the 1849 Directory on Quincy Street, corner of Broadway. His son's statement that he built the house in 1846, seems inaccurate since he did not obtain possession of the land until the end of December in that year. The whole transaction was evidently brought about in a most natural way. Davis, having married five years before, found an opportunity to settle down in the community which had already been his temporary abode for a number of years. His wife, Harriette Blake Mills, was the daughter of Senator Elijah Hunt Mills of Northampton, and the sister-in-law of Benjamin Peirce, the mathematician. The long-standing friendship between Davis and Peirce was thus all the more strongly cemented by marriage. Peirce was living a little farther down on Quincy Street in a house where Sever Hall now stands. Davis accordingly bought the nearest available spot for establishing his own home.

When the house was erected, the neighborhood must have looked like any of the "developments" we associate with the cutting up of large estates. Here was the extensive Forcroft farm being divided by new and rather sketchy streets, with lots staked out and sold, and an occasional house built in the newest style. We must forget the trim orderliness of warrenite pavements, curbstones, and Yard fence; forget the massive outlines of the Fogg Museum, Robinson Hall, the new fire-station or even the old gymnasium, and Memorial Hall. To the east of this unaccepted lane stretched the unbroken fields, and past the side of Dana Hill the family could see from the windows the glistening dome of the State House over

in Boston. Broadway was a country road; Cambridge Street a muddy, or a dusty, highway down to the Court House and to Craigie's bridge. Westward, the fields and ponds stretched over to the Common, the Fay house in a straight line ahead and the few houses along Kirkland street bounding the view on the right. Although the scene is familiar to every reader of local history, yet we need continually to be reminded of how much our city has changed in the past eighty years as compared with the preceding two hundred years.

Lieutenant Davis secured the services of the architect Henry Greenough, who put up much the same sort of "Federal" house he had already built for other Cambridge clients. The front door opens into a hallway divided about half way down by a door that conceals the staircase and the back rooms. The front room on the right, with two long windows opening onto a piazza, was used as a parlor; it was as formal as only a mid-Victorian parlor could be. The room behind this, the "back-parlor" or living-room, was furnished in a rather simpler way with book-cases and easy chairs, and was the usual gathering place for the family. Davis's descendants stoutly deny that the Admiral specified that the eastern wall of this room should be a semicircle to remind him of the stern of a ship; but aside from the consideration that it would take a good deal of fancy to attain any such result, picturesqueness must yield to the fact that the device was a common one in this style of architecture. On the left of the front door there are two square rooms opening into each other. Every room is provided with a fire-place. In the drawing-room and the dining room there are now open hearths and the pillared mantels of forty years ago; in all the other rooms, both upstairs and down, the original coal grates and simple marble or wooden mantels still remain. In the more public rooms the eye is at once attracted by the flattened arches of the double doors, by the great wooden canopies over doors and windows, and by the heavy cornice work. It is just the sort of dignified mansion one would expect from a glance at the exterior.

Such was the establishment, then, to which Davis — now a mature man of forty — brought his wife and two children. He had

been born on January 16, 1807, in the house on Somerset Street in Boston built by his father and at one time occupied by the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. His mother was Lois Freeman, the sister of Rev. James Freeman who, as the first minister of King's Chapel after the Revolution, reformed the liturgy of that ancient parish and changed the oldest Episcopalian church in the northern colonies to the first Unitarian congregation in the country. In 1800 Davis's father, whose family was settled in Barnstable County as early as 1630, had moved to Boston from Portland and Falmouth, where he had lived as Solicitor-General for the Province of Maine in the State of Massachusetts. He had thirteen children, the oldest being Louisa, who married William Minot, and the youngest being the future admiral.

Charles Henry Davis prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, entered Harvard in 1821 (at the age of fourteen!), and remained through the first two years. Among his class-mates were the first Charles Francis Adams, John Langdon Sibley, Horatio Alger, and Giles Lodge. In the summer of 1823, when he was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, he began a period of seventeen years' experience in the hazardous, responsible, and romantic duties of that branch of the Service. Joining the frigate *United States* at Norfolk, he finally set out under Commodore Hull for the Pacific station. The ship touched at Rio de Janeiro and at Valparaiso and then proceeded to Peru, where Davis was transferred to the small armed schooner *Dolphin.*

On August 18, 1825, the *Dolphin,* under command of Lieutenant John Percival, a famous character in the old Navy popularly known as "Mad Jack" Percival, set out on a long voyage to bring to justice the crew of the whaleship *Globe,* who a year before had mutinied, murdered the officers, and carried the ship to the Mulgrave Islands, where they proposed to form a settlement. The first Lieutenant of the punitive expedition was Hiram Paulding (afterwards Admiral), whose *Narrative* of this voyage is a story of hair-raising suspense, primitive danger, and incredible bravery. Imagine a little schooner of 180 tons setting sail into the uncharted Pacific Ocean bound for a pack of desperate murderers

who themselves had faced the perils of cannibals among the coral reefs! No wonder Admiral Davis in later years told and retold with gusto the thrilling details of these adventures he had lived through before he was nineteen years of age.

After returning from the Pacific, Davis spent three months at his father's home in Boston and then was attached to the sloop-of-war *Erie* for nearly a year in the West Indies. In August, 1829, he sailed from New York as acting sailing-master of the *Ontario* on a three years' cruise to the Mediterranean. He filled the leisure of this period by becoming proficient in navigation and the duties of his profession and acquiring a thorough knowledge of French and Spanish with a good smattering of Italian. Next came a year of leisure in Boston, a few months of receiving-ship duty, another cruise around the Horn to Ecuador, a few months of mathematical study in Cambridge with Benjamin Peirce, and — to bring to a close the period of his early career in the Navy — a cruise of over three years on the *Independence* to England, Denmark, Russia, Madeira, Brazil, and the Argentine. In April, 1840, after seventeen years, most of which were spent at sea, he returned to Cambridge and, for the next seventeen years, had very little active duty in the Navy.

During his final cruise Davis kept up a correspondence with Peirce so that on his return home he was eager to resume his study of mathematics. He took his A.B. at Harvard in 1841, "as of 1825," and he always retained his membership in the class of 1825. At the same time he received his Master's degree. In April, 1842, he was appointed an assistant on the Coast Survey. For the next seven years he made studies of the tides at various important points along the Atlantic coast, surveyed Boston harbor and the Nantucket Shoals, investigated the current of the Gulf Stream, and gained much distinction as an hydrographer. In July, 1849, when the "American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac" was established, he was placed in charge of the work. "Perhaps no one achievement of his life," says his son, "has entitled him to higher fame or has left a more lasting impression. . . . It may be safely said that, except the coast survey, of which the vast scope of

course gives it preëminence, no scientific work which has been carried on in this country has redounded more largely to the national credit." In 1854 he received his Commander's commission. In 1856 he went on active duty again, serving on the Pacific station and on the coast of Central America. In 1859 he got back home and settled down to the old life in Cambridge, with occasional trips to Washington.

By this time the gathering storm of the Civil War was ready to break. The spring and summer of 1861 found him on duty at the offices of the Navy Department in Washington as executive head of the Bureau of Detail and as secretary of a secret board which was virtually a board of admiralty. Like most other busy men he found time to do much besides his regular work. In addition to maintaining the "Nautical Almanac" and the Coast Survey, he was, for instance, a member of the board of ironclad ships, the famous board which authorized the building of the *Monitor*. During this period he lived alone in lodgings in Washington, the family remaining in Cambridge partly because New England was safer but more because the children were at school. The letters which he wrote home almost every day, make an intimate commentary on the conduct of the war and give a vivid picture of life in the capital at a time when it was more hectic than ever before or since.

On September 18, 1861, Davis was freed from all this sort of work and was appointed fleet captain and chief of staff of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, under the command of Flag Officer Dupont. The Squadron first undertook, in conjunction with a small military detachment, an expedition to Hatteras Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, where piratical depredations had become extremely annoying. Success at Hatteras was followed up after some delay by an expedition to Port Royal, where a battle took place on November 7th. On board Dupont's flagship, the *Wabash*, there was not only Captain Davis but also a young Lieutenant, Stephen B. Luce, whose son many years later married Davis's daughter Louisa. Luce, who was in command of one of the gun batteries, was mentioned in dispatches for his efficiency and gallantry and, as a result, was shortly afterwards promoted to

Lieutenant Commander. As Dupont's Chief of Staff, Davis was largely responsible for the very successful tactics employed in the battle, tactics which Dewey repeated thirty-seven years later at Manila after he had carried the entrance to the Bay. Davis used to say that Lieutenant Luce was the only other officer who had thought out a plan for the battle before it took place. Unfortunately, however, the Union victory could not be consolidated by the vigorous sort of action that Davis wanted and that would doubtless have dealt a body-blow to the South. During the campaign Davis had been promoted to the rank of Captain, then the highest grade in the Navy. In March he was back again in Washington for departmental duty.

He was soon again, however, in the midst of active service; on the ninth of May, 1862, he relieved Flag Officer Foote in front of Fort Pillow, eighty miles above Memphis, on the Mississippi. Farragut's squadron had meanwhile passed the forts below New Orleans, and it now became the immediate naval policy of the campaign to draw the two squadrons together towards Vicksburg. The very day Davis arrived at Fort Pillow, the Confederate commander made an attack. The Union victory on May tenth crippled the hostile fleet to such an extent that the Fort itself was abandoned early in June. On the sixth, a heavy engagement before Memphis annihilated the Confederate naval power on the Mississippi, gave the North control of that important city and thus protected the rear of Halleck's army at Corinth, and opened the whole river from Cairo to Vicksburg.

Vicksburg was, however, impregnable without the support and coöperation of a sufficient land force and so the Navy Department was obliged to abandon its project for the reduction of the city. Davis now returned to Cairo, the headquarters of the flotilla, for conference with the military authorities and for a general repair of his ships during the period of inactivity necessitated by the low stage of the waters. During most of the summer he was seriously ill with river fever. On July 16, 1862, he became Commodore; and in November, at the insistence of the Department he went back to Washington as head of the Bureau of Navigation,

one of the principal administrative branches of the Navy Department. The plan for it was to bring under one head all the scientific departments related to hydrography, astronomy, navigation, and surveying with their correlative details; to include the "Nautical Almanac," the Observatory, and the Naval Academy; the latter not only as an educational institution which might properly be classed among the scientific establishments of the service, but also because the Academy had been endowed with an excellently equipped astronomical observatory, from which something serious in the way of scientific investigation and collaboration with the Naval Observatory in Washington, was confidently expected. Furthermore, by act of the Department, the Bureau was also made to include the Office of Detail. But the duties of this position were only part of Davis's activities during the next two and a half years: the list of boards and commissions on which he served is bewildering. One of them, however, is of particular importance and interest because it led to the establishment of the National Academy of Sciences. Meanwhile Congress recognized his victories at Fort Pillow and Memphis by a vote of thanks, which was signed by Lincoln on February 7, 1863. This Act also made Davis a Rear-Admiral. During the autumn of 1863 he made a tour of the Great Lakes, in which Mrs. Davis accompanied him, on business connected with lighthouses. Much of the summer of 1864 he passed in Cambridge because of a return of malarial poisoning. In that winter his family moved to Washington, the home in Cambridge was broken up, and the house was rented. In April, 1865, he served in Lincoln's funeral on the Guard of Honor, that guard of veteran commanders of the army and navy which kept unceasing watch at the head of the bier until the day of the burial. Shortly after this, he resigned from the Bureau of Navigation to assume the superintendency of the Naval Observatory, the highest scientific post in the Navy.

The last event of Davis's career at sea was a two years' cruise (1867–1869) to South America as commander-in-chief of the Brazil Station. There he was called upon to act for the protection of American interests in the war that was going on between Brazil,

the Argentine, and Uruguay on the one side and Paraguay on the other. On his return he passed the summer of 1869 with his family in the woods of Maine, the first period of actual rest and recreation he had ever had. During his absence in Brazil, Harvard had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, a rare honor to a naval officer. In 1870–74 he was in command of the Norfolk Navy Yard. The last few years of his life he resided with his family in Washington and made occasional visits to Nahant in the summer months. In spite of recurrent attacks of malaria he was extremely busy all this time and right up to the day before his death, which took place at the Naval Observatory in Washington on February 18, 1877. He was buried in the Cambridge Cemetery. To the very last, according to Henry Cabot Lodge, "age and years appeared to have no relation to him. The freshness of the dawn was ever upon him, and when, paying at last the long-delayed penalty of his hard service in the war, he suddenly broke down at the age of seventy, it seemed to all that he had died prematurely and in the flush of youth." In Memorial Hall, where — alas — forgetfulness is cherished rather than memory, a stained glass window was placed in his honor. It is the third window from the door on the south wall, and contains appropriately enough a full length figure of Columbus on the left half and of Blake on the right. The inscription, written by his friend Professor George M. Lane, commemorates the fact that he was the oldest representative of the University, and the senior in rank, who served during the Civil War.

When one considers this brief and inadequate survey of Davis's life, one is struck by the richness of the man's experiences. He was faithful in his duty, and he not merely stood before kings but conversed at his ease with more than one crowned head. As a leader in science, he was an intimate friend of Agassiz, Bache, Horsford, Peirce, Winlock, and dozens of others. To name his associates and friends in the army, the navy, or the government would be to call the roll of all those from Abraham Lincoln downward who made American history during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. Many of them were entertained at 38 Quincy

Street, and the brilliant group of Harvard scientists were almost daily callers. Literary men, too, were frequent visitors, especially John Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and William Wetmore Story. And no wonder; for anyone who reads his letters is aware of the breadth of his mind, the quickness of his perception, the force of his imagination, and the charm of his personality. He quotes Shakespeare and the classics and nursery rhymes to illustrate his descriptions of battles and of war-time scenes. He was never a pedant, never pompous, never haughty or insolent because of his eminence. The house must have sparkled with wit and flowed with geniality whenever he was in it; life cannot have been gloomy or petty.

At his death there were tributes in plenty, but the one which seems to have the greatest depth of feeling is from his son-in-law, Henry Cabot Lodge, written over thirty-five years later. "When I first knew him," says Senator Lodge, "he had just returned from a three years' cruise in command of our South American squadron. Handsome and distinguished-looking, of pronounced military bearing, I have never known any man more charming or more lovable. In his perfect sympathy, in his absolute courage, in his purity of mind and generosity of spirit, he always made me think of Colonel Newcome. But, unlike Thackeray's hero, he was a man of the world in the best sense, of high professional ability and unusual intellectual force. A more delightful friend and companion it would be difficult to imagine. He had seen cities and men, he had been in all parts of the world, and had looked upon it with a broad sympathy and a complete understanding. His manners were not only delightful, but I thought then, and think still, were quite perfect. . . . Admiral Davis had also traveled in 'the realms of gold' as widely as among the kingdoms of earth, and he loved literature and learning in every form. He was a scholar in the old-fashioned sense, and the Latin classics were more with him almost than those of his own speech, or of any of the modern tongues in which he was versed, for he was an accomplished linguist. This love of letters never waned. He told me that he meant to take up his Greek again when he had retired from active service — a time,

alas, which never came — and devote himself to that great literature which he felt that he had too much neglected. His favorite book was Shakespeare, whom he seemed to know almost by heart, the fruit of long voyages, when he read again and again the few books which he could take with him on his ship. His second love was Virgil, and the Virgilian lines were constantly on his lips. . . . But more than all his accomplishments was the nature of the man himself. No mean or low thought ever crossed his mind. . . . He had an infinite humor and a love of nonsense and fun. One could say of him, with the slight change which sex commands, as Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to know him was a liberal education."

Admiral Davis had six children, Constant Freeman; Charles Henry, Jr.; Frank Du Pont; Anna ("Nannie"), who married Henry Cabot Lodge in 1871; Evelyn ("Daisy"), who married Brooks Adams in 1889; and Louisa ("Isa"), who in 1886 married John D. Henley Luce of the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co. and later the President of the Central Aguirre Sugar Co. in Puerto Rico. Constant was three years old when he came to live at 38 Quincy Street. The only other child not born there was Louisa, who first saw the light in July, 1860, in the big, handsome house that stood on the present site of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church. In that year, for some reason or other, the family boarded at that address while their own house was rented to Mr. Stephen Hopkins Bullard, whose wife, Elizabeth Lyman Eliot, was the sister of President Eliot. Their daughter Mary, now the wife of Francis H. Day of Rochester, England, was born in August 1860, so that Louisa Davis, who became one of her bosom friends, was justified in her joke that Mary had cheated her out of her birthplace.

Constant Davis graduated from Harvard in 1864 as First Marshal of his class. He comes nearer to us when we recollect that among his classmates were George Herbert Palmer and Dr. William Lambert Richardson, who were still with us only a few months ago. He received his LL.B. from the Harvard Law School in 1866. Early in that year ill-health forced him to leave Cambridge, and he went down to Washington to stay with his father.

Thinking that a more complete change of climate might be beneficial, he consented to spend a year of travel with the Lodge family and to act as tutor for the future statesman. Mr. Lodge says, "He was one of the best, one of the most fortunate and most salutary influences which ever came into my life." On his return home, his father was just about to sail for South America and so he embarked on a further voyage, as his father's secretary, or "ship's writer." It soon became evident that he did not have long to live. He was, however, able to go about the ship until within a few days of his death; and he kept up a regular course of reading till the very last. He died at Rio de Janeiro on December 12, 1867 and the body was sent home for burial in the family lot in Cambridge Cemetery.

The Admiral's second son, Charles Henry, Jr., graduated from the Naval Academy in 1864. He too attained the highest rank in the Navy. His biography of his father is an excellent piece of work that contains much material of importance to students of naval history. His son, in turn, the third Charles Henry Davis, is at present a Commander in the Navy, so that the name has been continuously in the Naval Register for a hundred and ten years. A fourth Charles Henry Davis, the Commander's son, is a boy of sixteen; it would be interesting if he were to continue the tradition.

There is an amusing story told about the second Admiral by Mrs. Arthur W. Blake, whose husband was a cousin of the Davis family and who is herself a daughter of Horatio Greenough. When she was a little girl, she once came out to Quincy Street for dinner with the Davis children. Harry came in with a slate and said, "See, mamma, what I have drawn!" When his mother saw that the slate was entirely bare, she protested, "But there's nothing on it." "Oh, yes," answered Harry, "there's a full-blooded negro, dressed in deep mourning, chasing a black cat on a dark night." He could not have been, says Mrs. Blake, more than seven or eight years old at the time. The story is all the more interesting in view of the fact that after he had retired from the Navy at the age of sixty-two, as the law then required, he took up an old hobby of his and became a water-colorist of real merit, with a ready market

for his paintings. When he died, in December, 1921, the committal at the Cambridge Cemetery was a full military service with the escort proper to the rank of Admiral, three volleys over the grave, and the bugler blowing "Taps" as the coffin was lowered. That kind of service does not happen so very often in peaceful Cambridge!

The third son, Frank Du Pont Davis, was in the Harvard class of 1870, the class which gave the College the beautiful gate and sun dial behind Holden Chapel. Upon graduating he entered the banking house of Blake Bros. & Co. in Boston and later went to their New York office. In 1875 he formed a partnership with F. P. Olcott, but too steady devotion to business impaired his health so that in 1878 he was obliged to give up everything and go to France. His mother and his sisters Evelyn and Louisa went with him to Nice, saw him comfortably established there, and, as he was thought to be improving steadily, came home for the summer. There came a sudden turn for the worse; and although his brother Harry, whose ship was at Lisbon, and his intimate friend Frank Chadwick, who was living in Paris, were summoned by telegraph, they did not arrive until after his death. He is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Nice. His god-daughter (and niece) Mrs. Williams planted a hedge of roses round the grave in 1893 and arranged for perpetual care.

It is certainly time now to recall the charming and extraordinarily capable mother of this family, on whom heavy household cares seem to have rested so lightly. The deafness which began to afflict her early in her married life made her so sensitive that she refused to go out in general society but led a quiet and retired life. Yet she never lost her great charm and she kept to the end the admiration and devotion of such girlhood admirers as Oliver Wendell Holmes. With her husband away from home so constantly, she must have had unusual ability to train six brilliant children with such great success. We can imagine the perfection of her hospitality as she welcomed, first their young companions like Mrs. Gozzaldi and Francis Greenwood Peabody, and later the college chums of the boys and the suitors of the girls. Her grand-

children remember her from a much later time, when the whimsicalities of old age emphasized the urbanity she had developed through years of travel and large-hearted living.

Mrs. Williams (Constance Lodge) recollects that for a number of years in the eighties, she and her brother Bay (George Cabot Lodge) used to be sent out to Quincy street for Sunday dinner every week. They both hated it because of the ride in the horse-cars, which took over three-quarters of an hour. In winter the terrible smell of the wet, dirty straw on the floor of the car usually made little Constance very sick. Their grandmother had two pets, a Skye terrier, named Ben; and a grey parrot with a red tail, named Poppy, whose cage was kept in the dining-room. He was an African bird that had been brought home by Harry Davis from one of his cruises in the Mediterranean. Constance and Bay, listening to his remarkably clear talk, regarded him as a sort of devil or familiar, an idea that was not at all dispelled by hearing their grandmother converse with him as though he were a human being. Every day she used to give him a spoonful or so of coffee, of which he was very fond, and after that he would stand on his perch, and bow, and bob his head. Once Constance was told that she might safely scratch his head, but Poppy seized her finger and bit it to the bone. That completely wrecked the child's confidence in her grandmother!

The old lady's deafness led occasionally to amusing consequences. One evening, for instance, when Mr. Luce called on Louisa for the first time, he heard the Irish maid yell to Mrs. Davis in the room across the hall, and evidently in reply to a question, "The saints be praised, Mrs. Davis, Miss Isa's got a beau at last!"

Another story gives a hint of the intimacy with the neighbors on the opposite corner, who of course shared many of the Admiral's scientific interests. Once Mrs. Davis came into the parlor and found Louis Agassiz examining a small statue of Victory which she had brought home from the Crystal Palace Exhibition in New York, and which she was very proud of. It was a seated figure, holding a wreath in her hand, and with great wings sprouting from

her shoulders. Mrs. Davis, thinking Agassiz was admiring it, asked him what he thought of it. He replied, in his strong Swiss accent, "It is an anatomical impossibility!"

Admiral Davis's name appears for the last time in the Cambridge Directory for 1863–1864. His duties in Washington and elsewhere called him permanently away from the town after that date, and he seems to have closed the house until things could become more settled for the family. In 1866 and 1867 he was living at the Naval Observatory in Washington; Constant was abroad with the Lodge family; Harry had just finished his course at the Naval Academy and was on a cruise; Frank was a freshman at Harvard; the girls were still youngsters. Along in 1867 the family was still more scattered when the Admiral began his tour of duty on the South American station. In view of all these circumstances it is not surprising to find that they rented their house — furnished, I suspect — to Mrs. William E. Wyatt, a widow from Baltimore who was bringing her only son north to prepare for Harvard and to take his college course here. They lived at 38 Quincy Street from 1865 on through the year 1870.

James Bosley Noel Wyatt took his A.B. with the class of 1870 and, after studying architecture in Boston and Paris, returned to his native city, where he became a leading member of his profession. Among the buildings designed by his firm were the court house in Baltimore, the Fifth Regiment Armory, and the tuberculosis hospital. He was President of the Harvard Club of Maryland, a lecturer at Johns Hopkins, a member of the Advisory Board for the development of the new site for Johns Hopkins, and secretary of the Baltimore City Art Commission. Near the end of his life, as he looked over the years, he wrote: "Whatever little good there may have developed in my span of life, I feel deeply that I owe it in a large part to a wise and devoted mother who, more than a half century ago, here in Baltimore, just after the Civil War, and dangerously near the so-called Southern line, felt so keenly the spirit of Harvard, four hundred miles away, and the 'state of mind' of the community of Boston, that she determined that it should be the influence to bear upon her only boy."

When the Wyatts left, after some five years of tenancy, the Davises returned for a brief period. On June 29, 1871, the day after Commencement, came the first wedding in the family. The ceremony uniting Henry Cabot Lodge and Anna Davis [1] was performed in Christ Church; the reception was held at the house on Quincy Street. In August they sailed for Europe, taking Evelyn Davis with them. The wedding was the last festive occasion for the Davises at the house during the Admiral's life-time; for now there were no family ties to bind them to Cambridge and they did not return for ten years.

The next tenant brought back some of the Admiral's spirit; for he was Col. Theodore A. Dodge, a native of Pittsfield who had been educated in Germany and England and had returned home to enlist when the Civil War broke out. On the first day of Gettysburg he was so severely wounded that his right leg had to be amputated below the knee. He nevertheless continued in the service until 1870. Meanwhile, in 1865, he had married Jane Marshall Neil of Columbus, Ohio. The fact that he was only thirty when he came here reminds us of the old saying that the Civil War was fought by boys, and it also gives a clue to his preference for Cambridge as a place of residence. Young Col. Dodge now made up his mind that he would go into business, get rich as quickly as possible, and thus have leisure and means "for the more congenial pursuit of letters." He became treasurer and manager of the McKay Sewing Machine Co. and, later, president of the Boston Woven Hose Co. His spare time at 38 Quincy Street

[1] "Forget any praises I may have bestowed on others. She was the most charming woman I have ever known; an exquisite presence in this workaday world. She had unusual beauty, a pale face with regular features, and dark eyes the color of the sky when stars begin to twinkle. She had great wit; it was the only weapon she ever used in self-defense, and Cabot was a little afraid of its winged shafts. Daughter and sister to Admirals, she had perhaps caught from them a certain sense of discipline, some secret code of high behavior that guided her action but was never imposed on others. Gay and hospitable, she took delight in all that was delightful, yet never lost her bearings in fogs of enthusiasm. She combined the usually contrasting qualities of keen intelligence and warm-heartedness. I never found another human instrument so delicately tuned to understand and sympathize. She was one of the shining ones." — Mrs. Winthrop Chanler: *Roman Spring*, pp. 192, 193.

was spent in writing two books, *The Campaign of Chancellorsville* and *A Bird's Eye View of Our Civil War*; but he also wrote numerous essays, reviews, and even verses. In 1878 he went abroad for two years to study European campaigns. Here, perhaps, since he was no longer connected with the Davis house, he should fade from our sight, and yet I cannot easily bid so summary a farewell to a man who for physical vigor, intellectual attainments, and general success had only the Admiral himself for a rival. Col. Dodge was the author of no less than ten books, one of them being a four-volume life of Napoleon. He delivered a series of Lowell Institute Lectures in 1889, he was elected to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and he was a visiting lecturer at Harvard. He died in France in 1909 and was buried in the Arlington National Cemetery.

With his departure the literary activities at 38 Quincy Street took on a gayer hue. During 1879 it was occupied by another Boston business man, James H. Clement, whose wife, Clara Erskine Clement, was a widely known writer on art. They had four sons and one daughter. Of the older children, Frank was in business with his father; George was a senior in the Harvard Medical School; and Hazen was a freshman in college. It was decidedly a family of young people, Mrs. Clement herself being only forty-five; and the inevitable gayety of the house was enhanced by frequent visits from that connoisseur of good living and high art, Lawrence Hutton. He and Mrs. Clement were busy that year seeing through the press their very successful two-volume book, *Artists of the Nineteenth Century*. Mrs. Clement's *Rome and Christianity*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Egypt*, *Charlotte Cushman*, and her translation of Renan's *English Conferences*, all of which were published within the next year or two, must also have been either begun or worked upon at this time.

For a year after the Clements left, the house was vacant, and then Mrs. Davis returned in 1881 for a stay of nine years. During this time came the second wedding in the house when Louisa was married on June 2, 1886 to Henley Luce, the son of Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, the founder and first President of the

Naval War College at Newport, R. I. The ceremony at Christ Church was followed by a reception at the house. A little over three years later, on September 7, 1889, Evelyn married Brooks Adams at Nahant. After that Mrs. Davis made her winter home with the Luces in Boston and her summer home with the Lodges at Nahant. She died in October, 1892. For the year 1891 the house was occupied by Rev. Theodore F. Wright, a professor in the New Church Theological School. Meanwhile, on April 18, 1891, Mrs. Davis conveyed the premises by a full warranty deed to Henry Clarke Warren; and on January 28, 1892, Mr. Warren conveyed the property to the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

Cambridge tradition still has some curious stories to tell of Henry Clarke Warren, the brilliant and eccentric young Sanskrit scholar who died early in 1892. He lived alone in the house farther down on Quincy Street, now known as Warren House, for many years the headquarters of the English Department. At his death he also bequeathed to the College much other real estate and a fund of a quarter million dollars to establish the Harvard Oriental Series, a series of publications which, under Professor Lanman's distinguished editorship, has brought much credit to the University.

For two years, 1892 and 1893, the house was unoccupied. Then in the autumn of 1893 came a new tenant, a young German of twenty-nine who had accepted a three-year appointment from Harvard and was already a happy member of the wonderful group of philosophers that included James, Royce, Palmer, and Santayana. Hugo Münsterberg and his wife had been here a year, living in a small furnished house on Sumner Road. Now, to quote his daughter's biography of him, "Münsterberg moved into a typical Cambridge house with a broad yard, on Quincy Street, the street on which only the President and professors lived. Opposite this house was the large, old residence of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, who became a most attentive and stimulating neighbor, and whose friendship was highly valued and always gratefully remembered. Louis Agassiz, the greatest American naturalist, who had left his native

land to bestow the treasures of his mind and the fruits of his toil on another country, stood for a noble precedent to which young Münsterberg turned with special interest; and thus the cordial intercourse with Agassiz's widow was a particular source of inspiration. . . . The ampler quarters of the Quincy Street house offered more facilities for the entertaining in which Münsterberg always took such distinct pleasure. A visit from the great physicist Helmholtz, in the year of the Chicago Exposition, marked the first of a long stream of visits of eminent scholars from abroad to whom Münsterberg presented his Harvard colleagues in his own house." Miss Münsterberg gives, on another page, a hint of this trait: "So friendly was the tone among the philosophers and so simple the social life that Professor Royce jocosely wrote to Münsterberg, whose turn it was to entertain students at his house after a conference, that he must uphold the noble ideal of plain living and high thinking and warned him lest 'ice cream or salad, or any such pernicious luxury should creep into our suppers.' The fact that he had allowed a little bit of sherry to appear at his conference meeting he excused, saying that he 'wanted only to display my dark red decanter.' "

In June, 1895, the Münsterbergs departed for Germany, with no thought that after all America would become their permanent home. Again for over a year 38 Quincy Street stood vacant; but on September 2, 1896, William James wrote to Münsterberg, "Your old house has a tenant at last and looks less lonesome." The new family was that of John Henry Wright, who had been Professor of Greek at Harvard since 1887 and had been appointed Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in 1895. At this time he was forty-four years old, having been born in 1852 in Persia, where his father was a missionary. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1873, had studied in Leipzig, and had taught at Ohio State University, Dartmouth, and Johns Hopkins. He was already distinguished as an editor and as the author of articles in various professional magazines. "With us," says Professor Smyth, "he had ampler opportunities to press toward his ultimate goal: the vision of the many-splendored whole of classical antiquity

in its simple and severe outlines, its forms, its ideas, its ideals. The corporate endeavor of Harvard 'to image the whole, then execute the parts' was realized in him by reason of his extraordinary versatility. . . . In his relations with the students he was a wise and friendly counsellor, catholic and unprejudiced, helpful, appreciative, and inexhaustibly patient. His advice was alike valued by them, whether it concerned the direction of their studies or the conduct of their lives." Quiet, dignified, tactful, and courteous in his dealings with his colleagues, he made the atmosphere of his home glow with the geniality and kindliness of the true gentleman and scholar. While living on Quincy street he was editor-in-chief of the "American Journal of Archaeology," the official organ of the Archaeological Institute of America and one of the best journals of its kind in the world. Most of his work on the Journal was, of course, done in his study on the left of the front door. In the same room, too, the Archaeological Club held many of its early meetings. Another group that often met here was the original Shop Club which lasted for over forty years (1884–1926) and numbered among its members William Morris Davis, Ephraim Emerton, Le Baron Russell Briggs, Edwin Herbert Hall, Charles Herbert Moore, E. L. Mark, W. S. Chaplin, E. S. Sheldon, Frank W. Taussig, Edwin Francis Gay, Kuno Francke, Wm. Wallace Fenn, Benjamin O. Peirce, E. K. Rand, and David Gordon Lyon. Dean Wright's comparatively early death on November 25, 1908, when he was only fifty-six, deprived the University of one of its most distinguished teachers and the city of one of its finest citizens.

While Dean Wright maintained the scholarship of the house, his wife, Mary Tappan Wright, carried the more distinctly literary traditions to even higher levels. She was the daughter of President Eli Todd Tappan of Kenyon College, and thus familiar all her life with academic surroundings. Her first literary ventures were short stories, several of which were collected in the volume *A Truce and Other Stories*, published by Scribners in 1895. At 38 Quincy Street she wrote, in addition to various other short stories, three novels: *Aliens* (1902), *The Test* (1904), and *The Tower* (1906), and did a good deal of work on *Charioteers*, which appeared in

1912. They are all entertaining and show a keen insight into character, a power of analysis that Münsterberg himself must have enjoyed. If they now seem somewhat old-fashioned, it is because they often emphasize points of etiquette or conditions of society that have completely changed in the past twenty years, not because their technical skill suffers by comparison with later novels. They were very successful in their day and must be taken into account in any survey of American novels of the early twentieth century.

The other members of this brilliant family were two boys, John and Austin. The former has written me some recollections of the house which are so delightful they must be quoted. I had asked him about the moving of the Langdell house from the southwest corner of Broadway and Quincy Street over to its present position at number 40. "That," he says, "was indeed a great event in my childhood. . . . There were some huge trees in our yard, one especially big one in the southwest corner. I remember the crash they made when they were cut down and how exciting it was playing about in the dense foliage of the fallen trees. The Langdell house came across the street in the summer while I was away, but my father was at home at the time and told us about it. They had to turn it completely around. They took it across the car tracks on Broadway in the middle of the night without interrupting traffic. . . . The only addition made (to the house) when we were there, was that of the two maid's rooms constituting the third storey of the back part of the house. When we were there, one of the panes in the north window of the north-east room in the second-storey back was inscribed with the signature of a Davis. . . . There were no electric lights during the period we were there; no telephone until about 1903; heat was supplied by a hot-air furnace which filled the house with poisonous gases after it had been stoked; there was only one bathroom. The open fire in the parlor occasionally used to set fire to the soot in the chimney. It would always burn out without causing any damage, as the roof was slated. We took it more or less as a matter of course. Mr. Alexander Agassiz was riding by on his horse one day, saw dense clouds of smoke and sparks pouring out of our chimney, and came rush-

ing in, in the greatest excitement, saying our house was on fire. He was much disgusted at the calm manner in which my mother took the news. . . . As boys our great joy was climbing. We got a wonderful thrill by lifting ourselves out through the skylight in the back attic and scrambling along the ridge-pole to the balcony on the roof, which seemed enormously high. We would pretend it was the bridge of a ship. We also used to walk along the top of the high trellis fence that used to, and perhaps still does, shut in the clothes-yard from the public view. This connected with the Langdell house, and we could make our way by a precarious foothold around the edge of that house and look in the windows. It was not a very polite thing to do; and after Mrs. Langdell objected, we did so no more.

"Perhaps some of the things that happened at 38 Quincy Street may be of interest. My mother wrote four novels while living there. In one, *The Tower*, the hero — a college professor — lived in a tower overlooking the house of the heroine, the president's daughter. The prototype of the tower was of course Memorial Hall, though the topography of Great Dulwich was quite different in every other respect from that of Cambridge. Despite the scorn of the true lovers of architecture, we became much attached to Mem tower, and it figures — in a rather sublimated form, to be sure — in some poetic descriptions in my mother's book. The picture in my mind's eye is indelible of the tower rising beyond the Langdells' roof, with pigeons circling about and brown smoke issuing in a mighty column from the top.

"I well remember when Prince Henry of Prussia visited Cambridge. He was scheduled to pass by our house, and so I brought practically the entire prep department of Browne & Nichols School over to see him. We crowded the front porch and the roof of the front porch and all the front windows, and gave a piercing cheer when H. R. H. drove by in an open carriage. He gave us a pleasant smile and a salute, and I thought he looked like a 'very nice man,' something like a college professor, with his beard.

"The Boston Authors Club met at 38 Quincy Street once. Mark

Twain, Julia Ward Howe, Col. Higginson, and a whole lot of other celebrities were there. Mrs. Howe read a poem, but after she started she couldn't see to continue and Mark Twain had to hold a candle up near her. As he took the candle, he remarked: 'I never thought I could hold a candle to the Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

"In my father's study, on one of the white-painted boards that make the framework of the door, we marked the heights of members of the family and friends and of all particularly tall visitors. For a long while my father's cousin, Alan Hazen, the sanitary engineer, held the record; but he had to take second place when Eduard Meyer, the great historian, came along. His record was never beaten. He thought it was highly entertaining to have to stand against the wall while someone placed a book on the top of his head.

"Before the Langdell house 'butted in,' we had a fine big yard between us and Cambridge Street. I dimly remember an occasion about 1897 when my brother was thirteen or fourteen. He and a friend rigged themselves out as knights with great wooden shields and swords and flowing costumes. They used bicycles for steeds and had a sanguinary tournament in the yard. My mother used to say that a crowd of students and high-school children six-deep gathered at the fence to watch."

When the Wrights moved over to 32 Hawthorn Street on April 5, 1909, the house was taken for a year (1910) by Mr. and Mrs. Jerome D. Greene and then for two years (1911–1912) by Professor and Mrs. George Grafton Wilson. During 1913 it was empty again before Mrs. Sarah W. Dodd and her two daughters began their seventeen years of occupancy, the longest period that any one family has ever lived without interruption in the house. They hired the back part to students, mostly from the Law School, the School of Architecture, and the School of Landscape Architecture. Owing to the arrangement of rooms and doors, they were able to cut off the students' rooms from their own so that the students were thus as free to come and go as they would have been in a college dormitory and far more comfortable. Excellent manage-

ment and tactful lack of restraint soon brought the house a high reputation. Graduate students were as eager to live there as undergraduates were to live in that other famous house at 9 Bow Street, so long managed by Miss Katherine and Miss Julia Mullen.

Most of Mrs. Dodd's roomers are still too young to have had an opportunity to rival earlier residents. A little reflected glory may belong perhaps to a student in 1924, George Philip Wells, "Gip" Wells as his friends called him, son of the famous H. G. Wells. He was a very genial, agreeable, cosmopolitan sort of fellow, so unassuming that he made a special arrangement with Miss Dodd for protection from reporters, camera men, and publicity cranks. Toward the end of his year one of the other boys came to Miss Dodd in much excitement and said that the evening before he had had a hot argument with a young lady who insisted that Gip was the son of H. G. Wells. "Yes, he is," answered Miss Dodd. "Gee," exclaimed the student, "he's just like any of us!" In 1912–13 two rooms were rented to a young law student, Archibald Macleish, now one of the leading poets of America. According to gossip, no one would ever have guessed that poetry was to be his path to fame.

The Misses Dodd gave up the house in the summer of 1931, after which it stood in lonely dignity for another year, the lilies-of-the-valley, the jonquils, and the irises the only testimony to its ancient friendliness. During this time Mr. Harold Murdock, the Director of the Harvard University Press, who had been considering various possible quarters for the expanding publishing department, looked at the place two or three times and at length decided to hire it from the college. A few minor repairs, a great deal of cleaning, and a new sign-board made from drawings by the well-known artist Mr. Walt Harris, were sufficient preparation for moving desks and files and records in July, 1932. Thus far we use only the rooms on the first floor and one or two on the second; and all is so slightly changed that Admiral Davis or Col. Dodge or Dean Wright would probably still feel at home. Scarcely another house in Cambridge — and that is saying a great deal — could offer a more suitable background for the publishing office of the University. Every department of human knowledge has been

cultivated by one or another previous occupant; within these walls have been written a host of books and articles on every conceivable subject, from the most abstract mathematical astronomy to poetry and fiction. Practically any book that the Press can ever publish will here meet a companionable ghost from the past. And the people who shall work here in all the years to come, are going to be surrounded by the dignity, the urbanity, the largeness of mind and the joyousness of spirit inalienably bequeathed to them by the sages and heroes, the great-hearted men and the charming women, the groping students and the romping children who for eighty-five years looked upon 38 Quincy Street as home.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF ISABELLA (BATCHELDER) JAMES

By Mary Isabella Gozzaldi

Read October 23, 1934

Isabella Batchelder was born September 2, 1819 in the house her father built in 1815 on the Keene turnpike in New Ipswich, New Hampshire. She was the fifth child of Samuel and Mary (Montgomery) Batchelder. Born four months after Queen Victoria, she died August 6, 1901, a few months after the Queen; living through the whole Victorian era, her recollections of that period may be of interest.

Her grandfather, Samuel Batchelder, was a Minute-man and rode with his father, Jonathan Batchelder, from their home at Riall Side, Beverly, to Lexington on the Alarm, April 18, 1775. Later he served in the army of Washington as a sergeant during the siege of Boston and was quartered in Hollis Hall. After the war he married Elizabeth Woodbury and they went to live in Jaffrey and in New Ipswich, New Hampshire. He died at the latter town in 1814.

Her mother, Mary Montgomery, was the eldest daughter of Brigadier-General John Montgomery, of Haverhill, New Hampshire, who commanded the New Hampshire men at Portsmouth during the War of 1812. Her father, Samuel Batchelder, Jr. was fitted for Harvard at the Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, but would not go to college, as his father wished, because he was so much interested in manufacturing. He and Nathan Appleton built a mill on the river at New Ipswich and later he built the Hamilton Mills at Lowell and the York mills at Saco, Maine. In 1841 he bought the Vassall House still owned by his grand-daughter, on the east corner of Brattle and Hawthorn Streets, where he died, February 5, 1879, in his ninety-fifth year. He was called the Nestor of cotton manufacturing. Up to the last months of his life he wrote editorials for the "Daily Advertiser."

The first entry in the reminiscences concerns the move from her birthplace:

In 1824, when I was not quite five years old, I accompanied my father and mother to East Chelmsford [now Lowell] with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Appleton, their daughter Mary, afterwards Mrs. McIntosh, and son Thomas, since widely known as a patron of art.

It was desired by the capitalists who were building up Lowell, that my father, who was already manufacturing cotton at New Ipswich, should take charge of the corporations there. Mr. Appleton, who was a native of New Ipswich, came to discuss the subject with him and wished to take him to view the wonderful water power of the Falls of the Merrimack River.

I was a delicate child just recovering from some illness and was always taken on any proposed trip on account of my health, although younger and older brothers and sister were passed over in my favor. My parents started in a two-wheeled chaise, as it was called before the time of buggies, and I was seated on a footstool, then called a cricket, at their foot. A small trunk was fastened by straps under the body of the vehicle. When we were a short distance on the road, Mr. Appleton proposed that my mother and I should join his family in the carriage and he would take our place so as to have an opportunity of talking over with my father the plan for the new manufacturing town. I had never before been in a grand closed carriage with two horses and a coachman, and I dare say that is one reason that the journey made such an impression upon me. It was a summer's day, bright and warm, and I remember my delight at seeing green fields, trees, and flowers as we travelled on.

My grand-children may like to know how a girl of my age was dressed at that time. The frock was long, reaching to the ankle, the skirt was gored and three small tucks were made above the hem, the waist was full and low-necked gathered into a belt, the sleeves were full and short, gathered into a band above the elbow. Over the neck a Vandyke was worn. This was a small cape of white lawn with a frill all round it plaited with fine plaits in the ironing; long white sleeves were fastened by buttons on to the

band of the short sleeves. I have never since seen anything like the material. It was of China crepe, printed in oblong blocks in purple, olive-green, and yellow, very soft in color and texture. I fancy that it was brought from India by my father's uncle. On my head was an embroidered muslin cap with a real lace border, tied under the chin with ribbons. This dress would look quaint now, but I dare say I was thought pretty in it, as I had a fair skin, deep blue eyes, and light hair cut short in the neck and slightly curled.

Tom Appleton rode on the box with the coachman, boy-like. As I was always thirsty, he was very kind getting a drink for me every time we stopped, and when I complained of thirst, stopping to obtain water at a wayside farm. I seized the glass, tin dipper, or wooden mug with delight. My mother apologized for my being so troublesome, which I thought quite unnecessary. Tom Appleton was my first hero.

Mr. Appleton and my father stopped to look at the Falls and ordered the carriage to stop that we might enjoy the sight. I suppose it was the first view of pretty water that I had seen and the blue river dashing in white foam over the rocks in the July sunlight formed a picture not yet faded from my mind. We stopped at Tyler's, a stage house, near the Concord River bridge going to Belvedere.

The next day we resumed the journey going to Nahant, and crossing the beach and seeing my father pick up shells for me was a new delight. The Nahant Hotel had then been recently erected and the elite of Boston at once went there; the house seemed full of people and I have a vivid recollection of their gathering in the drawing-room to watch the great fire on Beacon Street, Boston, which occurred that day, and of the excited conversation of the ladies who were watching their own houses in flames and my fear that somebody's children were being burnt up in them. Probably some one talked of such a catastrophe. I, however, was quite pleased when some gentleman took me up in his arms that I might see that distant blaze glowing on the western horizon. This took place on Wednesday, July 7th, 1824, and was caused by some shavings taking fire in a carpenter's shop on Charles Street.

I was delighted with the excitement of hotel life and urged my father to stay longer there; and his answer that he must go to Boston on business and that the place was expensive and he could not remain there long, made an impression, and was my first lesson in economy. I am not sure that the Appletons went with us to Nahant, but I think that they did and that their house was one injured by the fire.

In 1824 I went to Concord, New Hampshire, to the house of my Aunt West, as my mother was to have her portrait painted by Morse, afterwards the inventor of the electric telegraph. He was then thought to be an excellent portrait painter, his execution was very fine, and delicate, and is now considered too much so for effective work in oils. I was allowed to run about the room at my pleasure and Morse would let me watch his work, which seemed to be wonderful as I saw the face growing upon the canvas.

The likeness was good, excepting the mouth, and Morse promised to improve that at some future day as he did not consider the picture finished. He was called away to paint, for New York City, I think, a portrait of Lafayette, who had just arrived in this country on his last visit to the scene of his early labours.

In January 1825 we removed from our pleasant home in New Ipswich to East Chelmsford. My father hired a stage-coach for the journey which accommodated us all. Our belongings were transported in two great wagons, which I fancy preceded us by some hours or a day, for when not very far from our journey's end one of my brothers on the box announced to us inside he could see the wagons and Abram Brigham, our hired man, and the teamsters. The two women servants rode inside with us. I remember the bleak winter journey over hard frozen roads, there was no snow; and passing the Episcopal church, St. Anne's, then just finished, and how cold and grey it looked in the dark January afternoon.

My father had taken the only house available on the side of the town where his mills were to be built, nearly opposite the road to Hurd's woolen mills, while he was erecting a handsome residence, later turned into a nunnery. He had named his Corporation Hamilton, after Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions coincided with his own.

A very hot summer made the change from the pure air of New Hampshire hills and a roomy house to a contracted one too great a change for the health of the family, and the excavations for the canals and buildings tainted the air so typhus fever entered our home; my father was for months prostrated with it and my eldest brother's life was despaired of. Mr. Boott brought down from Boston, quite unsolicited, Dr. Jackson and Dr. Warren, the two most distinguished medical men of that city, who said my brother's case was hopeless but my father with great care might recover. Both did.

I remember the first time I saw Edward Everett. It was at Lowell in 1828 or 1829 when he delivered a Fourth of July oration there. His calm, pale face impressed me, but I can only remember one sentence of his speech, which was received with great applause. He had related some anecdote about pins and ended as follows: "But the citizens of Lowell know how to do something more than sharpen the point of a pin."

I afterwards met him sometimes at the house of his sister, Mrs. Nathan Hale, in Boston, and when he returned from England, where he had been minister at the Court of St. James, and was appointed President of Harvard I became quite acquainted with him. Many parties were given in his honor in Cambridge, at which he always talked with me. His voice and his pure English had a great charm. I attended the Inauguration Reception he gave in the old president's house [Wadsworth] in 1845. It was a tremendous crush; on getting out of the carriage and entering the gate to walk up the short path to the door, I was literally taken off my feet and borne over the threshold by the crowd.

Mr. Everett was called cold and haughty as he had no small talk, but he always appeared the courteous gentleman with the quiet manners of a well-bred Englishman. With this new president there came a change in the old mansion where Josiah Quincy and his pleasant elderly wife and three maiden daughters had dispensed hospitality in their old-fashioned way. Charlotte, the only surviving daughter of Mr. Everett, was young, gay, and fond of dancing; it was currently reported (perhaps for the American market) that she was considered the best dancer at Almack's, the small Assem-

blies of the nobility in London. It was she who introduced the Class Day receptions at the President's house, which were only for the graduating class, their lady friends, and such young people as she chose to invite. Charlotte Everett called to ask me and my brothers and explained her plan; she thought Class Day was for the young, and as there was a band out for the occasion of the afternoon performance it might be kept for the evening and dancing and promenading allowed out of doors and thus finish off a gay day. This Class Day reception was a success and is still continued. Commencement Receptions had been for everyone who came to the exercises and wished to pay their respects to the president and his family.

One feature of life in Lowell dear to us children was the arrival of the Boston Daily Stage. It was a high swinging vehicle, after the English pattern, painted a bright yellow, with seats for passengers on the top. It was drawn by six horses, who came at a gallop down the hill on the Boston road, by the Methodist chapel, its top covered with passengers; a pile of trunks strapped on behind. We could watch the dust it stirred up from our windows and would beg to go out and see it stop at the tavern in Central Street; where its tired and foaming horses were unharnessed and led into a field back of the house to roll and run about at pleasure. This stage brought the mail twice a week *only,* and my father was instrumental, through Edward Everett then in Congress, in obtaining from the postmaster-general a daily mail from Boston to Lowell.

My second brother, William, entered Harvard College from Mr. Carter's school in Lancaster in August, 1830. At the end of his first term he was suspended for having engaged with some other students in taking down the chapel bell, and he never returned to his studies there. One of the stories he delighted to tell me was about Dr. Popkin, the Greek professor, commonly called by the irreverent students "Old Pop." He was a character and no doubt the butt of many a jest. He lived an old bachelor, with a sister and niece, to a great age. I have heard it said that in his youth he was deeply in love with Miss Mary Hilliard and was greatly disappointed when she married the Spanish tutor, Mr. Sales. She

lived a very retired life and was a great contrast to her sister Harriet, the wife of Professor Peck, who was called the "Cambridge Pudding Stick" because she went from house to house stirring everybody up. Mrs. Sales lived to a good age and died leaving a daughter, who was known to my daughters in *her* old age. It is said that Dr. Popkin attended the funeral of Mrs. Sales, hiding his broken heart in as much incognito as he could; and remained to weep over the grave after the husband and daughter had left it.

But to proceed with my psychological story. William used to put on a long, solemn face and in a slow pompous tone, imitating the Greek professor, say, "The other day somebody asked me if I had read 'The Last of the Mohicans' and I told him I hadn't read the first yet." In 1842 when I was living in Cambridge and my brother Frank was a junior at Harvard I went with him to Boston in the hourly omnibus. At the end of the bus sat our neighbor, Mr. Worcester, the lexicographer, and next to him, opposite to me, was an old man wearing a many-caped blue coat and holding between his knees a green umbrella; thin grey locks straggling from under his hat. He was reading and seemed quite unconscious of any other passengers. I asked my brother who this odd looking man was and received his answer in a low tone that it was Professor Popkin. Immediately the only thing I had ever heard about this man, William's story and his way of telling it, flashed into my mind. I gazed at his furrowed face and large silver spectacles intently, laughing inwardly, and fancying how he would look saying it.

In a minute or two what was my surprise to see the old professor lay down his book and turning to Mr. Worcester, who was trying his eyes as usual reading a newspaper, attracting his attention so that he put down his respectable daily, he said slowly and solemnly, "The other day somebody asked me if I had read 'The Last of the Mohicans' and I told him I had not read the first yet," and finished with a ho, ho, ho, just as my brother used to. Mr. Worcester joined in the laugh, took up his paper without a word, and Professor Popkin resumed his book, leaving me breathless with astonishment. In relating the incident to William he was greatly

surprised as he had never believed that Old Pop had said it, thought it was a joke fathered on the Greek professor. Had my thoughts penetrated the tough Greek roots of his mind and brought up the joke (at least twelve years old), perhaps his only one? I asked Mr. Worcester and Dr. Hoppin, two of his intimate friends, if they had ever heard him tell this joke and they never had even heard of it.

In later days Dr. Popkin's figure was quite familiar to me at Christ Church for, although a Unitarian minister, he became an Episcopalian and was at one time warden of Christ Church, sitting in the raised seats at the porch end of the broad aisle, provided for these officers. These seats were surrounded by moreen curtains and in front of each of the two pews was a place for a long round stick, the warden's wand, said to be for the correction of unruly or sleepy children; never used in my day. Dr. Popkin's sonorous voice was always heard in the responses, being three or four words behind the rest of the congregation. I used to see him crossing the common at a dog-trot from his home on North Avenue, wearing his light-blue many-caped coat of the fashion of 1818, which seemed to have a perennial existence as well as his large pale green umbrella, his constant companion in summer's heat and winter's snows.

In reading the sad memoirs of Delia Bacon by her nephew, I am reminded that I attended one of her lectures as a child. I think some Boston lady brought her to Lowell hoping to form a class for her there. My aunt was invited to attend and took me with her. This must have been not later than 1830. Delia Bacon seemed old to me; she was thin and looked ill. She sat on a platform with a chronological chart before her and held a wand to point with. I think she called her lecture "The Stream of Time." Her proposed class came to nothing. When she gave her lectures in Cambridge in 1851, I was married and living in Philadelphia.

In 1841 Samuel Batchelder bought the Vassall House from Mrs. Samuel Haven of Dedham, who was Elizabeth Craigie, daughter of Bossenger Foster. She had inherited it from her uncle, Andrew Craigie, and our family removed from Saco, Maine, to Cambridge.

We stayed two weeks at the boarding-house of Miss Upham on Kirkland Street, while the old house was being put in order; it had been in the hands of carpenters, painters, and paperers for six months to repair the damage it had sustained by fire in the spring. The house was let, when my father bought it, to a Mr. Bright, who had married for his second wife a niece of Bishop Griswold. She had in her service a black girl who it was supposed set the fires, as they had previously been started in two places and extinguished. The daughter of Mr. Bright married Hudson, the Shakespearian lecturer, and I think it was under her cradle that the imp of a Topsy lighted the blaze which seriously burned the eastern side of the house. The dormer windows on that side were not replaced.

We were pleasantly received by Cambridge people and as my brother was in college I soon made the acquaintance of many students. Like all university towns, Cambridge was full of girls, many of whom were agreeable companions. That winter a set of cotillions was formed, meeting at different houses; as it was still a small town, a large parlor was sufficient for the eligibles to dance in. The piano was played by a professional from Boston or by one of the ladies of the house. These parties were called sociables. The first one I attended with my brother Frank was at the house of Mr. Charles C. Foster, 7 Kirkland Street. Mr. Foster had three daughters; the youngest one became the wife of my brother, Francis Lowell Batchelder.

In the spring of 1824, before we came to live in Cambridge, I made a visit to Mrs. Nathan Hale in Hamilton Place, Boston. Mr. Hale was an early and intimate friend of my father before either of them was married. I was just a year older than Lucretia Hale, our birthdays being September 2nd. Sarah, the eldest daughter, was three years older. Edward Everett Hale was then in the Divinity School, and I heard his first sermon in Mr. Barnard's chapel. I saw many of the friends of Nathan Hale, Jr., who had graduated two or three years earlier. There was William Story, the sculptor, poet, and novelist; James Russell Lowell; William White, to whose sister Maria White, Lowell was then engaged;

Samuel Longfellow, who had graduated but not begun his course in the Divinity School. Story was very attentive to Sarah Hale and everyone thought it would be a match. His sister, Mary Story, later the wife of George Ticknor Curtis, was the intimate friend of Sarah. It was an intellectual band and included three or four who made their mark on their generation.

In May 1846 I went with my father and Frank to Washington. The Mexican War was declared while we were there and I heard much of the excitement aroused by it and some of the speeches in Congress. Polk was President. Miss M. Estelle Cutts, who was first cousin to my brother William's wife, took me to see her aunt, Mrs. Madison, who was then quite old, and wore a white turban but was an agreeable woman. She told me how when the English army entered Washington she and the president were about dining. When they heard the news, she seized a knife from the table and cut out the portraits of Washington and Madison and some other celebrities and carried them away in their flight. I do not remember any other interesting fact as she talked of the olden time. We spent an evening at the White House and found Mr. and Mrs. Polk agreeable. He was a Democrat and we thought him to blame for the Mexican War. I visited the various public buildings. Washington had not a city-look, rather it was a straggling village of magnificent distances.

Some few years before this my old teacher, Miss Fanny Inglis, had married Señor Don Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish minister to this country, and they lived in Washington in a style befitting his position. Madame Calderon was very polite to us; we dined with her and I was taken about to several fine estates in the vicinity in her elegant carriage, horses and men wearing the colors of Spain. It was quite a change for her, as when I went to her mother's school, on the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, Boston, I shared her room, with a screen between our beds and toilets. She was an accomplished woman, playing both harp and piano finely and speaking several languages. Lydia Inglis, her sister, was living with her and I went to some small parties with her. At one I met Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress, who had just

married Mr. Ritchie, an F. F. V. Señor Calderon returned to Spain and after his death his widow became the governess of the Infanta, the eldest daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain. She sent me a photograph of the Infanta as she was the same age as my eldest daughter. Madame Calderon became a Roman Catholic and after the death of Queen Isabella I heard entered a convent. Calderon was at one time Minister to Mexico. His wife wrote a book in two volumes entitled "Life in Mexico." In it she lost no opportunity of speaking against the Roman Catholics; after her conversion she bought up all the editions of her book and destroyed them. Madame Calderon wrote several other books. I understood that she was the author of "An Attaché in Madrid" which gives an account of court life. She was very unpopular in Mexico, and her outspoken opinions caused the recall of her husband and his appointment as minister to Washington.

December 3rd, 1851, I was married, by Rev. Nicholas Hoppin in Christ Church, to Thomas Potts James, of Philadelphia, and left home the same afternoon. Arriving in New York we found the hotel at which we stopped making great preparations for the coming of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot; and I later saw the procession in his honor in Philadelphia. I had been prejudiced against this blatant patriot by Professor Bowen of Harvard, who both wrote in the North American Review of him and lectured on him, declaring him a humbug. In the following summer we met him, his wife and party, on a steamer going from Philadelphia to Burlington; a friend wished to introduce us to them but I declined. They were a most bedraggled, dirty-looking set; Madame Kossuth and her lady friend wore white sun-bonnets and looked like very common people. Kossuth with his well known hat, that was afterwards fashionable, looked the most civilized of the number, but even he had not a pleasant face. They went to make a visit at Burlington without taking night-clothes or dressing materials, which were loaned to them by the family where they stayed. A young and romantic member of the family thought the garments they had worn might be kept as relics, suggesting this to her grandmother. The ancient dame exclaimed, "Have them washed at

once." The American people made themselves very foolish over Kossuth.

We had been invited to go on our wedding journey to Alexandria, Virginia, by Mr. James' cousin, Dr. May, who was professor in the Episcopal Seminary there. Mrs. May was a sister of Bishop Bowman, a very cultivated and delightful woman. The first Sunday of our stay we went to Pohick Church where Braddock's army encamped on their way to destruction. This became a hospital and was the scene of terrible suffering after the Battle of Bull Run. Little did we think that its beautiful oaks would witness such scenes of blood and death.

While we were there, the afterwards renowned General Robert E. Lee came to see us and was very desirous that we should drive over to his house and spend a day with him. I always regretted that I could not do this, being prevented by a sneezing cold, for his house contained many relics of Washington, and he himself became so famous. His appearance did not impress me as that of a soldier; he was delicate, thin, and meagre, more like an overworked scholar than a warrior, and his face showed no great force of character, yet for the four years of the bloody struggle between the North and the South, he was the leader of the southern chivalry.

A visitor to our shores in 1850 was Frederica Bremer. Her name had become a household word through the translation of her novels, which were very popular in Boston as opening up Swedish home life, then unknown to us. There was a certain similarity in it to our New England homes which was very taking, and much curiosity was expressed to see her. While in Cambridge she was the guest of James Russell Lowell and so I had the opportunity of meeting her.

She was a short, stout woman with a pleasant motherly face, not at all intellectual. Her most prominent feature was a large nose; and I thought the sorrows and mortification of Petrea in one of her novels, who was cursed with just such a feature, must have been drawn from her own youthful experience. Her one great beauty was a small white hand. Her manners were simple and

refined. She was delighted with America and revelled in our rich and delicious preserved fruits, although she said they gave her indigestion.

Mrs. James lived in Philadelphia, where during the War of the Rebellion she did much work for the Sanitary Commission and visited hospitals. The war ended, she was made President of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Bureau, sending teachers to open schools for the negroes in the South, it having been a penal offense to teach a slave to read. In April 1869, her mother, Mrs. Samuel Batchelder, died, and the following June Mrs. James came to Cambridge, with her husband and four children, to keep house for her father. After his death, Mr. and Mrs. James built the house on the west corner of Brattle and Hawthorn Streets (now 96 Brattle Street). This was finished February 22nd, 1882, at which date Mr. James died. In 1885, Mrs. James went to live in Devonshire, England, where she died at Beaumont House, Ottery-St-Mary, August 6, 1901. Shortly before her death she dictated a paper entitled "James Russell Lowell as I Knew Him."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS I KNEW HIM

By Isabella Batchelder James

I have been reading the biographical sketches of Russell Lowell, as he is now called, but who was when I was so well acquainted with him, familiarly known as Jim Lowell. So many errors have crept into the press that I am tempted to set some of them right. He was a few months my senior and we both belonged to the same "set" in the university town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to which I went as a young lady. When I read the remark of an Englishman quoted in an American newspaper that "as a youth he was grave and melancholy-looking, and might have sat as a model for Goethe's Faust," I was much amazed and amused.

I first met Mr. Lowell in 1841, just after he had graduated from the Law School, and while he was contributing to the *Boston*

Miscellany, edited by his classmate, Nathan Hale, Junior. I can recall perfectly his personal appearance at that period. He was, I thought, the handsomest man I ever saw, and far from being grave and melancholy-looking, he was eminently gay and debonair. In the fashion of the gilded youth of that day, he wore his dark hair parted in the middle, waving down on either side, and poetically lengthy, in a style suggestive of the old cavaliers. His broad-brimmed, low-crowned Panama hat shaded his handsome face, giving a most picturesque effect. In after years his pepper-and-salt pea-jacket and scarlet necktie marked him out from the other grave and reverend professors of Harvard University, who were clad in more somber garments.

At my first acquaintance with him he had not been appointed to the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres. He was at that time just engaged to his first wife, Maria White, and was a hero in the eyes of us young people; for the course of his true love did not run smoothly. Her cruel father, not liking the nascent poet for a son-in-law, was only persuaded to permit Jim Lowell to call at the Whites' home once a week, so that the lovers were glad to meet at the houses of mutual friends. It was at these social gatherings that I began to know him intimately.

He had already published his first volume of poems, and his fiancée went every week or two to the publishers to inquire how the book sold. I believe only a small edition was printed and the sale was slow.

Lowell's relatives would have much preferred his taking rank in college to his wasting his time over rhymes, which at first were not recognized as of remarkable ability. His most partial friend, or most ardent admirer, would never have ventured to prophesy his brilliant career. In the gay student and budding poet they did not recognize the man whose verses would stir the hearts and rouse the attention of the people, whose essays and criticisms were to win the admiration of the learned, whose fluent oratory was to attract the applause of multitudes, and whose knowledge of languages and brilliant conversational powers were to make him *persona grata* at foreign courts.

While he was in college his neglect of his appointed studies for desultory reading led to his being rusticated to Concord, that self-styled "Home of Philosophy." His acquaintance with the Transcendental clique then made, became the source of much amusement to his friends, when he graphically portrayed the absurdities of Emerson and Margaret Fuller. The circle in which he moved was what Cabot Lodge has styled "respectable Boston." Nathan Hale, Senior, at whose house I so often met him, was the editor of the "respectable Daily" otherwise the Boston Advertiser. Such people as these had little sympathy with the vagaries of the "philosophers" and we could only see the ludicrous side of Brook Farm, where Hawthorne's ability was supposed to be sufficient to enable him to act as hostler, and Margaret Fuller's intellect was profound enough to be employed in shelling peas for the family dinner.

But to return to James Lowell, I remember on one occasion he entered a room full of young ladies with a ponderous volume under his arm, which excited their curiosity; but when he informed them that it was Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a shout of laughter went up that one so jocund in air and conversation should find the study of such a subject to his taste.

Many a pleasant evening can I recall when Lowell and W. W. Story, now the celebrated sculptor, displayed their histrionic talent in the then fashionable game of "Charades" in which they both excelled, while "Questions and Answers" brought out to perfection Lowell's powers of brilliant repartee. In all these games the funny parts were given to him as they suited him better than that of Faust or kindred characters. But oft-times Lowell would steal away to a quiet corner to have a cosy chat with his fiancée, and many were the plans laid to leave the young lovers together; for they were looked upon with sympathy and admiration by their companions.

The beauty of his first wife has been eulogized in the biographical notices, but she was then only considered a pretty girl, pleasing and gentle in her manners, but without the least claim to beauty, while to one of her sisters was generally conceded greater praise in that direction. In these Philistine days, Mrs. Lowell would

probably be described as sentimental and lackadaisical. She was, however, very domestic in her habits and the two were devoted to each other, mingling little in society and inviting but few guests to their house. Mr. Lowell took his bride to his father's home, where she brightened up the colonial mansion. His mother had been for long years an invalid, and his father was absent much of the time in Boston attending to his parish duties; to us younger people old Mr. Lowell was considered only a prosy Unitarian minister. The elder Mrs. Lowell may have had a vivid imagination, but we never knew of her poetic temperament; for her long and painful illness had thrown a shadow over the home, which made us all marvel that James Lowell with such saddening surroundings preserved so cheerful a countenance.

The young couple's first child was named Blanche, in remembrance of Mrs. Lowell's maiden name of White, and I can now see vividly the little babe in her quaint cradle painted white and green, with her name inscribed on the front. Her life was very brief but it inspired the pretty poem entitled, "The Morning Glory," which appeared in Lowell's second volume of poems. A critical acquaintance meeting the poet one day, remarked that the only good poem in the whole volume was the one above mentioned, which drew out the confession that this was written by his wife. My acquaintance with Mrs. Lowell was most agreeable and is recalled with pleasure. Her loss was seriously felt by her husband, who was left with a young daughter to mourn for her. He almost immediately after her death went abroad and during his long absence and my own removal to a distant city, I lost sight of him, though by this time he was beginning to make his name known.

While Lowell was far too sensible to fall in with the Transcendental craze, his friends in respectable Boston looked askance at the adoption of the cry of the Abolitionists, who were then considered most unreasonable in their demands. We who approved of the noble cause, thanked Lowell for his successful advocacy of it. But his family were Conservative to the backbone and Aunt Sally Lowell, as she was called, disapproved of the erratic conduct of her talented nephew. Often have I heard her dilate upon his

failings, from his falling in love with one who was not of the blue blood of Boston, down to his taste for poetry and kindred subjects. To the conservative Bostonians like the Lowells, the abolition of slavery was considered thoroughly unconstitutional and therefore not to be suggested as feasible; but ere the war began they had been largely converted to a different view of the subject, partly, I almost venture to say, on account of Lowell's writings.

For the moment let me pause to call attention to the fact that James Lowell was not descended from the founder of the Lowell Institute; as I have seen stated in the London *Times*. He was only a distant cousin. I have often heard from my father, who knew John Lowell, the pathetic tale of his bereavement of both his wife and children. This left him in possession of a large income, which enabled him to endow that munificent institution. The Lowells themselves were not then wealthy people but in their veins ran the bluest blood of aristocratic Boston, which gave them a high position in society there.

Lowell's poetic and literary successes are too well known to need comment from my pen. Although I occasionally met him after his second marriage, our acquaintance slumbered, owing to my long absence from Cambridge. Just before his diplomatic career began, I saw him at the funeral of a connection by marriage of his and mine. He then wore the same pleasant air and had the same agreeable manner so familiar to me many years previous. Again he passed out of my ken till fate landed us on British soil, while he was still minister at the Court of St. James's. To my amazement, I found the Americans I met complaining of him; he was, according to them, brusque, discourteous, not the right kind of minister at all, in fact. I could scarce believe my ears. Was not Lowell just the man for the place, one endowed with tact and diplomacy, the gift of tongues, and with a large amount of genuine patriotism which would cause him to do his best for his country? Was he not an American of the best sort, perhaps not typical of the vast majority but rather of the New Englanders? Did he not show his talents to the honour of his country? Was it not well to have a minister who resembled in a measure and cer-

tainly loved the people to whom he was accredited, where was the fault, I enquired. "He does not keep open house. He is too English. He did not get me tickets to the House of Lords. He received me with a stony stare and did not seem to care in the least to see me." Such were the comments I heard. Unless a minister has private means, he cannot keep open house with such a scant salary as is allowed to our diplomatic representatives. Lowell, too, was in a measure excusable as he had an invalid wife, so the first complaint was unreasonable. I soon found that there was a class of my fellow countrymen who thought that the chief duty of man as a minister was to supply them with opportunities to see great functions to which the public have not easy access. And why under the sun should he receive an utter stranger with marked cordiality? In this instance I admired his taste, or rather distaste, for our compatriot. Then came the Irish question to raise a prejudice against him. He certainly acted in that case as an ambassador should; at all events, as he should in accord with the traditions of his home friends, for the New Englanders are imbued with a dislike for the race which tries to dominate them all.

Having heard of Lowell's stony stare I rather feared it might be assumed when I met him, but on the contrary, when I called on one of his reception days I found him the same charming man, full of reminiscences of old times in Cambridge, and ready to be of service to me in his official capacity if I wished it. It was pleasant to see that the fame which had come to him since I knew him made no change in him to his old friends, that he did not place himself on a pedestal and frown down upon us from his height; to me he was unaltered from the gay and debonair youth, except in such manner as the added years warranted. It was a great satisfaction to me to find my English friends so appreciative of his merits, and to hear his praise echoing through the press, his popularity with the English daily increasing, those very Englishmen who disliked, and almost distrusted, everything American being loudest in his praise. I was proud that one of my countrymen had risen to such honour, while I was surprised that the light hearted youth I had known so long ago had developed talent that made him world famed.

MR. JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

By Samuel A. Eliot

Read March 12, 1935

When a great man, long identified with the life of Cambridge, dies, it is fitting that a word about him should be spoken at a meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society. The roots of the life of Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes went deep into our Cambridge soil. His grandfather was the Minister of our First Church in Cambridge and the author of the history of the town. His father was born in the fine old mansion that stood on Holmes Place and was long known as the Holmes House. In Cambridge Judge Holmes went to school and to College, graduating at Harvard in 1861. To Cambridge he returned after his distinguished service in the army in the Civil War and graduated at the Law School in 1866. Here in 1872 he married the daughter of one of the noteworthy Cambridge families and here for the next ten years he served as Instructor in the College and Professor in the Law School. In 1882 he was appointed to the Massachusetts Supreme Court and in 1902 entered upon his great career in Washington which closed only a short time ago.

It was my privilege to come early into relations with him, for in my youth he was often a guest at my father's house and my wife's father was his schoolmate and College classmate. He was always one of my heroes. He had very little use for ministers but even after I deserted the law for the ministry he still, probably because of these family associations, admitted me to the admiring circle of younger men who gathered about him.

The man's mere physical presence captivated one: the tall, lithe and, until recent years, erect figure, the soldierly bearing, the rapid stride. I'm long legged and used to be sound in the wind, but it was hard to keep up with him when he wanted to stretch his legs. And what an impression of distinctive and distinguished person-

ality he made. Wherever you happened to meet him, on the railroad platform at Beverly Farms or at a White House reception, *he* was the outstanding person in the place, and however crowded the room it seemed empty when he went away. His voice too had the ringing vibrant quality that made your backbone quiver, and his face was richly expressive of changing emotions. One recalls the shaggy eyebrows, the bristling white moustache, the piercing eyes — eyes that could cut a diamond but which readily twinkled into merriment — all declaring an alert and vivid personality.

He was one of the most brilliant and fascinating talkers I have ever met. His father, Dr. Holmes, excelled him in spontaneous gayety and in whimsical and piquant turns of speech, but the judge had the same agility and audacity of mind and there was more weight and thrust in the flashes of his wit. I suspect that even the grave deliberations of the Supreme Court were occasionally enlivened by Holmes' irrepressible drollery. In knowledge of every part of the world and every subject of human interest, James Bryce was his superior as a conversationalist. Lord Bryce could talk all day and any day on any subject and always so entrancingly that one was sorry to have him stop. Judge Holmes had too an amazing acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of life, and his mind was equally inquisitive and acquisitive. Bryce was marvellously informational; Holmes was inspirational. With Holmes one's own mind was stimulated and quickened and one talked better oneself — if one had a chance. In sharpness and poignancy of speech Henry Adams surpassed Holmes — but Adams' wonderful talk too often became cynical and acrid and his caustic wit ran too easily into satire and sarcasm. It was with a sense of relief that one went from hearing Adams prove — and prove convincingly — that we are all knaves and fools and that the world is going straight to the devil, and listened to Holmes demonstrating, with equally convincing power, that some of us might be quite decent fellows and that there was reasonable possibility that the United States might survive the disciplines of chance and change.

Of Judge Holmes' legal learning and his professional attainments I am not qualified to speak. I could indeed, and did, throw

up my hat with delight at some of his dissenting opinions and rejoice in the pungent and penetrating phrases in which they were expressed, but of their validity as law or as interpretations of the Constitution I am no judge. I do perceive, however, that his straightforward and discriminating mind could discern the abiding principles behind the changing forms of our social and political life. I can observe that his view of the forest was never obscured by the trees and that he was more interested in the *principles* of the law than in its timeworn precedents.

In his public addresses Holmes combined force and charm, lucid statement and colorful imagery. He was intolerant of fools and hated low aims and crooked ways. How he could flame with wrath at meanness and baseness of every kind and find plenty of terse and ungodly words in which to express his contempt! How he could pierce and puncture with his wit the bubbles of pretence or priggishness or opinionated conceit! Why, his flashing rapier pierced and finished a rascal or a jackanapes with such dexterity that the victim didn't even know he had been killed! Yet there were deep reserves in him. I doubt if anyone now living has the right to say that he knew him intimately. There were inner chambers in his being where not only decisions were pondered but where life was squarely viewed and interpreted and where pains and sorrows were bravely met.

But ardor and courage sprang from him by a sort of natural contagion. He had the deep feeling of obligation which is inherent in people of the Puritan stock and with it the courtesy of manner, the buoyant gayety, and the keen sense of honor that we associate with the Cavalier. He was broadly human — alive to nature and to books and people of all sorts, sympathetic with our human ills and errors, joyously coöperative with young lovers, happy amid the summer flowers in Mrs. Holmes' garden. He could combine inflexible purpose with a sunny smile. He knew and exemplified what the poet called the unbought grace of life.

In short he was a practical idealist. He saw not only the facts that you and I can see but *through* facts and over them and beyond them. Insight and foresight made him not an echo but a

prophet. He could *forecast* the law that *ought to be* as well as record the law that *has been*. He had a certain quality of spirit — call it magnetism, call it the native and contagious admiration of things true and lovely and of good report, call it "the outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace" — it is the heroic sentiment best named chivalric, the quality that kindles and animates, thrills one's heart, impassions one's sluggish will. The nature of such a life is to be radiant. We who have seen and known such a man can never believe that materialism or love of luxury or the enervations of pleasure can rob American life of high idealism. We know that life can still be lifted into enchantment and irradiated with the glow of romantic chivalry.

I am sure that no one who heard it has ever forgotten the address which Judge Holmes made in the First Parish Church yonder at the celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the gathering of the Cambridge Church. I was one of the young ushers at that 250th Anniversary and venture to read to you a few paragraphs from Judge Holmes' address, for they vividly interpret his understanding of his Cambridge heritage.

"Six hundred years ago a knight went forth to fight for the cross in Palestine. He fought his battles, returned, died among his friends, and his effigy, cut in alabaster or cast in bronze, was set upon his tomb in the Temple or the Abbey. Already he was greater than he had been in life. While he lived, hundreds as good as he fell beneath the walls of Ascalon or sank in the sands of the desert and were forgotten. But in his monument the knight became the type of chivalry. What was particular to him had passed from sight, and the universal alone remained. Six hundred years have gone by, and his history, perhaps his very name, has been forgotten. His cause has ceased to move. The tumultuous tide in which he was an atom is still. And yet today he is greater than ever before. He is no longer a man, or even the type of a class of men, however great. He has become a symbol of the whole mysterious past, — of all the dead passion of his race. His monument is the emblem of tradition, the text of national honor, the torch of all high aspiration through all time.

"Two hundred and fifty years ago a few devout men founded the First Parish of Cambridge. While they lived, I doubt not, hundreds as good as they fell under Fairfax at Marston Moor, or under Cromwell at Naseby, or lived and died quietly in England and were forgotten. Yet if the only monuments of those founders were mythic bronzes such as stand upon the Common and the Delta, — if they were only the lichened slates in yonder churchyard, — how much greater are they now than they were in life! Time the purifier has burned away what was particular to them, and has left only the type of courage, constancy, devotion, — the august figure of the Puritan.

"Perhaps the type of the Puritan must pass away as that of the Crusader has done. But the founders of this parish are commemorated, not in bronze or alabaster, but in living monuments. One is Harvard College. The other is mightier still. These men and their fellows planted a Congregational Church, from which grew a Democratic State. They planted something mightier even than institutions. Whether they knew it or not, they planted the democratic spirit in the heart of man. It is to them we owe the deepest cause we have to love our country, — that instinct, that spark, that makes the American unable to meet his fellowman otherwise than simply as a man, eye to eye, hand to hand. When the citizens of Cambridge forget that they too tread a sacred soil, that Massachusetts also has its traditions which grow more venerable and inspiring as they fade; when Harvard College is no longer dedicated to truth and America to democratic freedom; then, but not till then, will the blood of the martyrs be swallowed in the sand and the Puritan have lived in vain."

MRS. MARY ISABELLA DE GOZZALDI[1]

By Fanny Elizabeth Corne

On the seventh of last month, April, 1935, our honorary president, Mrs. Silvio De Gozzaldi, passed away after a very brief illness. She had been a member of this Society for a very long time, and was its president for a number of years. In her death, those of us who knew her well and loved her, have met with a sad loss.

The eldest child of gifted parents, Mary Isabella James, intimately called "Ella," was born in Burlington, N. J. Her mother was Isabella Batchelder, of this city, and her father was Prof. Thomas Potts James, a botanist of note specializing in biology, whose book on Mosses (in the writing of which he spent fifty years of his life) still remains the leading text book for students of this branch of botany.

She had two brothers, both of whom died many years ago, and one sister who married a British officer, and has ever since made her home in England. The sister has one son.

One incident of Mrs. Gozzaldi's girlhood, which she told me, is of general interest. After the Civil War, a large fair for the benefit of the wounded soldiers was held in Philadelphia, where the James family then lived, in which Mrs. James was greatly interested.

Ella, then about eleven or twelve years of age, was one day given pencils and other little things to sell. After a while she was joined by a little boy, and the two children had a pleasant time peddling their wares. Finally the boy said,

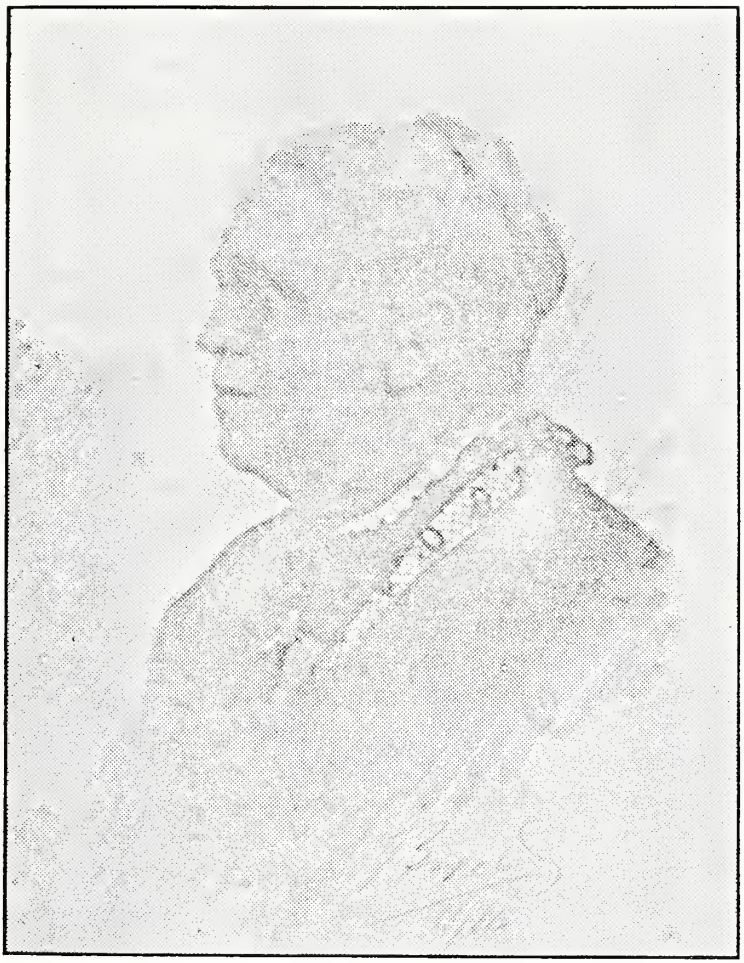
"I must go now; my mother is beckoning. She is going home."

"But," objected Ella, "you haven't told me your name yet."

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought you knew it. I am Tad Lincoln."

Ella James spent many summers of her girlhood in Cambridge

[1] Originally written, by request, for the Cambridge Plant Club.



MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI

1852–1935

with her grandparents who lived in the historic old Vassall House on Brattle street, now owned by her cousin, our Mrs. Vosburgh. While here she attended the Berkeley Street School. You will remember the charming description of her grandmother's garden which she wrote for our Club, and which was read to us by Mrs. Vosburgh.

Her wonderfully retentive memory recalled clearly the position of every tree and path, every bed of flowers or vegetables, and the kinds of plants which grew in each bed, and the garden was by no means a small one, as it extended from Ash Street to what is now Longfellow Park, and from Brattle to Mt. Auburn Streets.

After a while, the grandparents having died, the family came to Cambridge to live in the Vassall House. Later, Professor James built a new home on the opposite side of Hawthorn Street, which by this time had been cut through the garden. He did not live to occupy it, however, dying just as it was about to be completed.

Miss James travelled abroad, and probably studied languages and painting, as I have seen some very good things she did in water color and also on porcelain tiles.

On one occasion she brought letters of introduction to our family, then living in Stuttgart, Germany — the beginning of a long friendship. On another trip she met and became engaged to Captain Silvio De Gozzaldi, a good-looking, kind-hearted officer of the Austrian army. Mr. Gozzaldi had a vivacious manner, was very fond of music, and had the reputation of being a very brave soldier.

They were married in Christ Church, returning to Europe almost immediately to make their home in Switzerland. Some years later my sister and I also returned to Europe and found them living in the beautiful old city of Lugano. Later, we spent some summer months together at Fiedo, a picturesque mountain village on the north side of Mt. St. Gothard. Here we did much tramping, sketching, and mountain climbing together.

The Gozzaldis had now two children, the eldest having died. Another came later. These children, a daughter and two sons, are all married and there are four grandchildren. When they were of

school age, the family returned to their home in Cambridge, and when Colonel Gozzaldi finally was retired from the army, he severed his Austrian connections and became an American citizen.

About eleven years ago Mrs. De Gozzaldi fell and broke her hip. While she was still confined to her bed, Colonel Gozzaldi suffered a stroke and died the following day.

Since that time Mrs. De Gozzaldi has been lame, and, as getting about became more and more burdensome, she gradually gave up attending meetings almost entirely. But as she sat by her desk in her study, surrounded by her books, her plants, her radio and, on festive occasions as Christmas or birthdays, by many gifts which she loved to show her friends, she gave no suggestion of invalidism or of old age. Interested in everything, herself a very well of information, she loved to see her friends, and when they were with her, seemed to have nothing else to do. But, as a matter of fact, she did an amazing amount of work. She was methodical, had a very fine mind, a remarkably retentive memory, an aptitude for research work, and a ready pen, and did a vast amount of writing.

Beside private correspondence, she wrote articles for the Cambridge Historical Society, of which she was vice-president and one of the founders, and for the Hannah Winthrop chapter of the D. A. R., of which she was past-Regent. She wrote a Guide to Cambridge, and a long series of articles about the Old Settlers of this city, which appeared in the Cambridge Tribune, and was not quite completed.

Some of the many organizations of which she was a member were the Plant Club, the Girls' Friendly, and the Indian Association, and she served on the committee for restoring the Old Graveyard. She was especially interested in church activities, and took entire charge of sending books to out-of-the-way parishes, addressing every package in her own hand, for the Library Association of Christ Church, and handling the correspondence which involved the sending of 1,500 postcards last year, beside many letters.

It is a long time now since she has been with us, but we have

not forgotten the many pleasant meetings at her hospitable home, nor the quiet, kindly dignity with which she presided when president. Though not demonstrative, she was a friend on whose affectionate interest and loyalty one could invariably rely.

On Sunday, March 30, just one week before her death, I ran in to see her on my way home from church, and found her in the library wearing a becoming purple dress, and apparently perfectly well. She was very chatty, told me that she had finished cataloging her library, and had nearly all the notes ready to finish the Memoirs which she had started. As she had known many notable people and been to numerous interesting places, it is a sad pity that she was not permitted to carry out this plan.

Later in the week, I heard that she had taken cold, but was up and in her study as usual. On Saturday morning she sent word to me not to come on Sunday as usual, as she had a touch of bronchitis, and I might take it.

No one, not even the doctor, seems to have felt any anxiety about her until Sunday morning. Yet at eleven o'clock on that day, she passed peacefully away, conscious almost to the last.

October 22, 1935

Dear Miss Corne,

Thank you for letting me read your paper on dear Ella. It is so well done that it has been a great pleasure to see it. It tells several things that I did not know. She had a remarkable and full life. I think that the mosses that she painted on the tiles of her father's study are wonderfully fine. Her memoirs, even if unfinished, ought to go into the Historical Society.

Yours cordially,

MARIA BOWEN

KIRKLAND PLACE

By Frances Fowler

Read June 6, 1935

Few of us have original ideas, but I venture to suppose that nearly everyone who has sat in Sanders Theatre has been impressed in what has seemed a new and unheard-of way by the carved faces looking out over the stage. They are beasts of the primeval forests, they are gods of Walhalla, they are Norse vikings, Plantagenet Kings, possibly Pilgrim Fathers, or even Harvard Presidents. Perhaps they are symbols of facts of history, as they are changed by the light and dust of other days and by the dust and glare and shadows of to-day.

The title of this paper is "Kirkland Place," but its sub-title might be, à la Bishopsgate, "Norton's Woods Without."

Kirkland Street was called in early maps "the path to Charlestowne." Over it marched the provincial troops to Bunker Hill after prayer by President Langdon. It was joined by the path from Watertowne, which was from Watertown Centre to Elmwood, Elmwood to Brattle, Brattle to Mason, and thence to this "path to Charlestowne." The first mention of it is in 1633 as follows: "It is ordered that noe person whatsoever shall fell anny tree near the Towne within the path whiche goeth from Watertowne to Charlestowne upon the fforfeiture of ffive shillings for every Tree thus felled." Alas, again *tempora mutantur.*

It was called Washington Street for a while, Holworthy Street, and also Professors' Row, and renamed for President Kirkland, who would certainly be surprised to hear his name so often now: in Kirkland Street, Place, Road, Court, House, and lately as telephone exchange. We lack a Kirkland Avenue, fortunately, but even that crept into a Directory in 1856 by a printer's error. The road farther on, in Somerville, was called Milk Road for some years.

When I was a child at that age when it was equally inconvenient to leave a little daughter behind, or to take her along, I made a few visits with my mother at the house of Miss Anne and Miss Grace Ashburner on Kirkland Street. The house was afterwards the home of Miss Theodora Sedgwick. It has been recently taken down, and Sedgwick Road recalls the old connection of family ties and Berkshire association. I remember the wonderful Indian cabinet which seemed enormous but which has since shrunk. But the large, hospitable chintz-covered sofa never has become less capacious. I remember sitting on Professor Child's knee while he recited a ballad, and I remember going out through the back gate and walking across the fields and through the woods to Mr. Norton's Shady Hill, over the very ground where stands Mr. Taussig's house in which my brother and I lived for two years when we came to Cambridge.

I remember walking past this house in which we are to-day, and thinking it like a castle, and making up stories about it, little dreaming that I should ever live in it. I was fascinated by the way Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Darwin merged the *d* and *g* in Sedgwick, Stockbridge, and Cambridge, and copied it laboriously and with such zeal that their example is now fixed in my own handwriting.

A horse-car line was on Kirkland Street for several years. I have read somewhere, but I cannot verify the source of information, that the first electric car, as it might be called, was tried out on the horse-car track on Kirkland Street, and the incentive was a model by Benjamin Franklin.

So my early acquaintance with Cambridge was in this region and when we came to live here we were first in Scott Street, then in Francis Avenue, a year in Everett Street, and lastly here. Even in 1901 there were stray plants in a large lot beyond Miss Sedgwick's house, left over from the Shady Hill nursery, and the Norton Woods were not all gone. The old road to Mr. Norton's house was still traceable, and there was a little stream by Scott and Bryant Streets with a plank bridge, and a tangle of wild plants and marsh where Shady Hill Square now is. Mr. Norton enclosed later a part of the woods with a fence, and I have heard

the story of a woman who had loved these woods in her girlhood and after a long absence thought she would like to picnic there. When she saw the high fence, she and her young enthusiasm felt so injured that she threw her banana-peel over the fence into the woods and turned away. Later, in her contrition she wrote to Mr. Norton, confessing her outrageous conduct.

My brother and I came into this house in 1909. Mrs. Wood and Miss Francis called on me, and I ignorantly asked: "Why did you build so near the line?" The reply was: "Bless you, child, there wasn't any line." Mr. Ebenezer Francis built the house now owned by Mr. John C. Runkle, and Mrs. Wood said that when she was a child they could see way to Harvard Square. Mr. Francis opened Francis Avenue, and built the Munro house which was standing in 1903, with a lovely pear orchard where are now the Whiting, Fuller, Smith, and Davidson houses. One of the Munro family married Herbert Putnam, who is now the head of the Library of Congress.

Prior to 1800 Gideon Frost was the owner of a large tract of land from Divinity Avenue to beyond Francis Avenue. Gideon Frost was the son of Edmund Frost, son of Ephraim Frost; and Ephraim Frost was the son of Edmund Frost who came to Cambridge in 1635. Gideon Frost was a blacksmith and for a period of twenty years was deacon of the church. He possessed, by inheritance and purchase, the homestead on Kirkland Street, but his residence after about 1763 was on the easterly side of North Avenue nearly opposite Linnaean Street. He died in 1803.

In 1804 Gideon Frost, Jr. devised the east part of the tract to his daughter Martha Austen and the west part to his son William Frost. In 1831 Walter Frost conveyed to Henry Ware Jr. a moiety of his lot. In 1836 Martha Austen conveyed to John Ware a lot of land. In 1841 Henry Ware, Jr. conveyed to John Ware the north part of his lot. There was no Kirkland Place.

The house, now No. 14, now occupied but sold and soon to be left, by Henry Copley Greene, is the oldest house on the Place and was lived in as a country residence by the daughters of Dr. Ware. It was reached by lanes. In 1854 John Ware conveyed to

Isaac Cutler the remainder of his land, — six lots. Henry Ware, Jr. died in 1844 and John Ware became sole owner. Nos. 13, 14, 12, 10, and 9 were built by the same builder, Isaac Cutler. No. 14 was owned by the Cutler heirs; and the Misses Sarah and Annie Cutler lived there many years. In the summer of 1903 I chanced to be alone in No. 19 Francis Avenue for a few days. Professor William Morris Davis appeared one morning and asked me to favor his wife and himself by spending the ensuing night at their house next door, as his wife had heard a noise about two o'clock in the morning and wakened him with the remark: "Please go over; they're killing Fanny." A few days later, while calling on the Misses Cutler, I spoke of this, and one of those Cranford-y ladies said: "I am afraid we have not been timid enough for forty-five years." No. 14 has had several tenants, and has been owned since the sale by the Misses Cutler, by Mrs. Frederick Van Horsen whose father, Lieut. Commander Rhodes, gave long service in the Navy; by Professor Aydelotte, now at Swarthmore; and by Mr. Greene, who has just sold it to Mrs. Barry. The kitchen had many old-fashioned appointments: the old chimney, brick oven, and huge fire-place, and a hole in the cellar-door for the cat. It has one room which never fails to charm whoever lives in it or however it is furnished. It would be hard to tell wherein the charm lies. It may be in its unusual proportions. It has the effect of being square with long windows, and few rooms have been more loved. It is not always from association; it is the room itself.

No. 13 was bought in 1906 by Horace Van Everen of the heirs of Mrs. Helen Corbett. Mrs. Corbett had bought it in 1890 but had been a tenant there for several years before her purchase. She rented rooms there, I understand. Her son John was a famous athlete, and in Harvard circles there was a song about him and his big run. A lawyer in New York, Mr. Charles Strong, who lodged at No. 12 while in College, remembers a call from Mrs. Corbett and her son one evening and Mrs. Corbett's peculiar manner of taking her departure. She rose and said to her son: "John Corbett, do you know where your bed is?" — bowed and went.

The first Van Yveren, as the name then was, came from Holland

before 1660, and his descendants lived near Manhattan. Mr. Van Everen was graduated from Cornell University in 1891 and later was at the Columbian University Law School, in Washington. He was a patent lawyer in Boston. He was a genial neighbor, an enthusiastic Appalachian, a skillful photographer, and his lovely pictures have given much pleasure. He sold his house to Harvard University and it was moved a few feet south to make room for the new buildings. Mr. Van Everen lived in the house, however, until his death in 1932. Later the house was rented for two years, to a granddaughter of President Eliot, Carola, daughter of Charles Eliot the renowned landscape gardener, and the wife of L. V. Goriansky. Their son Michael has been the darling of the Place.

No. 12, now owned by the Misses Malloch, was sold by Martha Austen to the Rev. Oliver Stearns, D.D. of Harvard Divinity School. His daughter Priscilla married Rev. George Bachelor, who was active in the American Unitarian Association and was long Editor of the *Christian Register*. Their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Nash, lives in Cambridge. Miss Sarah T. Palmer and her twin sister Olivia owned the house for many years. They and their sister, the mother of President Harris of Amherst College, came from Perry, Maine, where their father was a judge and a prominent citizen. Miss Sarah Palmer was alone a good many years, and had a long succession of student-lodgers. She lived to be ninety-four in this house, then moved to be with her great-niece in Birmingham, Michigan, and died a few days before she would have been a hundred years old.

No. 9, now the property of the Misses Stevenson and McClalland, was bought in 1864 by Cyrus Woodman, of Charles J. Russell, of whom I find no trace, although Levi F. Russell is listed in 1856 as dealer in shoes and leather on Pearl Street with house "on Kirkland Avenue, opp. Sumner." Mr. Woodman was of the seventh generation from Edward who was born in Wiltshire and came over in 1635 to Newbury, and of Rev. Henry Flint who came in 1635 and was ordained in Braintree in 1640. Mr. Cyrus Woodman was born in Buxton, Maine, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1836, studied law in Boston, and was admitted to the Bar there

but was soon sent to Wisconsin as agent of the Boston and Western Land Company to take charge of their timber-lands. He entered later into partnership with C. C. Washburn, afterwards Governor of Wisconsin. His descendants, Mrs. C. H. C. Wright and Cyrus Woodman, children of Dr. Walter Woodman, are in Cambridge. His daughter, Miss Mary Woodman, lived at No. 9 after the deaths of her parents. She was bountiful, wise, and never-failing in her far-reaching benefactions. She gave up her house to our regret in 1920, and lived in Portland until her death in 1928.

No. 10, now the home of Mr. Paul Killiam, was sold in 1856 by Isaac Cutler to Southworth Shaw of Boston. In 1875 it was deeded to George Shaw, whose widow Georgiana Shaw lived there until 1903. I have heard that $100.00 was paid to Prof. Peirce for the privilege of cutting down a fine oak-tree as it was supposed to contain arsenic, and that she changed the wood of door steps and stair case on that account. Her son, Edward Sargent Shaw, inherited the place, and his sister lived there with him until her death. Mr. Shaw was an engineer, more or less of a recluse, seemingly eccentric, but he was kind to children, and at times cordial to his neighbors. He built a porch, in character of engineer, in a sort of cantilever style. He died suddenly in 1919. Mr. Shaw had bought the garden-lot of the Peirce estate and in 1920 Mr. Killiam bought the house and Mr. Fowler bought the vacant lot.

In 1855 J. F. Ware conveyed to Ichabod Nichols the land at No. 33 Kirkland Street. I do not take up the story of the separate Wares, but I suppose them all to be of the Ware family upon whom, Dr. Holmes said, "the fall of Adam had not left the slightest visible impression." Rev. Ichabod Nichols had been pastor of the Unitarian Church in Portland for forty-nine years. His first wife was Dorothea Folsom Gilman, one of the four daughters of Governor John Taylor Gilman of Exeter, New Hampshire. His second wife was Martha Storrow Higginson. Ichabod Nichols died in 1859. His second wife lived on in the house as beloved a mother and grandmother as if she were the real mother. Dr. Nichols had two sons: George Henry, who was a physician in Standish, Maine, and John Taylor Gilman Nichols. Our fellow-citizen John Taylor

Gilman Nichols is descended from George Henry. Edgar H. Nichols, a son of John Taylor Gilman Nichols, lived in the house until he and his wife Julia Webster Abbot went to Europe in 1909. My brother and I had our first breakfast in this house on July 16, 1909 and Mr. and Mrs. Nichols breakfasted with us, going to the steamer an hour later. From this trip he did not return, dying in Paris. Mrs. Nichols lived in the house several years. Mr. Killiam bought the house in 1922, and has rented it. At present it is occupied by the Russian Club, Madame Vera Pertzoff and two of her sons making it their home. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon Mr. Edgar Nichols' career, as many tributes have been paid to him, and the Browne and Nichols School is well known. When Randall Hall was built — at first an eating Hall, now the seat of the University Press — the University moved the Nichols house to face Kirkland Street. It had faced west, and the sidewalk shows where the old drive-way was.

Only one house has been built in Kirkland Place since 1857 — No. 11, which the Misses Louise and Helen Greene occupied. Their father, John M. Greene of Lowell, was influential in the founding of Smith College and the John M. Greene Hall was built there in his honor. Miss Helen F. Greene lives now at No. 11.

In 1854 John Ware conveyed to Edward Loring land extending from Kirkland Street to land belonging later to Southworth Shaw. Here Mr. Loring built this house a little south of the centre of the tract of land and Kirkland Place was opened. The architect was Henry Greenough his brother-in-law, brother of Horatio Greenough, one of America's first famous sculptors. They were sons of David Greenough, whose real estate enterprises were excellent in their results. He, for instance, built and lived in the house in Boston where the Lawrence Building now stands. Horatio, during his college-life, competed for the monument to be placed on Bunker Hill, making a model in wood, which was selected. Henry's plans for an Orthodox Church were accepted soon after he left college. It was in the corner of the yard where Horatio and John Howard lived. His plan for the Athenaeum at Cambridgeport was accepted. He built also houses for Professors Agassiz and Guyot and several others, of which photographs are shown to-day. His own house

was on Cambridge Street, long known as the Boott house. On its site is now the Hotel Ambassador, so called "because a man used to live there who was Ambassador to Italy." At that time we had no ambassadors! Horatio's and Henry's friendship with Washington Allston was one of the interesting associations of their time. Horatio's remark to an Englishman comes home to any searcher: "We have no great families in America. We have colossal men, but families remain in their natural greatness."

The family line of Loring in America begins with Deacon Thomas Loring, born at Axminster, Devonshire, England. Lorings in England before the time of Thomas, although the connection is not traced with certainty, lend a glamour to our story. There was Robert, a poet, mathematician, and architect, who built the Cathedral of Hereford, and was Bishop of that See in 1279 — and there was Piers, knighted in the reign of Henry the Third and granted a coat of arms: "quarterly argent et gules et bend sable." This bend sable appears in every armigerous branch and also in the arms of the Spanish Casa Loring. The grandson of Piers, Sir Nigel, was the hero of Conan Doyle's *White Company*. He was one of the first twenty-six knights of the Order of the Garter, founded by Edward III in 1340.

Deacon Thomas Loring came to America in 1634 and joined the church colony at Hingham. Edward Greely Loring was of the sixth generation from Thomas, the son of Edward and Frances Greely Loring, and was born at Boston January 28, 1802. He married Harriet Boott, granddaughter of Kirk Boott, who came from Derbyshire, England. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1821, studied at the Law School in Litchfield, Connecticut, and entered the office of his double-cousin Charles Greely Loring in Boston; was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1824, and then opened an office of his own. As was the custom, he joined the New England Guards, and was commander of the company in 1829. He did valuable service on the School Committee. In 1840 he was appointed Commissioner of the Circuit Court, and in 1847 Judge of Probate for Suffolk County and also lecturer at Harvard Law School.

He was a quiet, conservative man but circumstances made him

figure in an exciting series of events and brought him forward as an example of one of the many who were destined to be in the struggle between moral sense and the written law. The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted by Congress in 1850 and while farther west the Missouri Compromise was rending the hearts of men, here in New England hearts were no less rent. The jurisdiction in all cases of runaway slaves was given to the United States Commissioners, and United States Marshals were charged with the execution of their decrees. It is not easy for us who attend the annual luncheon of the Calhoun Club to go back to the time of the Fugitive Slave Law and recognize all that it meant of cleavage of society, friendship, and brotherhood, of heavy financial losses and inestimable self-sacrifice. Merely to read the names of those who supported and those who opposed it, makes us to some extent see how tremendous the strain must have been and how Boston and other quarters of the country were agitated and convulsed. On the supporting side were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Rufus Choate, Abbot Lawrence, William Evarts, Samuel A. Eliot, Edward Everett, and Benjamin Curtis, and on the opposing side were Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Thomas W. Higginson, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Horace Mann, the Hoars, Richard H. Dana, Charles Francis Adams, and poets and writers of these local circles.

Dr. Johnson said: "The most difficult thing, Sir, is to get possession of a fact." I have read many accounts of the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns and understand why Mr. Higginson said that reformers' plans seldom turn out as planned although the reform does come. Three cases in Boston are to be noted. Shadrach, alias Jenkins, was adroitly rescued in February 1851 and by means of "the underground railway" was carried over the line into Canada. In April 1851 a second more successful move was made by the South, and an extraordinary number of prominent men were involved on both sides. Sims was marched on board a vessel, escorted by armed city police. Twelve days later, Charles Sumner, the anti-slavery leader, was elected to the United States Senate. This was the great protest.

For three years no more steps were taken to enforce the law. Then on May 24, 1854, word flashed that once more a fugitive slave had been seized near Faneuil Hall by warrant of a Massachusetts magistrate. Anthony Burns escaped from Virginia and was traced to Boston. An agent of his master, Col. Suttle, vainly tried to make him return. R. H. Dana urged the prisoner to accept legal advice, and Theodore Parker induced him to do so. Judge Loring was as humane and considerate as a man could be who felt it his official duty to execute such a law. He allowed all reasonable delays. Mr. Dana and Mr. Ellis were counsel for Burns. The trial lasted five days, May 29 to June 2. On the evening of May 27 there was a great meeting in Faneuil Hall. One account says that Wendell Phillips soberly urged delay; another account says he was in a fury for immediate action. Meanwhile a rescue had been quietly planned, but the signal was prematurely given, and the audience became unmanageable and rioters rushed to the Court House where Burns had been placed. A piece of timber was found and the door was broken in. Mr. T. W. Higginson's share in the rescue is well known. A young man of twenty, Charles William Eliot, had hold of the pole for some seconds. The sound of music from a parading company is said to have caused a panic and the rescue was not effected, although it was said that the crowd dispersed. Burns was tried, convicted, and sent South by sea. Judge Loring said that upon the evidence on the point of identity he would be obliged to discharge the prisoner, but the prisoner himself admitted his identity and he must convict him. A company of Marines came over from Charlestown and soldiers and militia were posted the length of State and Court Streets to Long Wharf. A squadron of Light Horse rode before and behind. Every window on the route was filled, flags were hung Union down, and many buildings were draped in black. This is a very brief summary of what happened. Anthony Burns was the last slave returned from Massachusetts. He escaped again and was pastor of the Zion Church at St. Catherine's, Ontario, where he died.

The anti-slavery party, ignoring the fact that public opinion must precede legislation, could not forgive Judge Loring, and the

Legislature made an attempt to remove him from office by "address." Governor Gardner refused to comply and thereby lost his re-election. In the next legislature, 1858, a new "address" was passed as well as a law consolidating the courts of probate and insolvency, requiring dismissal of all judges, and appointment of new ones. Governor Banks signed both measures, and Judge Loring with twenty-six other judges went out of office. In the meantime he had been denied confirmation to a Professorship at Harvard College, the Massachusetts Senate being at that time a part of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. I have been told that a petition was circulated asking Judge Loring to leave Cambridge. President Buchanan, however, appointed him a Justice of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, D. C., which office he filled with distinction until 1877, even after he passed the age limit. He died at his sea-side home in Winthrop in 1890. He had eight children. Edward Greely, Jr., became a distinguished oculist in New York. Two other sons served their country: Charles as Master in the Navy, and Wright as Consul at Iloilo. I do not know when the family of Judge Loring left Cambridge, but from what I have been told, I judge that his house was not immediately vacated. I have heard that it was rented and the names of Storer and Learned were mentioned to me, but I cannot verify the facts of their being here.

At some time this house was lived in by Dr. Charles Eduard Brown-Sequard. He was born at Port Louis, Mauritius, his father from Philadelphia, his mother a French woman. He was early left fatherless, and his mother supported herself and her child by the needlework which a black woman could sell for her. While he was very young they went to Paris, and thenceforth his life was one of restless travel back and forth between America and France or England, and a struggle against poverty and a constitutional unhappiness. He married, first a niece of Daniel Webster; second, Miss Carlisle of a Loring branch; and third, the widow of Mr. Doherty, a Dublin painter. He was indefatigable in his medical researches and we find him in 1863 Professor of "pathology of the nervous system" at Harvard, sustained by the influence of Mr.

Agassiz and surrounded by friends. I believe that it was at this time he lived here. According to reports, there were rabbits all over the place and house to be used in his experiments. His wife died and he left again for France, and it must have been then that an auction sale was held here. Mrs. Joseph G. Thorp told me that she had a table which had belonged to Dr. Sequard. It was given to her when she was very young by a cobbler who had bought it in, and who asked from her only a kiss in payment. Mrs. Thorp said in her direct way: "I suppose because I was my father's daughter." She told me I might mention this in this paper. Dr. Brown-Sequard died in Paris in 1894. He held many honorary degrees in France, England, and here. His investigations as to epilepsy were epoch-making and his theories as to glandular secretions and influences and as to the spinal marrow were awakening. It is interesting to note that he had entered eagerly into a plan of Professor Agassiz to found on the Island of Agassiz near Long Island a medical experimental establishment with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. There were to be rabbits, guinea-pigs, cats, birds, pigs, and dogs and also cold-blooded animals at the disposition of experimenters. But Professor Agassiz fell ill and the project was abandoned.

The name of Benjamin Peirce first appears as a resident of this house in 1873. The house was not bought by him but by his sister, Charlotte Elizabeth Peirce, who may have bought it in 1871 or 1872. She received from her aunt, Mrs. Charles Sanders, a modest legacy, part of which she used to make this purchase and establish a home for herself and her brother and his family. Benjamin Peirce was born in Salem in 1809. His grandfather, Jerathmeel, built the house on Federal Street in Salem, now the property of the Essex Institute. Benjamin Peirce's father, Benjamin Sr., moved to Cambridge about 1827 when he was appointed Librarian of Harvard College. His wife was a sister of Ichabod Nichols. Benjamin Peirce the younger graduated in the Class of 1829. He taught two years at the Round Hill School in Northampton and was appointed in 1831 tutor in mathematics at Harvard College. In 1833 he became University Professor of Mathematics and

Natural Philosophy and in 1842 Perkins Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. He married Sarah Hunt Mills, daughter of Elijah Mills of Northampton, United States Senator who preceded Daniel Webster. The greater part of his life in Cambridge was spent in the house on Quincy Street which stood where Sever Hall now is. The house was moved to Frisbie Place, moved again in Frisbie Place and stands now in Oxford Street. Professor James Barr Ames lived in it several years. In 1867 Benjamin Peirce was made Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey and held the position for seven years. He was elected Associate of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, member of the Royal Society, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and held a degree from Göttingen and from St. Vladimir in Kiev, and he was President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He died in 1880. He has been called "a friendly and soaring genius." Some of his pupils have tried to describe the effect which he gave of original and creative genius when his class was studying his *Curves and Functions*. It was as if the science of mathematics were being created before their very eyes, and they knew also that he cared whether they could follow him. The higher mathematical labors of so eminent a geometer must lie beyond the course of general recognition. Among his claims to eminence may be mentioned: his discussion of the motions of two pendulums attached to a horizontal card: of the motions of a top; of the fluidity and tides of Saturn's ring; of the forms of fluids enclosed in extensible sacks; of the orbits of the comet of 1845; and of the criteria for rejecting doubtful observations. None of his labors, perhaps, lie farther above the ordinary reach of thought than his little volume, *Linear and Associative Algebra*. All his writings contain novelties bearing the stamp of powerful individuality. He surpassed other mathematicians in the choice of notation, which enabled his mind to carry its power of reasoning to a higher degree by reducing mental labor. His quickness of observation of external things was as decided as his power of abstraction. As a friend he was as greatly honored as he was valued as a scientist. I ran across this newspaper account of the Jenny Lind concert in the Fitchburg Depot, then as dank

and dark as it was later. Early in the evening the standees stormed the depot and took all the reserved seats. Confusion and pandemonium ensued. There was also no ventilation, for the windows had been nailed down. Someone suggested that there would be more air if the windows were broken. This suggestion fell on fertile ground and Belletti was accompanied by loud talking and breaking glass. When the incomparable Jenny came onto the platform, the noise subsided somewhat but not entirely. Some timid souls having spread the rumor that the great weight would crush the floor, a general panic seemed imminent. But Benjamin Peirce arose and counting the heads in the hall gave it out as his expert opinion that the floor would support the weight, and the words of the great mathematician appeased the restless mob. Barnum, however, had to escape by the back door, and he left the next day with Jenny Lind for places more cordial.

Professor Benjamin Peirce left four sons and a daughter. Charles Sanders, the second son, was graduated in 1859 and died in Milford, Pennsylvania, in 1914. He passed his life in profound study. The Department of Philosophy at Harvard has since his death been engaged in editorial work on his writings. The sixth volume is now in the press. Benjamin Peirce, Jr., the third son, Harvard 1865, studied in Paris and Freiburg and although under thirty when he died in Michigan, had made a name as mining engineer. Herbert Huntington, the youngest son, Harvard 1871, was long in the diplomatic service, in Russia, at Washington, and in Norway. The eldest son was James Mills, Harvard 1853. He studied law but shifted to the Divinity School, feeling that this was his proper calling. He was settled as a Unitarian minister in Charleston, South Carolina, until shortly before the Civil War, when he entered into the service of Harvard College and succeeded his father as Perkins Professor of Mathematics. At his death in 1906 he had served forty-nine years: he had previously resigned his position to take effect on the fiftieth year of his service. He moved to Kirkland Place after his father's death and his aunt left the property to him. His sister, Helen Peirce, married the son of Rufus Ellis. They lived on the corner of Kirkland and Irving

Streets in the house with pillars which was moved back to make way for the brick block. After her husband's death, Mrs. Ellis lived with her brother and this house was a home to her and her children. Our fellow-citizen Benjamin Peirce Ellis represents both families.

Much has been told of Professor Peirce's boundless hospitality and his interest in social matters and his hearty and genial welcomes. His was a familiar figure in Cambridge and is by no means forgotten now. It is not inappropriate to say that among the helpers in Professor Peirce's house was Julia O'Connor, so two generations have helped here in social enterprises, since she was the mother of our Mrs. Mary Germaine. There is one thing I dislike to do more than to add, and that is to subtract, but sometimes I gratefully think that the spirits of Benjamin and James Mills Peirce have helped to make my bank account come out even. I no longer hunt for the missing dime. The spirits have not increased the bank accounts, but they have helped me.

The latest owner of this house, Samuel Jones Fowler, second son of Samuel and Maria (Jones) Fowler, was born in Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1851, a descendant in the eighth generation of Ambrose Fowler, one of the founders of Windsor, Connecticut, and one of the early settlers of Westfield, coming to that town soon after its organization in 1669. This generation of this branch is the first to leave its cradle, as is the case in many other families. On his mother's side he was of Mayflower ancestry and on his father's side he was connected with families of the Connecticut Valley, having what few escape, some drops of the blood of Richard Lyman of High Ongar, England. Westfield was for many years the frontier town, so the name is less prosaic than it appears. Its first minister was Edward Taylor, who was born in Leicestershire, England, studied in Cambridge, England, and sailed for America in 1668 on a voyage of seventy days. He was studying in Harvard College when he was induced by Rev. Increase Mather and others to serve the Church in the wilderness. His second wife, Ruth Wyllis, played as a child under a tree destined to be the most famous tree in America, the Charter Oak. She was the grand-

daughter of Mabel Harlakenden, known in Cambridge annals. One of the grandsons of this Pilgrim minister was Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, one of whose daughters married John Gannett and the other married Rev. Abiel Holmes.

Incidentally, I should like to quote a toast at the celebration of peace in Westfield in 1783.

Success to the lover,
Honour to the brave,
Health to the sick
And freedom to the slave.

Samuel J. Fowler went to the schools and the Academy at Westfield and in 1869 went to Dresden, Germany. He went to the University at Jena, and as the University was closed during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, he went to Liège, Belgium, and the fact that the son of the Professor of Chemistry, de Koninck, persuaded his father to let the young American work in a private laboratory, proved the entering wedge for the admission of foreign students to the University of Liège. An injury in 1880 while Mr. Fowler was in the employ of the Rand Company, afterwards known for its work at Hell Gate, made it advisable to give up his work on high explosives and change his career at twenty-nine, and by degrees he turned to the manufacture of gas and thence electricity. He came to Charlestown in 1901, retiring on account of ill health in 1922. He died in 1931.

He purchased this house in 1908, also buying what was the middle lot when the whole property was put on the market after Professor Peirce's death. The house stood partly on the middle lot and partly on the southern lot. Mr. Fowler moved this house forty feet, turned it quarter way around, lowered it four feet and built a kitchen addition. As Mr. Shaw, who had bought the garden lot, objected to his grading to that level, Mr. Fowler built a wall, and wells for the trees, and filled and levelled the lot. He was not greatly concerned as to what would happen to the Kirkland Street lot, for a city ordinance forbade a building to come within ten feet of the street or within twelve feet of the line. But in 1913

Kirkland Court was built. I said to Miss Bronson that I had prayed that the Whitman-Houghton house might be moved when the Germanic Museum was built, on to the vacant lot on Kirkland Street, and the fine tulip tree and the soft maples be saved. She replied: "You prayed too hard. You got too much house." So then, we had to alter Mr. Hale's motto, and look north and not south. As I look across the little canyon, I am bound to confess that some of the cliff-dwellers have, in another sense, given back to me the sunshine that once they took away.

After Mr. Shaw's death my brother bought the lot to the north. When owned by Judge Loring and the Peirce family, the property extended from Kirkland Street to about twelve feet from the house-lot of No. 10. This house faced Kirkland Place and there was a circular driveway. There were some magnificent trees and a black-thorn hedge. The ground sloped down and there was a pond there, which was originally fed by springs, then by town water and then let to dry a natural death, during the latter part of the Peirce regime. There were goldfish and trout and a canoe, and sometimes ducks and swans. The children and their friends enjoyed it hugely and Mrs. Farlow (Lillian Horsford) said she was once "sure Frank Loring meant to drown her." In winter the children, as now, coasted down the safe little hill and across the little pond, where they also skated. The rhododendrons were planted by Judge Loring. There were some out-buildings and even now the frost brings up pieces of discarded china and I have every year about a dozen stalks of asparagus freaks from the old garden.

There was a well in the lowest storey, and one room in that storey had a cozy fireplace. There were, when the house was built, but two closets, and of course, no furnace, no gas, no water laid on. The hall was a close hall, with little light; and the steep staircase was at the end of a narrow enclosed hall, with a fire-bucket niche. In the hall there were three doors on each side exactly opposite, and one door was a false door, to match the door facing it. Upstairs there were passage-ways between chambers, like powdering-closets. The vestibule must have always been an asset as a waiting-room for a professor, lawyer, or physician.

When we came in 1909 a huge elm stood to the north with a fine branch, from which every spring an oriole's nest hung. There were many birds here then, before the starlings routed them. I counted thirty varieties the first summer. I was much impressed by the crows and was told that there was a legend that they were really ravens plying with real Anglomania from Elmwood to Shady Hill! But since those masters of English are no longer with us, the birds seem to have reverted to the race of *Corvus Americanus*.

Twenty-six years ago we looked down the Place across the field to the gray misty willows in Somerville. Kirkland Court, additions to the Runkle house and to the Locke-Thomas-Smith house, fences, garages, the Germanic Museum, the Geographic building, and the Biological building have closed us in to a great extent; but we all love our little oasis in the midst of so-called civic progress. Sometimes we do not wonder that the Rev. Mr. Hooker preferred the alluvial lands of the Connecticut Valley to the obstinate soil of Cambridge. One day a gentleman came to the door and said he was looking for the house of the late Professor Child. I told him it was further along Kirkland Street. He asked what house this was, and I told him it was the house of the late Professor Peirce. "What has happened to it?" "It has been moved and turned quarter-way around." "What house is that?" he asked, pointing to the house across the way. "The old Nichols house, also turned quarter-way around." He told me his name, asked mine, and said he knew my younger brother. Later Miss Mary Woodman came in and I told her of my caller and to my amazement learned that she had once been engaged to him! She said he must be turned around himself to have lost the way to No. 9.

The stirring times of the half-century between 1850 and 1900 were indeed "times that tried men's souls." They were also the golden years of New England literature. Life was simple, and the standard of speed was different. In the Directory of 1856 there are but six names of officials whose names are not indubitably English. There were 3,161 dwelling-houses, 20,473 inhabitants, 278 colored residents, and only 24 paupers. It is not a matter of indifference to have lived where these men have lived (not to mention

the women also). One, kindly, courteous, conservative, yet forced to struggle with a decision which cost him peace of mind, position, and the home he had so recently founded; another torn by ill-health, restlessness, and uncertainty, yet braving infection, reproach and failure to conquer disease; yet another who followed the stars in their courses, the tides in their surges, and soared into realms of almost incredible calculations into which regions his son followed him, having studied the purposes of God and led others thereunto; and lastly one who mechanically, as an expert, and even more ethically and morally, showed how darkness could be made light. It used to be a dream of my brother's and mine that this house might not fall under the Juggernaut of Expediency but might somehow be made the centre, for which it is so well fitted, for some such society as this which I have the honor to address.

Hither countless loving feet
Hastened through the four-score years;
While here waited welcomes sweet,
And here mingled smiles and tears.

Here young lives have been lengthened,
Here problems quickened thought;
Here friendships have been strengthened,
Here genius has been caught.

Hence have gone the loving-hearted,
Hence has followed earnest strife,
Hence, where friend from friend has parted,
Strong has grown the nation's life.

Here, where loving steps have lingered,
Here, where lips and hands have met,
Here, where memory, white-fingered,
Joyous writes, with lashes wet,
May the partings and the meetings
Blend in frequent friendly greetings.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1933

THE following report of the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society for the calendar year 1933, with which has been incorporated the report of the Secretary covering the same period, is respectfully submitted.

Four regular meetings of the Society were held in 1933: the Annual Meeting, January 17; the Spring Meeting, April 25; the Summer Meeting, June 8; the Autumn Meeting, October 17.

The following papers were read: *The Old Burying Place on Garden Street*, by Mrs. S. M. De Gozzaldi, at the Annual Meeting; *Cambridge Land Holdings Traced from the Proprietors' Records of 1635*, by Dr. Albert P. Norris, at the Spring Meeting; *Thomas Hill, President of Harvard, 1862–1868*, by Mr. William G. Land, at the Summer Meeting; and *The Distaff Side of the Ministerial Succession in the First Church in Cambridge*, by Mrs. Ralph E. Bailey, at the Autumn Meeting.

To the authors of these important and interesting papers, the Society is deeply grateful. The attendance at all the meetings was large, thus evidencing the continued interest of the Society's members in matters of Cambridge history. The Council also appreciates the gracious hospitalities extended to the Society at these meetings.

The following deaths, four in number, are to be reported:

MRS. ELLA J. GOODNOW BOGGS
MR. GEORGE F. KENDALL
PROFESSOR ARTHUR KINGSLEY PORTER
PROFESSOR JAMES HARDY ROPES

The death of Mr. Ernest Lovering, an Associate Member, should have been reported in the last Annual Report.

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Miss Agnes G. Balch
Miss Annie J. Cannon
Miss Annie B. Chapman
Rev. Louis C. Cornish
Rev. Ernest J. Dennen
Mrs. John Mitchell
Miss Alice M. Morgan
Miss Genevieve Stearns
Dr. William D. Swan

The following were elected to membership in the Society:

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Landis
Miss Dora Stewart
Mr. and Mrs. Grafton B. Perkins
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Munn
Mrs. J. Clarke Bennett
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Pear
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tuckerman Day
Mrs. Charles Strong

On December 31, 1933 there were 7 life members, 209 regular members, and 10 associates.

Eight meetings of the Council were held during the year.

The Council informed the Executive Committee in charge of the Hooker Tercentenary Celebration of the willingness of the Society to coöperate in any way possible. As a consequence the Society was invited to attend the formal exercises of the Tercentenary held at the First Church (Unitarian) on Wednesday afternoon, October 11. Notice of this invitation was sent to all members of the Society. The Society was well represented at the exercises.

The Council of the Massachusetts Historical Society having declined to consent to the hanging of the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vassall in the Longfellow House, these were returned to the Widener Library.

The Council, having had its attention called to the condition

of the tomb of President Rogers of Harvard College, in the Old Burying Place, directed the Secretary to ask the President and Fellows of Harvard College if it would be possible to have the tomb repaired and the inscription, written by Cotton Mather, restored. It is hoped that this may be done.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES
Secretary

January 17, 1934

ANNUAL REPORT OF SECRETARY AND COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1934

THIS REPORT of the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society, with which is incorporated the report of the Secretary, covers the calendar year 1934.

Four regular meetings of the Society were held: the Annual Meeting, January 17; the Spring Meeting, April 17; the Summer Meeting, June 7; and the Autumn Meeting, October 23.

Mr. John Perkins Brown spoke at the Annual Meeting on the investigations made by him into the history and architecture of Christ Church. At the Spring Meeting, Mr. David T. Pottinger read a paper on "38 Quincy Street." At the Summer Meeting, Honorable Robert Grant read from the manuscript of his Recollections an account of his life in Cambridge, 1869–1878. At the Autumn Meeting, two papers were read. One of these consisted of extracts, selected by Mrs. De Gozzaldi, from the reminiscences of her mother, the late Mrs. Isabella Batchelder James, and the other was Recollections of James Russell Lowell by the late Mrs. Isabella Batchelder James. The Society is greatly indebted to those who prepared and edited these interesting talks and papers.

The Council appreciates the hospitality extended to the Society at these meetings, all of which were largely attended.

The following deaths are to be reported:

MR. HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY
MRS. J. TUCKERMAN DAY
PROFESSOR HORATIO S. WHITE
MRS. HORATIO S. WHITE
MR. THOMAS HADLEY
MISS VELMA H. MORSE
MRS. ANNIE LONGFELLOW (Mrs. Joseph G.) THORP

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Mr. Gardner W. Allen
Rev. Ralph E. Bailey
Mrs. Ralph E. Bailey
Professor Thomas N. Carver
Mrs. Flora K. (Mrs. Thomas N.) Carver
Professor David G. Lyon
Mr. Carleton Noyes
Mrs. Carleton Noyes
Mr. Clarence H. Poor, Jr.
Mr. Frederick A. Richardson
Mr. W. Stephen Thomas (Associate Member)

The following were elected to membership:

Professor Frank DeWitt Washburn
Mrs. Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. Frank DeWitt) Washburn
Mrs. Frederick A. Richardson
Mr. Stanley G. H. Fitch
Mrs. Sarah Folsom (Mrs. Charles J.) Enebuske

On December 31, 1934, there were 198 regular members, 8 associate members, and 6 life members; a total of 212.

Seven meetings of the Council were held during the year. The Council interested themselves in the plans for the improving of the Old Burying Place, expressing an opinion unfavorable to the use of bricks for the walks. It also brought to the attention of the Mayor and the City Council the condition of Fort Washington, which has now been much improved.

The Mayor of Cambridge appointed a member of the Society as one of a committee of three to represent the City at the celebration of the Tercentenary of Harvard College.

Respectfully submitted,

Eldon R. James
Secretary

January 22, 1935

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER
1933

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1933, cash on hand		$513.87	
Dues and initiations			
192 regular members @ $3	$576.00		
9 associate members @ $2	18.00		
17 initiations @ $2	34.00	628.00	
Interest, Life Membership account		26.37	
Total			$1,168.24

EXPENDITURES

Printing and stationery	57.59	
Postage	23.88	
Clerical assistance	24.70	
Rental, chairs, etc.	23.24	
Bay State Historical League	2.00	
Check tax	.44	131.85
December 31, 1933, cash on hand		$1,036.39

LIFE MEMBERSHIP ACCOUNT

January 1, 1933, balance	$747.15	
No transactions during the year		
December 31, 1933, balance Cambridge Savings Bank		$747.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE
Treasurer

January 17, 1934

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1933.

All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited in the bank, and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures.

Balance of $1,036.39 on the Regular Account, and balance of $747.15 on Life Membership Account, as shown in the Treasurer's Report, agree with balances shown on bank statements.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK
Auditor

January 17, 1934

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER
1934

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1934 cash on hand		$1,036.39
Dues and initiations	$592.00	
Sale of 2 copies of Paige Index	15.00	
Interest from Life Membership Account	24.47	631.47
Total receipts		1,667.86

EXPENDITURES

Proceedings, Vol. XX	$525.34	
Printing and stationery	52.00	
Postage	13.48	
Clerical assistance	19.30	
Expenses, meetings, chairs, etc.	24.22	
Bay State Historical League	2.00	
Check tax	.28	636.62
Cash on hand January 1, 1935		$1,031.24
Life Membership Account: no change during the year		$ 747.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE
Treasurer

Examined and found correct.
FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Auditor*
January 21, 1935

REGULAR MEMBERS

1934–1935

Marion Stanley Abbot
Anne Elizabeth Allen
Mary Ware Allen
Alice C. Allyn
Charles Almy
Albert Francis Amee
John Herbert Barker
Mary Emory Batchelder (L)
Elizabeth Chadwick Beale
Joseph Henry Beale
Mabel Arrabella Lewis Bell
Stoughton Bell
Mrs. J. Clarke Bennett
Alexander Harvey Bill
Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly Bill
Clarence Howard Blackall
Emma Murray Blackall
Albert H. Blevins
Mrs. Albert H. Blevins
Warren Kendall Blodgett
Annabel Perry Bonney
Maria Bowen
Walter Benjamin Briggs
Elmer H. Bright
Mrs. Elmer H. Bright
Ada Leila Cone Brock
Arthur Hendricks Brooks
Elizabeth Harrington Brooks
Jessie Waterman Brooks
Sumner Albert Brooks
Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David E. Burr
Mrs. David E. Burr
Philip Greenleaf Carleton
Sarah Swift Schaff Carleton
Zechariah Chafee, Jr.
Carroll L. Chase
Mrs. Carroll L. Chase
Philip Putnam Chase
Leslie Linwood Cleveland
Edith Mary Coe
Margaret E. Cogswell
Ada Louise Comstock
Frank Gaylord Cook
Fanny E. Corne
J. Linda Corne
Sally Adams Cushman
Henry Orville Cutter
Elizabeth Ellery Dana
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana
J. Tuckerman Day
Mrs. J. Tuckerman Day
Lily Eugenie DeKalb
Mary Deane Dexter
Edward Sherman Dodge (L)
Harry Francis Roby Dolan
Lillie McFall Dolan
Laura Howland Dudley
William Harrison Dunbar
Frances Hopkinson Eliot
Samuel Atkins Eliot
Emmons Raymond Ellis
Frances White Emerson
William Emerson

Ephraim Emerton
Sybil Clark Emerton
Sarah Folsom Enebuske
Claire Schayer Fande
Christine Farley
Charles Norman Fay
Lillian Hale Fay
Eunice Whitney Farley Felton
Stanley G. H. Fitch
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Worthington Chauncey Ford
Frances Fowler
Esther Stevens Fraser
Lloyd A. Frost
Dana Taylor Gallup
Roger Gilman
Rev. C. Leslie Glenn
Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
Mary Isabella Gozzaldi
Louis L. Green
Virginia Tanner Green
Lillian Helen Hadley
Edwin Herbert Hall
Elizabeth Harris
Albert Bushnell Hart
Frank Watson Hastings
Frances P. Hawley
Nathan Heard
F. Wilhelmina Heard
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
Stanley Barbour Hildreth
Alison Bixby Hill
Leslie White Hopkinson
Cornelia Conway Felton Horsford
Aria Sargent Dixwell Howe
Lois Lilley Howe
Eda Woolson Hurlbut
Edward Ingraham
Elsie P. Ingraham
Eldon Revare James
Phila Smith James
James Richard Jewett
Margaret Weyerhaeuser Jewett
Ethel Robinson Jones
Mabel Augusta Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Albert Guy Keith
Edith S. Keith
Justine Houghton Kershaw
Anna Read Lamber
James M. Landis
Mrs. James M. Landis
Thomas Wolcott Little
Flora Virginia Livingston
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
Mabel Everett Harris Lyon
Elizabeth MacFarlane
Ethel May MacLeod
William Mackintosh MacNair
Emma Endicott Marean
Georgie Maria Marsters
Herbert Bruce McIntire
Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
John Douglas Merrill
Nelson Case Metcalf
Josiah Byram Millett
Samuel Eliot Morison
James Buell Munn
Mrs. James B. Munn
Emma Frances Munroe
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Emily Alan Smith Nichols
Gertrude Fuller Nichols

Henry Atherton Nichols
John Taylor Gilman Nichols
Albert Perley Norris
Mrs. Albert P. Norris
Margaret Norton
James Atkins Noyes
Penelope Barker Noyes
Thomas Francis O'Malley
Edward Holyoke Osgood
Margaret Nickerson Osgood
James Leonard Paine
Mary Woolson Paine
William H. Pear
Mrs. William H. Pear
Grafton B. Perkins
Mrs. Grafton B. Perkins
John Lyman Porter
Lucy Wallace Porter
Alfred Claghorn Potter
David Thomas Pottinger
Roscoe Pound
Mrs. Roscoe Pound
Alice Putnam
Harry Seaton Rand
Mabel Rena Mawhinney Rand
Mabel F. Read
Edward H. Redstone
Willard Reed
Robert D. Reynolds
Mrs. Robert D. Reynolds
Harriette Taber Richardson
Mrs. Arthur Clendenin Robertson
Fred Norris Robinson
Gertrude Swan Runkle
John Cornelius Runkle
Helen McK. M. Russell
Richard M. Russell
Paul Joseph Sachs
Mary Ware Sampson
Eleanor Whitney Davis Sanger (L)
Carolyn Huntington Saunders
Francis Webber Sever
Martha Sever
Willard Hatch Sprague
Grace Williamson Stedman
Dora Stewart
Mrs. Charles Strong
Helen Grace Olmstead Swan
John Houghton Taylor
Alice Thorp
Ann Thorp
Alfred Marston Tozzer
Eleanor Gray Tudor (L)
Kenneth S. Usher
Mrs. Kenneth S. Usher
Bertha Hallowell Vaughan
Charles Peter Vosburgh
Maude Batchelder Vosburgh
Mary Richardson Walcott
Robert Walcott
Grace Reed Walden
Frank De Witt Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Olive Ely Allen Washburn
Frederica Davis Watson
Jenny C. Watts
Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster
Mrs. Walter Wesselhoeft
Alice Merrill White
Dr. William Stewart Whittemore
Alice B. Whittemore
Mary W. Willard
Olive Swan Williams
Samuel Williston

George Grafton Wilson
Mrs. Henry J. Winslow
John William Wood, Jr.
Grace A. Wood
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Mrs. C. H. C. Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey
Francis Apthorp Foster
Anna Lyman Gray
Eliza Mason Hoppin
Rysse Gilman Houghton (L)
Bradford Hendrick Peirce
Philip Leffingwell Spalding
Alice Mathews Van Brunt
Mary Lee Ware

HONORARY MEMBER

Frances Rose-Troup

With the exception of Volume VII, which is out of print, there is on hand (November, 1937) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The price is $1.00 each, for members of the Society; $1.50 each, for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Walter B. Briggs, Curator, Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is $7.50 a copy, postpaid.

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXIV

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1936 and 1937

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1938

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXIV

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1936 and 1937

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1938

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

OF

The Cambridge Historical Society

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH MEETING

Thirty-first Annual Meeting

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on January 28, 1936, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Paine, 9 Waterhouse Street. About forty members and guests were present. President Walcott called the meeting to order shortly after 8 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The report of the Nominating Committee was read, nominating the following as officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

President	ROBERT WALCOTT
Vice-Presidents	JOSEPH H. BEALE FRANK GAYLORD COOK LOIS LILLEY HOWE
Secretary	ELDON R. JAMES
Treasurer	WILLARD H. SPRAGUE
Editor	DAVID T. POTTINGER
Curator	WALTER B. BRIGGS
Council: the above and	
REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT	JAMES L. PAINE
ROGER GILMAN	MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH
REV. C. LESLIE GLENN	

There being no further nominations, it was moved that the nominations be closed and that the Secretary cast one ballot for those nominated by the Nominating Committee. The motion was seconded and unanimously carried. The Secretary reported that

the ballot had been cast. The President thereupon declared that the persons nominated by the Nominating Committee were elected to the positions and offices as contained in the report of the Committee.

Mr. Sprague then read his report as Treasurer, and the report of the Auditor, Mr. Cook. Upon motion, these reports were accepted and ordered placed on file.

The report of the Secretary, with which was joined the report of the Council, was then read. Upon motion, this report was accepted.

The President then spoke briefly about John Langdon Sibley and read his interesting will.[1] He then introduced Mr. CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON, who is continuing *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*. Mr. Shipton read the lives of the following residents of Cambridge, graduates of Harvard College: President Edward Holyoke, Rev. Nathaniel Appleton, Joshua Parker, and Nicholas Fessenden.[2]

Mr. Shipton's delightful studies of these interesting persons were received with much appreciation.

After some questions directed to Mr. Shipton, a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Shipton and to Mr. and Mrs. Paine.

[1] See *post*, pp. 25–26.

[2] The sketches are included in Vol. 5 of *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*, published in 1937 by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on April 28, 1936, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Heard, 64 Brattle Street. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:10 P.M. There were about sixty members and guests present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Professor JOSEPH H. BEALE was introduced by the President and gave an account of President Dunster as a litigant. The material used by Professor Beale had been gathered from the files of the old Court of Middlesex County, which are now being preserved as a W. P. A. project initiated by this Society, and from the history of Harvard College by Professor Samuel Eliot Morison.

Mr. LORING P. JORDAN, Register of Probate of Middlesex County, who was present as a guest of the Society, was called upon by the President to speak of the work of his office.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jordan's interesting remarks, Mr. James spoke briefly of the generous coöperation given by Mr. Jordan in photographing the records of the old County Court for the purposes of study and research, and moved a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Jordan for the assistance he had given and is now giving. The motion was unanimously carried.

Dr. Eliot spoke briefly about the condition of the Old Burying Ground, and moved the adoption of the following resolution:

That the President and Secretary be requested to express to the President and Fellows of Harvard College the hope and desire of the Cambridge Historical Society that the Corporation may find it possible before the Tercentenary celebration to provide for

(1) the cleaning up and putting into good order that portion of the old graveyard opposite the College gate where are the graves of the early Presidents, Professors, and Tutors of Harvard College;
(2) the recutting of the almost obliterated inscriptions on some of the stones that mark these graves;
(3) the placing on the fence or at the gate of the graveyard of a tablet bearing the names of the early officers of the College and founders of the town whose "dust endears the sod."

The resolution moved by Dr. Eliot was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Cook moved that the President appoint a Committee of three to interview the Cemetery Commissioner with a view to the general improvement of the Old Burying Ground. The motion was unanimously carried.

The President appointed Dr. Eliot Chairman of the committee of three, with power to choose his associates. He spoke of the efforts made by the committee of which he is Chairman to secure from the city an appropriation for the care and improvement of the Old Burying Ground but with little success other than the approval of the employment of W. P. A. workers in planting the shrubs and trees and laying the brick which the committee raised money to purchase. The Cambridge Cemetery Committee were unwilling to ask for an appropriation for the lot, over which it had never exercised any authority; and each Mayor in turn has said that he could not recommend such an appropriation while the financial affairs of the city were so pressing.

After a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Heard and to Professor Beale, the meeting adjourned.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on June 2, 1936, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 3 P.M.

The President introduced Professor SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, who gave a very interesting address upon the subject of the Tercentenary of Harvard College and its significance.

After a vote of thanks to the speaker and to Mrs. Tudor, the meeting was adjourned to the lovely garden, where refreshments were served.

About sixty members and guests were present.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, October 27, 1936, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ingraham, 7 Lowell Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:10 P.M.

The minutes of the two previous meetings were read and approved.

Mr. Glenn reported as to the work on the Old Burying Ground during the summer, and highly commended the Cambridge Cemetery Commissioner for his coöperation. Mr. Glenn stated that Harvard College had improved its part of the burying ground. As a W. P. A. project, work will be done upon the records relating to the burying ground by one group, and another group will put the ground in order by spreading loam to increase the fertility of the soil. It is planned to have two iron gates installed in place of the wooden gates now there. Mr. Glenn asked for the assistance of members of the Society.

Dr. Eliot spoke of the work done by his Committee, to which he had appointed Mr. McNair and Mr. Bill. They had visited the City Hall and had interested the officials in the condition of the burying ground. Upon Dr. Eliot's motion, Messrs. McNair and Bill were voted the thanks of the Society.

The Secretary then read a memorial to the late James L. Paine, which was ordered spread on these minutes. It was directed that a copy be sent to Mrs. Paine.

JAMES LEONARD PAINE, 1857–1936

James Leonard Paine, a member of this Society since 1905 and of its Council since 1926, died at his summer home in Beverly on August 7th, 1936.

Mr. Paine was born at Boston, April 25th, 1857, the son of John Shearer and Eliza Ann (Shearer) Paine. He prepared for College at the Cambridge High School, and graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1881. In 1931, for the Fiftieth Anniversary Report of the Class of 1881, he wrote as follows:

"I fully expected to enter Harvard Medical School the following autumn, my courses of study having been chosen with that end in view. When fall came, however, I decided for various reasons to try business for a year at least, and entered the employ of the Paine Furniture Company in Boston. At the end of the year it seemed best for me to continue, so I gave up the idea of studying medicine as a profession. When later the business was incorporated, I was made secretary and treasurer. This office I held until 1909, when I sold out my interest and retired from active business."

Cambridge has profited largely, both by this early desire of Mr. Paine's and by the later decision. We can see here the reason that Mr. Paine so long and generously supported the interests of the Cambridge Hospital. For thirty-seven years, from 1899, when he first became a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hospital, until his death, no person has served it more faithfully. Many other institutions in Cambridge received the benefit of his attention. He was long the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association, a Director of the Home for Aged People, of the Cambridge Welfare Union, and on the Council of the Girl Scouts. For many years he was a deacon of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church.

He was a Director of several Boston banks, and was one of the first Trustees of the Central Trust Company of Cambridge. In 1913, he was a member of the Corporation of the Harvard Medical School of China, afterwards taken over by the Rockefeller Foundation.

In May, 1885, Mr. Paine was married to Mary Woolson, daughter of James A. Woolson, of Cambridge. In memory of the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Hurlbut erected the Woolson Building for Children at the Cambridge Hospital in 1929.

The President appointed the following Nominating Committee, to report at the Annual Meeting in January: Mr. Arthur B. Nichols, Miss Mary Deane Dexter, and Miss Penelope B. Noyes.

The President then introduced Miss Lois Lilley Howe, who read a very delightful collection of letters showing how Cambridge people used to travel.[1]

After a vote of thanks to Miss Howe and to Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See *post*, pp. 27–48.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH MEETING

Thirty-second Annual Meeting

THE Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on Tuesday, January 26, 1937, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Gilman, 19 Ash Street. About sixty-five members and guests were present. The meeting was called to order by the President at 8 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer presented his annual report, and Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook presented his report as Auditor. Both reports were received and ordered placed on file.

The Curator made an oral report, exhibiting to the Society a number of interesting gifts recently received.

The Secretary read the report of the Council and of the Secretary, which was upon motion received and ordered filed.

The Secretary then read the report of the Nominating Committee as follows:

President	Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Joseph H. Beale Frank Gaylord Cook Lois Lilley Howe
Secretary	Eldon R. James
Treasurer	Willard H. Sprague
Curator	Walter B. Briggs
Editor	David T. Pottinger
Council: the above and	
Rev. Samuel A. Eliot	Elizabeth B. Piper
Roger Gilman	Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh
Rev. C. Leslie Glenn	

No other nominations having been made, it was voted unanimously that the report be accepted and the Secretary directed to cast one ballot for all of those nominated by the Nominating Committee.

The ballot having been cast by the Secretary, all of those nominated by the Nominating Committee were declared duly elected to the respective offices for the ensuing year.

The President then introduced Mr. G. Frederick Robinson, President of the Watertown Historical Society, who read an interesting paper entitled "How the First Parish in Cambridge Got a New Meeting House," dealing among other matters with the history of the boundary between Watertown and Cambridge.[1]

Mr. Hersey, at the conclusion of Mr. Robinson's paper, moved that the Society take steps to have the name of Gerry's Landing changed to Sir Richard's Landing, as had been suggested by Mr. Robinson. Mr. Briggs suggested that the matter be referred to the Council. This suggestion having been accepted by Mr. Hersey, the motion was carried.

After voting the thanks of the Society to Mr. Robinson and to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See *post*, pp. 49–66.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, April 27, 1937, at the residence of Mrs. Thomas R. Watson, 71 Appleton Street, at 8:20 P.M., President Walcott presiding.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary reported the names of new members elected to the Society since the last meeting.

Mr. Briggs displayed a chair said to have come from the first academy or school in Cambridge, the owner of which was willing to sell it to the Society. Mr. Briggs asked if anyone was willing to suggest an offer. There being no response, no further action was taken.

The President then introduced Professor HENRY J. CADBURY, who spoke most interestingly upon "Early Quakers at Cambridge." [1]

After a vote of thanks to Professor Cadbury and to Mrs. Watson, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See *post*, pp. 67–82.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met on May 25, 1937, for the Garden Party usually held in June, at the residence of Miss Ada L. Comstock, 76 Brattle Street. About seventy members and guests were present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 4:20 P.M., and after a brief introduction, presented Professor GLOVER M. ALLEN, who read an interesting and delightful paper on "William Brewster, 1851–1919."[1] At the conclusion of the paper, Mr. Henry Bartlett, a relative of William Brewster, gave some additional reminiscences of Mr. Brewster, at the request of the President.

After a vote of thanks to Mr. Allen and to Miss Comstock, and the day being fine, adjournment was made to the garden, where tea was served.

[1] See *post*, pp. 83–98.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met on Tuesday, October 26, 1937, at the Cambridge Boat Club, Memorial Drive, as the guests of Miss Mary Deane Dexter, Miss Penelope Barker Noyes, and Miss Mary Emory Batchelder.

At shortly after eight o'clock, the meeting was called to order by President Walcott, who called to the attention of the Society, the death of Miss Maria Bowen and the gift by her in her will of her residence, 9 Follen Street, and of one-half of the residue of her estate. The President expressed the deep appreciation of the Society for Miss Bowen's generous gift and stated that at some later time the Council would have a recommendation to submit to the Society with regard thereto.

The President then introduced STOUGHTON BELL, Esq., who read interesting excerpts from the letters of his aunt, Miss Louise Stoughton, describing "Bits of Russian Court Life in the Seventies,"[1] when Miss Stoughton was in Russia with her uncle, the Hon. E. W. Stoughton, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the United States to the Imperial Court.

Mr. Bell's paper was greatly enjoyed.

The President appointed Mr. William H. Pear as Chairman of the Nominating Committee with Miss Josephine F. Bumstead and Mr. Glover M. Allen as associates.

After votes of thanks to Mr. Bell and to the hostesses, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

[1] See *post*, pp. 99–134.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST MEETING

A Special Meeting of the Society, called by the Council to take action with regard to the gifts to the Society in the will of the late Miss Maria Bowen, was held at 3 o'clock P.M., November 13, 1937, at Miss Bowen's residence, 9 Follen Street. Notwithstanding the rain, about fifty-five members were present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 3:10 o'clock. He stated that the Society was greatly indebted to the Committee of the Council, Miss Howe, Mrs. Vosburgh, and Mr. Cook, for the very successful results of their labor in preparing the house for the meeting. The Society was also indebted to Mrs. Henry J. Winslow, Mrs. Frank Hawley, and Miss Marion Abbott, who had kindly consented to act as hostesses at the tea which would follow the meeting.

The President then said that the meeting had been called to take such action as the Society might see fit, upon two recommendations with reference to the gifts contained in Miss Bowen's will, voted by the Council at a meeting held November 5, 1937.

At the President's request the Secretary read the recommendations as follows:

1. The Council recommends to the Society that the gift of the house and land, contained in Miss Bowen's will, be accepted.

2. The Council recommends to the Society that the gift of one-half of the residue of Miss Bowen's estate, contained in her will, be accepted.

Mr. Cook moved that the first recommendation of the Council with regard to the acceptance of the gift of the house and land, contained in Miss Bowen's will, be adopted. The motion, having been seconded, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Cook moved that the second recommendation of the Council with regard to the acceptance of the gift of one-half of the

residue of Miss Bowen's estate, be adopted. The motion was seconded.

The President stated that he had been informed by the Executor that one-half of the residue would amount to between ten and fifteen thousand dollars.

Miss Howe stated that immediate and necessary repairs would require an estimated expenditure of $1500.00.

There was considerable discussion. Mr. Pottinger moved to amend Mr. Cook's motion by adding, "to be kept until the Society is able to dispose of the house and land and then to be returned to the residuary legatees as provided in Miss Bowen's will."

Mr. Cook suggested a re-phrasing of Mr. Pottinger's amendment so that it would read, "it being understood that if and when the Society sells the house and land, the matter of disposal of the one-half of the residue of Miss Bowen's estate be reconsidered." Mr. Pottinger declined to accept the suggestion.

Professor Beale called for a division of the question, first, as to the acceptance of the residue, and second, as to the sale of the house and the return of the residue. He stated that he thought the Society should retain the house long enough to determine whether it could be used for the purposes of the Society.

The President ruled that as Mr. Pottinger's proposed amendment had not been seconded, the question was upon Mr. Cook's motion that the gift of one-half of the residue be accepted.

Dr. Eliot then moved as an amendment to Mr. Cook's motion that when the house and land are sold, the amount received by the Society from the residue of Miss Bowen's estate be returned to the legatees who would have received it under Miss Bowen's will had the Society declined the gift. The amendment was seconded. Having been put by the President, the amendment was carried by a vote of fourteen in favor to eight against.

The motion as amended being then put, was carried by a vote of fifty-two in favor to one against.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at 5:15 P.M.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND MEETING

A Special Meeting of the Society, called by the Council to consider an offer presented by Mrs. Caroline Phillips Smith on behalf of a client, to purchase the house and land at No. 9 Follen Street, given to the Society under the will of the late Miss Maria Bowen, and such other business as the Society might wish to transact, was held in Christ Church on December 16, 1937 at four o'clock in the afternoon. About forty members were present. President Walcott presided.

The minutes of the last regular meeting, held October 26, 1937, were read and approved.

The minutes of the special meeting of the Society held November 13, 1937, were read and approved.

Mr. Sedgwick on behalf of Mr. Glenn, the Rector of Christ Church, welcomed the Society to Christ Church and expressed Mr. Glenn's regret that he was unable to be present because of an engagement in New York.

The President requested Mr. Sedgwick to express to Mr. Glenn the regret of the Society at his absence, and our thanks for his kindness in allowing us to meet in Christ Church.

The President then read the pertinent portions of Miss Bowen's will and read a statement from Miss Bowen's executor and trustee, Mr. R. H. Gardiner.

The offer from Mrs. Caroline Phillips Smith was then read and also another offer from Mr. George A. Proctor, 3 Concord Ave., in which Mr. Proctor agreed to pay $12,000.00 cash for 9 Follen St. Mr. Proctor's offer did not involve the payment of a commission to a broker. The President then stated that Mr. Proctor's offer having been brought to Mrs. Smith's attention, her

client had authorized an offer of $12,100.00 for the property, cash, and without deduction for commissions.

The President then read a letter from Mrs. Frances W. Emerson to the effect that it was the present intention of herself and of her husband, Mr. William Emerson, the owners of the house and land at 159 Brattle Street, to leave that property, house, land, and garage, to the Society, when they had both finished with it.

The President stated that the Society deeply appreciated Mr. and Mrs. Emerson's expression of intention ultimately to give their beautiful seventeenth-century house to the Society.

Mr. Cook suggested that the meeting resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole for informal discussion. No action was taken upon this suggestion.

Mr. Cook stated that Mr. Proctor's proposal had been left at his house after a conversation he had had with Mr. Proctor's son. He had been told that the house was desired for personal occupation.

Mr. Gilman moved that a small real estate Committee, of which the President should be Chairman, be appointed to consider offers. There was no second.

Mr. Pottinger then moved that the house be sold. This motion was seconded.

Mr. Cook moved as substitute for Mr. Pottinger's motion the following:

MOTION

WHEREAS the late Maria Bowen in her will has given this Society her house and land, No. 9 Follen St., Cambridge, together with one-half her residue, "the income to be used so far as needed for the maintenance of my house and land, and any balance to be used for the general purposes of said Society," and has expressed her desire that said Society may either rent said real estate, giving preference to persons connected with Harvard University, or occupy it as it deems best from time to time, and

WHEREAS no advantageous lease thereof can be obtained at present without extensive repairs, involving the Society in heavy debt, beyond said income; and

WHEREAS it would promote the activities and influence and general welfare of the Society to have a home available for its meetings and the meetings of its Council and committees, and for the reception, care, and display of gifts of historic value, and for other purposes; and it further appears, on preliminary studies and estimates submitted to the Council, that without the accumulation of any debt and gradually over a reasonable period, out of the net income of said legacy, — and without any substantial structural change — said house may be improved so as to be suitable for said purposes;

NOW THEREFORE, be it

RESOLVED

(1) That the offers of purchase be refused

(2) That the Bowen house and grounds, for the present be used, as desired by the testatrix, as the home of the Society, available for the purposes above stated, and that gifts of practical or historic value suitable for their furnishing and equipment, or for the collections of the Society, be thus encouraged; and

(3) That the Council proceed to prepare and improve said premises to the extent, in the manner, and for the purposes above stated and to appoint a committee to frame, report, and execute a plan therefor.

Mr. Cook's motion was seconded.

There was an extended discussion.

The President then put Mr. Cook's motion. A show of hands was requested which resulted in eight for Mr. Cook's motion and twenty-five against.

The President accordingly declared the motion lost.

The question then recurring upon Mr. Pottinger's motion, Dr. Eliot suggested that if Mr. Pottinger and the seconder of his

motion would consent he would like to have the motion in the following form: that the Society delegate to the President, Secretary, and Treasurer, as a committee thereof, power to enter into any agreement in the discretion of said Committee for the sale or lease of the house and land at 9 Follen Street and in case the house and land be sold, the President is hereby authorized to execute a quit claim deed of the property on behalf of the Cambridge Historical Society. Further that the Society keep the net proceeds of sale, if one is made, as a principal fund to be known as the Maria Bowen Fund, the income from which is to be added to the principal for ten years or until a permanent home for the Society is secured, and that thereafter the income only of the said fund be spent for the purposes of the Society.

Mr. Pottinger, with the consent of his second, accepted Dr. Eliot's suggestions.

The President separated the motion and asked the Society to vote upon the last part first, establishing the Maria Bowen Fund, out of the proceeds of sale, should there be a sale.

This was accordingly done and, the question being put, the second part of Dr. Eliot's motion was adopted.

The President then put the first part of Dr. Eliot's motion, which was also adopted.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at six o'clock.

JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY

Remarks by Hon. Robert Walcott

January 28, 1936

MR. CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON'S paper at the meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society on January 28, 1936, was a summary of four sketches of early Cambridge residents, later published in the fifth volume of "Sibley's Harvard Graduates." Introducing Mr. Shipton, President Walcott gave the following brief account of John Langdon Sibley, through whose bequest the Massachusetts Historical Society is continuing the publication of memoirs of early Harvard men:

In this year of college celebration it is not inappropriate to call attention to the date of the death of an important and well-known Cambridge resident, which occurred fifty years ago last month. Born in Union, Maine, John Langdon Sibley earned his way through Phillips Exeter Academy, through Harvard College, and through the Harvard Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1828. He was Librarian of Harvard College for twenty-one years, from 1856 to 1877, and was Editor of the Catalogue of Harvard Graduates from 1839 to 1885, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Fellow of the American Academy. The petition for probate of his will, which is in his own handwriting, states: "The next of kin, so far as known . . . are very remote indeed, whose names and addresses are unknown to your petitioners." Of his will he names as executors, Samuel A. Green, described as President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Professor Andrew Preston Peabody. Their inventory of his estate, consisting of railroad bonds and stocks, totalled $156,500.00, and this amount, less the modest charges for doctor and undertaker, was turned over to the widow as trustee for herself and the Massachusetts Historical Society. The will leaves all property "To my dear wife Charlotte Augusta Langdon (Cook) Sibley in

token of her entire unselfishness and of her self-sacrificing devotion to my comfort and happiness for her for life. Upon my wife's death I give to Phillips Exeter Academy all portraits now in my house painted by E. E. Finch of my parents Doctor Jonathan Sibley and Mrs. Persis (Morse) Sibley by whose indefatigable industry, rigid economy, and painful self-denial was accumulated the small property which contributed the beginning and foundation of the Sibley Charity Fund." [This item refers to a fund of $15,000.00 given to Phillips Exeter during his lifetime].

"All the said trust property and estate remaining at my said wife's death, after deducting the said legacy, I give and devise to the Massachusetts Historical Society, to be kept as a separate fund, and called the Sibley Fund; and the income thereof to be applied to the publication of Biographical Sketches of the graduates of Harvard University, written in the same general manner as the sketches already published by me, and in continuation thereof. If any income then remain, the same shall be applied first to the purchase of printed books, pamphlets, or manuscripts, the same being composed by graduates of Harvard University, or relating to such graduates; and next, to the general purposes of the Society."

HOW CAMBRIDGE PEOPLE USED TO TRAVEL

By Lois Lilley Howe

Read October 27, 1936

A FRIEND OF MINE who had an enviable reputation for being able to entertain children by telling them original fairy stories, told me sadly the other day that her day was over, that the radio and the airplane with all the other modern wonders had made her stories of magic mere commonplace.

The iconoclasts, too, are now bent on destroying the glamor of the tournament. No more are we to imagine gallant knights charging into the lists or whirling around their prancing steeds to renew the combat; nor are we to imagine Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert rising and fighting on after he was thrown, for we are told that they were so heavy in their armor that only stout cart-horses could carry them and that each knight was lifted onto his horse by two squires!

All too soon, I fear, the modern child who is transported every day to a distant school in a swift automobile and whose chief sight of a horse may be that of the milkman plodding on his early round, may not even be thrilled by Young Lochinvar.

Perhaps this lack of imagination really began with us, for even those of us who still remember the days before the horseless age are inclined to think that our ancestors had rather a dull time of it. To us a driving trip was the event of a lifetime. Only the very well-to-do could even take an afternoon's pleasure-drive in their own carriages. To most of us who travelled and commuted by rail — and even by trolley-cars — those means of conveyance seemed the last word of luxury and convenience. We read Dickens's accounts of stages with four spanking horses changed at intervals with lightning speed, but our own experiences on summer visits to country places remote from railroads made us visualize stage rides as long slow trips over bad roads. These we took in vehicles like shaky, enlarged carryalls, or barges whose name recalled the days of the Doges or Queen Elizabeth but which actually were high open omnibuses. Consequently we imagine that our great-grandparents were more or less marooned in their houses, especially in the country.

Here we make a grave mistake. Those who wanted to travel or

whose business demanded it, always have managed it, I believe. Horses were necessities, not luxuries; and in the early nineteenth century, stage-coaches as mail carriers were developed into great efficiency.

I know for a fact that one cousin of my mother's who lived in Savannah brought his whole family north every summer, driving six weeks in their own carriage. That it was somewhat tedious is shown by the story that one of the little girls, when restless, was allowed to run beside the carriage on a leash! They usually returned by boat — horses, carriage, and all.

So it should not be surprising to us to learn that in 1835 Mrs. Phineas Spelman decided to go from Cambridge to visit her sister in Middletown, Connecticut, in the summer time. Mrs. Spelman was a widow and had moved from Boston to Cambridge when her son Munson came to college. She and her daughter lived at 2 Garden Street with my grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Howe.

Harriet Spelman was about twenty-one years old and the first letter is from her to her friend Mary Howe, describing the trip by stage. Unfortunately she does not say just where she took the stage. Could it have stopped at 2 Garden Street? If not, how were trunks and band-boxes got to Harvard Square, then called the Village, where it must have stopped or started? [1]

Middletown, Conn., July 22nd, [probably 1835]

Faithful to my promise, am I not, my dear Mary? though I fear my letter will not be very interesting, for I have not Lucy's skill in writing *extemporaneous* letters and I have nothing to write about, but myself and my journey. First and most important, myself — but you are pretty well acquainted with that subject, and may think the other more interesting — So to commence — After a most affecting parting from Mrs. Howe and Lucy — Mr. Lyman and Estes, we set out with a whole stage full of women Munson being the only passenger of the masculine gender — But in spite of this very disagreeable circumstance, we had quite an agreeable ride — and after we had dropped one or two women, we took in a poor freshman who had been on top and picked up another man, somewhere along the road. I had never travelled on this road before, and, as neither of us was at all sick, I had quite

[1] She undoubtedly *did* start from the house as she went west through Marlborough and Northboro.

a good time. The scenery about Marlborough, Shrewsbury and Northborough is really quite fine. The road is very much pleasanter than that which passes through Framingham. We arrived at Worcester at five o'clock, took tea and then Mother and Munson went out to see the curiosities of the place and returned, satisfied with having had and return of staring from the shop-keepers, etc. I, being of a retiring disposition, remained in my room. We took our places in the mail at five the next morning and found the back seats already occupied by a gruff old Alderman Somebody, from Philadelphia, and his niece a lively little woman whom he ordered about at a great rate. Moreover a black boy on top put up there for a scolding-block to the Alderman. The morning was so cold that we were almost frozen and when we stopped to breakfast our great fat Alderman declared his man must take off his trunk and get him some thicker clothes. So we had to wait for him — the first time I ever knew the mail wait for any body. At last we set out, but before we had gone a mile we were overtaken by a man on horse-back who threw something to the driver and screamed out "there's a pair of pantaloons belongs to some on ye" — and galloped off — then the poor blacky had to take something of a scolding. The old gentleman was a great source of amusement to us all the way. Now, bashful as I am, I must tell you of the beau I picked up. There was a dark looking gentleman took the mail at Worcester, whom I concluded was a Southerner, but it was early & cold. So we sat and slept very quietly, opposite one-another till we stopped to breakfast. This woke us fairly up and when we got into the stage again — my gentleman told me he knew me. I gave him a good stare and said, I guess I do not know you though. Well, he answered you know my sisters nevertheless. So we made ourselves acquainted — and he was *so* agreeable and polite all the way — even to our door. He is a New-York merchant and growing rich very fast — but he belongs here and is visiting his family. Tell this to Mr. Lyman you must know he prophisied I should get caught by some of these despised Middletown beaux — and you can assure him there is no knowing what may happen.

. . . . . .

Now, Mary dear, no person whatsoever is to see this letter, unless yr. mother should desire to read it. I hardly think she will — but if she should her organ of benevolence is so fully developed that I could make no objection. Did you find the note I left in yr. little locked drawer? To finish learnedly

Lebet ihr wohl —

Yrs. most affectly.

HARRIET M. S.

In those days people did not go south in the winter. It would appear that they hibernated. Yet business trips had to be taken even in the winter and here we have an account of one taken by Mr. Joseph Story Fay,[1] a young man of twenty-three, whose father and mother lived in Fay House, now a part of Radcliffe College.[2]

COPY

88 Mt. Vernon Street,
Boston, Dec. 31, 1891.

My dear Sir:—

You asked me to give you some particulars of my journey to New York from Boston in December 1835 as illustrating the almost incredible growth of travel and business between the two points in a little more than fifty years. I was doing business as a Commission Merchant in New York and was on a visit to Boston when the terrible fire of December 16, 1835 occurred at that place. The news came in about forty hours and as my place of business was destroyed, I was very anxious to make my way back. The principal route of travel was then by stage to Providence and from there by steamboat, but it being a very hard winter, all the harbors on the sound were frozen up and there was no way of getting to New York but by the stage route which carried the mail daily. There had been a heavy snow storm over the whole country and there having been no wind, it was from two to three feet deep on a level. The roads were open and the sleighing ex-

[1] J. S. F. was born December 8, 1812.

[2] This is a copy of a copy; the original is lost. — L. L. H.

cellent, so I got into the stage sleigh at ten o'clock at night and commenced my journey. As the stage company were well paid for carrying the mail, they were indifferent about passengers and they took me on sufferance, with no more regard for my comfort than for one of the mailbags. As I had started at short notice, I was poorly provided against the cold and I suffered very much, but as my object was to get through as soon as possible, I did not complain. It was an old fashioned double sleigh covered with heavy flannel stretched over a frame with the sides or curtains buttoned down and therefore not at all impervious to the cold. It was drawn by four horses who were changed every ten or fifteen miles and we made about six miles an hour net. As the mails accumulated, the bags were pitched into the bottom of the sleigh and I had to make the best of it, by riding upon them. It was very cold and I remember as we drove into Middletown County, during the second night, hearing the driver say that the thermometer was seventeen degrees below zero. I do not remember many details, but only the general impression of great suffering and I was very glad at the end of thirty eight hours to be driven into New York. Now there is nothing very remarkable about the hardship or suffering of this journey, but the noteworthy thing was that I was the only individual who travelled between Boston and New York in those thirty eight hours. Only one person making this trip where there are now thousands. What progress and development. Subsequently during the same winter, I was a solitary passenger to New Haven, where the harbor having opened, I found a freight steamboat going to New York and availed of it to complete my journey. All this also illustrates the fact that we were not such a busy people in those days and were willing to rest during the winter and call it a dead season.

Yours truly,

[Signed] Jos. S. Fay

Chs. H. Dalton, Esq.,
Commonwealth Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

As you will understand from the above, steam-boats were already in use. The old letters speak of them over and over again, but railroads were still very new. We know that the first railroad which ran from Quincy to Boston was opened in 1827. The Boston & Worcester Rail Road, now the Boston & Albany, began to run trains to Worcester in 1836 and in that year the bold Spelmans began their Middletown trip by the new conveyance.

Middletown, July 23d. [probably 1836]

My dear Mary

I do not know but you will be disappointed to receive a letter from me so soon, but I consider my own convenience the first thing to be consulted — and I can better write to-day than to-morrow. As you have corresponded with me before — you will not expect anything in this letter — but an account of our journey and our health. We reached Brighton at 6 o'clock but the cars did not come for a quarter of an hour — during which time we were very agreeably entertained, with a particular account of all the rail-road accidents, by Mr. Winship — he seems to be a sort of superintendent of affairs there. I think I should like this mode of traveling very much, if the noise did not make my head ache so. We had the very last car all to ourselves — except one man who was with us for a short time — it had two seats arranged like those in a carriage — but broad enough to hold four with perfect ease, so after our man left us I took Munson's cloak for a pillow and stretched myself at length upon one of them — leaving the other to Mother & Munson — Minot & his little brother were in the next car. We did not go very fast though sufficiently so to keep up a refreshing breeze — which made us very comfortable. Our road was quite pleasant sometimes ascending a tolerable hill and passing right through the potatoe fields, and in one place the road was cut through a hill of solid rock without even one grain of earth to *stick* it together — it was eight or ten feet high — and extended quarter of a mile or perhaps twice as far — the noise was tremendous — as it was whenever we passed between stone walls — or even when the wall was but two feet high and on but one side. I thought that — from the difference in sound while passing

through these places — and along the open country — I could imagine how thunder sounds among the Alps. I do not mean that the sound was any thing like thunder — but merely that Alpine thunder must be as different from ours — as the noise of the engine among the rocks — was from that in the open country. We arrived at Worcester at nine — found the stages waiting and took our seats immediately — but they kept us waiting before the hotel for half an hour. As soon as I was sufficiently rested from the noise of the cars — to look about me I began to wish for Cranch and his pencil — there was a sleepy Frenchman — a bright Yankee — a silent man and last but not least the old Harry & his daughter. I can not draw the old gentleman, but perhaps I can give some idea of him by description. He was over six feet high — a huge skeleton covered with a thick skin, clothed in blue pantaloons and green coat — neck a foot long — head like Byron's — covered with hair like Andrew Jackson's — face like a hatchet, blue eyes *very-very* protuberant — and green glasses. Can you imagine him? I am used to all sorts of company but Mother was quite alarmed at having to sit opposite to him. Moreover he seemed to take a fancy to us — wanted to know if our home was in Hartford — and I thought was inclined to pay us a visit. But we dropped him at the stage house and — being very genteel — ordered the driver to the City Hotel and drove off. Now comes an adventure, which I must have a fresh page for.

We stopped at a Hotel door and the silent man jumped out. Munson followed and a fat man flourished up and informed him we could have rooms and supper — so we went in — were very much pleased with the stillness of the house and the politeness of the people —. When we went to supper I was very much surprised to see so much fly-spatters & lamp smoke — but then it was pretty *dark* and perhaps it would look better by *day-light*. Good supper — but very coarse salt — and no salt-spoon — strange in such an elegant establishment! In the course of one or two things which we said to the woman — we discovered it was not the City — but the Hartford Hotel — however we did not care — went to our rooms — found feather-beds & called for a matress — she said

there was not one in the house — but we had a straw-bed pulled out & put on top which did very well — but when we came to wash there was nothing but brown-soap. We were by this time in a grand frolick at the superior accomodations we had found by leaving the stage-house. We were called to breakfast at half-past six — and the first thing we saw seated at the foot of the table was Monsieur our Stage driver — and as the rest came in we found they were all to match — I thought Munson would have gone into fits with laughing. But we got through took the stage at ten & arrived here just before one. I was so taken up with the old Harry that I forgot to tell you what beautiful flowers I saw. We took a sort of back road from Worcester to Hartford, and the sides were covered with those beautiful scarlet lilies — that tall blue flower — some of which we had in the flower pot when I left C—— and several kinds of white flowers. I longed to get them — but we were crawling along at such a slow pace, that we could not afford to stop — or perhaps I should have made an attempt upon the driver's benevolence. For once when I was in the Mail stage, the driver did stop and pick some for me. I have given you a long and I fear tedious account — but my excuse is — I wanted to write & to give you an account of my journey — and alas! Mr. ——— and I do not understand condensing.

Railroads increased rapidly, and undoubtedly more people travelled as they found it easier and less expensive. In 1838, Harriet Spelman married a young doctor, Estes Howe, and with him went to Pomeroy, Ohio, a little town on the Ohio River, where he had already established himself near his older brother, Tracy. There their first little girl was born in 1839, and in 1840 grandmother Howe made a pilgrimage to see her sons and their children. With her went her two daughters, Mary and Sara, and also her brother James Murray Robbins with his wife Mary, who evidently were travelling to see the world.

She has to tell us of another new means of transportation — the canal boat.

She writes to her sister, Mrs. Revere.

Pittsburg June 3d 1840

My dear Sister — Here we are — seven-hundred miles away from

our New England home — it certainly is the same world and yet it does seem very "far off". I wrote to Catherine from Philadelphia and gave an account of our journey there and to James to describe our visit — to you an account of Philadelphia would be superfluous except to know that we had a very good time there. On Saturday morning we started at six o'clock on the Harrisburg rail-road the length of which is one hundred and eight miles — the country it traverses is rich and luxuriant beyond any thing New- England can show except in a few highly cultivated spots — broad lands cover'd with grain and grass — wheat in the ear — clover in full flower looking as our grass appears on the first of July — But as we passed through this long tract we looked in vain for those village spires which give "the church going bell" to almost every hill and vale in Massachusetts — indeed I never saw any building which looked to me like a church for more than seventy miles of the way — I know that there are such things among them but they are neither so conspicuous nor so frequent as ours. The barns are larger than the houses, many of which seemed to me to contain one room and an attic. We did not see much of Harrisburg as we there had a scrabble to get our baggage safe aboard the canal-boat. The Pennsylvania Canal is one of the noblest works of art in this country — I had thought of a canal as a ditch by a road-side like the Middlesex Canal — not so the Pennsylvania — it is a stream of thirty feet in width carried over rivers, through mountains, and locked more than two hundred times. The canal boats are about ninety feet long and twelve wide — the one we entered had a most obliging Captain and about fifty passengers — Gov. Potter went a few miles with us, but we were not introduced the other passengers were respectable people with whom we formed some acquaintance. We saw the Susquhanna (*sic*) a few miles below Harrisburg as broad a stream as the Hudson but apparently more shallow as the rocks show through in many places — the canal follows its border soon after you leave Harrisburg and the scenery is quite fine resembling the Highlands of the Hudson. Fourteen miles above Harrisburg we cross this river. I would fain give you some idea of this scene but believe

I shall hardly succeed — The river is closed in by mountains above and below so as to wear the appearance of a Highland lake of half a mile wide and six or seven miles long — I think I have seen no picture of Lake Scenery in Europe which at all surpasses it. The mountains are high and rugged covered with wood from base to summit and an Emerald Isle of great fertility with a pleasant dwelling surrounded by trees lies just above a very fine arched bridge, which has the tow-path on its side — the Susquehanna runs north and south and the north branch of the Canal joins the west at this place and the Juniata river comes in from the west over which we pass by an aqueduct — our branch being the western. The Juniata is about as broad as the Connecticut is between Vermont and New-Hampshire but far more romantic in scenery — I have never in my life seen such scenery — every mile of it would be considered a curiosity worth visiting any where within fifty miles of Boston. The Sunday went quietly away we were gliding over "the still waters" and by "the green pastures" the pathless woods and the rocky summits were presenting themselves in varied succession we could always see the beautiful river our canal winding by natures path-way through the mountains. There were good books on board but I did not read much. We had very comfortable food and I liked our accomodation very well for the day & I slept much better at night than I did on board the steamer but M. Robbins could not sleep on the shelf for fear of rolling off — I had an under birth and we contrived a place on the floor by my side which she occupied the three nights we were on the Canal — in two different boats. Mary took an upper shelf without any difficulty and slept well — there is a ventilator in the roof which prevents the air from becoming very oppressive.

We met a Mr. and Mrs. Williams (English) going to Kentucky who will see that Mrs. Newell is landed at the right place on the river and a Mr. Jones from Philadelphia who is to land at Cincinnati and will render Sarah any help she may need after we leave her — She is a nice kind little creature the wife of a Methodist preacher in P. who is going to Ohio to visit her parents. On Monday we crossed the Alleghany mountain by the portage rail-

road — it took us more than five hours to go thirty six miles but there are ten inclined planes with stationary engines which creates delay and we dined on the top of the Mountain. The mountain scenery is much like the least cultivated parts of Worthington and Cummington and then we took leave of the beautiful Juniata a mere rill one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth — in a few miles we met the western waters and when we came to our canal again we were by the side of the Connamaw. This mountain stream reminded me of the Chesterfield river after about forty locks in the canal we pass through a tunnel (the third on the route) and come to where the Loyalhanna joins the Connamaw and there the river is called the Kishirmintas — this country for twenty or thirty miles is *ornamented* with salt-works — a salt well is dug on the side of the river — five hundred feet deep — a steam-engine set up to pump — a coal hole dug in the mountain — a slide to push down the coal — an open frame work for the boilers and, a square stone tower for a chimney to them this place is all darken'd by coal smoke and looks like a burnt buildings still smoking, with rafters standing, — two wreaths arise, one of black smoke, one of white vapour. At such a place three men often make twenty barrells of salt per day, a great blessing surely at five hundred miles from the sea — but like almost all the works of man they mock the beauty and jar the harmony of the Creators' work. — The forges are blasting and the engines are driving all around us here in Pittsburg and yet I cannot close my eyes to the knowledge that this is one of the fairest spots of earth — The Kishumintas flows into the Alleghany more than twenty miles before we reach this place — the banks of the Alleghany remind me of the Connecticut at Northampton — pleasant farms like the Phelps at Hadley, and as you approach Pittsburg neat and handsome country seats are on the slopes of the hills — a thunder shower prevented us from seeing as much of the environs of this city as we wished. We saw some agreeable people from New York on our last canal boat, and we arrived here on Tuesday evening a little before nine this house where the canal boat left us in Venetian style, is not the first house — but we arrived in the evening and there was a great

convenience in not moving the luggage again — we have had a good nights lodging and a good breakfast and go onto the Ohio boat this forenoon — James is out looking out for our passage and we are just going to take a walk. . . . We have been out and got wet in a shower as we deserved it for it looked ready to pour when we went out — We go in an hour I hope to reach Pomeroy before tomorrow night if we have our usual good fortune. Some escapes we have had — a blasted rock at Fair-mount fell within a few yards of our heads a calico gown caught from the Cabin light in the Canal-boat & was in a flame at day-light in the morning when a passenger perceived it — before the rest of our gowns went and we got smothered. Adieu my dear sister. Love to all ever your affectionate

SARAH L. HOWE

Mrs. Howe made a visit to Cincinnati, going from Pomeroy and returning on an Ohio River steamboat. During these long slow river trips the personalities of one's companions became as interesting and important as they are on an ocean voyage. She tells us here of something which to us means only ancient history out of a story book but to her and her friends was a vital and terrible fact.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MRS. JAMES M. ROBBINS FROM HER SISTER

Pomeroy, July 11th, 1840

* *

When Tracy returned from Pittsburg he found the water so low that he thought it best for us to make our visit at Cincinnati immediately lest we should lose it and he went down with us on the twenty second of June and we staid until the second of July. We had a very delightful visit.

* *

Our passage down the river was very annoying to me on account of my meeting a woman from Arkansas who had been to Virginia to visit her friends and taken the opportunity to buy herself a negro girl — whom she treated dreadfully and I had such an

oppressive sense of the misery of slavery that it destroyed my comfort.

* *

The matter followed me as I returned. The people from New Orleans and the vicinity were coming up to Virginia Springs and had slaves with them — very smart servants — one of them belonging to a widow lady, who said she should visit New York and Boston were it not for her man, looked to me as if he might possibly go without her, as he appeared very capable — but not at all contented. . . It seems to me a sufficient reason to avoid going home through Virginia.

Steamers to Europe have been for so long to be depended upon that for forty years or more we have been able to count the number of days it will take our friends or our letters to reach their destination; but in 1851 people still sailed on the high seas.

Oct. 15th, 1851, Wednesday 8 days out
In the middle of the Atlantic

My dear Mary:

Here we are a thousand miles from home yet but a third of the way on our destined course. We made scarcely any progress so light was the wind until Sunday noon when a breeze sprang up which brings us famously on our course, and we are careering over the waters as fast as twenty-five sails can bear us. We have not been sick a moment — in fact Buckingham has paid tribute for us all, having been unable to sit up since the first day. We are now fairly in routine, and it seems to me not so much a passage as a sojourn on the waters, for every morning and every sunset finds us exactly in the middle of the vast circumference and we hardly know that we are moving except when we are at our maximum of thirteen knots an hour. We breakfast at half-past eight, go upon deck and read talk or sew all the morning until lunch — after which we walk up and down our magnificent deck until three, when we dine, adjourning again to the deck or to the boat that swings at the stern where we lazily recline until sunset brings

us down to tea and scandal. The events of the day are seeing a ship (the Staffordshire, today for instance) going through a school of porpoises, seeing whales at a distance nearly running down a fisherman in the night, etc, etc. Our party consists of Mrs. Marland and five children the oldest a boy of sixteen — all of them good natured — the boy quite amusing — her brother Dr. Dorr who plays whist and tells stories — Dr. Borland and Dr. Bumstead — the later aimiable and would be amusing but he lacks the confidence or the ability for he sends forth his ventures in a very low voice and is not called upon to speak louder — Mrs. Lyons, rather an illiterate personage who wears spectacles and remarked rather spitefully to me that she was not easy to get along with strangers. Mr. Monks a young man who looks like the portraits in country taverns — he has lived all his life next to Dr. Dorr in Dorchester without knowing him until now — a similar case to Mr. Buckingham and myself — Finally Mr. Colomb of the — regiment on his way home from Montreal — a troubadour with a guitar, handsome and agreeable and accomplished but with all the English reserve as regards speaking of himself. I told A.M. today that I meant to write a Decameron about him, being what we have learned in ten days. First day — learned his existence by seeing him, and his name by seeing his luggage. 2d day he spoke of an officer in his regiment at whose runaway marriage he had been compelled to assist as witness on his way down from Montreal. 3rd day — he plays the guitar and has a father. 4th day quotes a brother. 5th day has lately been twice first man to brother officers so that he is not married. 6th day — writes verses, and does not like cards and does not smoke. 7th day — draws in water colors and belongs to the Church of England. 8th day — his mother excels in water colors and his sister has a good memory. 9th day — . . .

October 20th, 13 days out.

Winds and waves, My dear Mary, did not permit me to finish my Decameron which if it had wound up with the discoveries that the Troubadour whistled charmingly told stories delightfully and

could entertain us with scenes from Dickens by the hour together would also have been obliged to admit that he was after all *mortal* — mortally sick, as were Annie and I for two days — The ship which had leaned one way all the time in a fair wind so that we had got gradually used to it suddenly went over to the other side for a day or two and made us as sick as if we had just come on board; it was wet and rough so that we could not be on deck, and we moped about in corners and eat our meals in gloomy silence with secret forebodings that we might not have time to make a hasty retreat soon enough to save our dignity. Yesterday, however, we had a day of rest, being Sunday and in the evening after singing chants and hymns to the guitar (we are nearly all Church people) finished with being as lively and sociable as before our late trials. One of the steerage passengers died in the morning of consumption and you can imagine how large the ship is that though Annie and I were sitting on deck he was buried without our knowing anything about it. Poor man! he had been on deck a day or two before for the fresh air, gasping at every breath. Mr. Buckingham continues perfectly helpless, he is brought up on deck every day, and one day got so much better that he persisted in saying he had enjoyed the voyage as much as any of us — but he is of that kindly nature that draws light out of darkness, and the kindness and sympathy shown to him reconcile him to the cause. I am often amused at the chances of life which find me seated by the mattress of the little blonde I have so often met on the Mount Auburn road, trying to beguile a weary half hour with talk of home. Mr. Collins would have been entertained to hear a eulogy pronounced upon him in the wheel house of the Parliament, Buckingham began by describing the manner in which he presided at a society meeting, the courtesy, good temper judgment, etc. and ended by saying that he was one of the few men of whom he would say that he was proud to shake hands with him, and that he thought he was *very handsome*. He was astonished to find that the *Miss Whites* were my cousins. The poor youth if the state of his stomach will permit, is quite frank and communicative, smiles peacefully at the idea of encountering the French nation

without being able to understand or speak a word of their language, and looks forward to being dreadfully cheated with composure not to say pleasure.

Sat. Oct. 25th

Oh my dear Mary, come not o'er the sea, the inconstant sea! There was I at home useful, respectable and tolerably contented, and here am I neither the one nor the other. A head wind for four days keeps us beating about trying to enter the Channel, instead of Moor Park, makes us sick, gives us headaches, deprives us of our rest, and disgusts us even with Troubadours. Suppose yourself after a meal taken in spite of everything, retiring to a crib for rest. Unseen hands first lift up the head of it, then the foot of it, then stop and shake it in the middle, and this for twelve hours without a minute's pause. You then get up in despair at the breakfast summons, and after staggering about a while drop upon the floor, where you get on your stockings and shoes, not however without having had a search behind two trunks, two bandboxes and two carpet bags. You then endeavor to perform your ablutions which is not only uncomfortable but *dangerous* having to deal with crockery-ware. You then take up a position before the glass to do your hair which you can sometimes contrive to keep, by putting one foot on the washstand or bracing yourself against the door to preserve equilibrium. A.M. has adopted puffs altogether but I, you know, have no such resources. After a great disentangling of dresses, collars and undersleeves we make for the door which in an inclined position has a tendency to keep shut, and only opens after a certain amount of labor, whence we walk up or tumble into the cabin as the case may be, finding them all at breakfast in moody silence, not daring to ask where the wind is because the Captain seems to think it personal. However the compass and the barometer hang over our heads in the binnacle and we have only to steal glances at them to assure us that we are on the tack toward New Orleans. After all we are not yet out three weeks — but it is provoking to be within forty miles of Cape Clear for four days. After breakfast we adjourn to the deck which is too slant-

ing to walk upon comfortably so we sit down in rows looking like pigeons on the housetop.

27th two days later. The above was written in the blues of sea sickness — The wind is still a head but the sea is smooth and we all feel better prepared to sustain the sight of land without being able to attain thereunto — The Irish coast is beautiful — deep bays with ranges of mountains which seen dimly through the mist look most soft and picturesque. Today we resorted to a game of football on deck. Mrs. Lyons, A.M. and three small children against Mr. Colomb and myself. Mr. Buckingham who is still prostrate on his mattress thought I did credit to my Cambridge extraction for we beat seven times out of nine — We then played Puss in the Corner in which the Captain joined. I have always longed to comprehend and be comprehended in a game of football, and little thought it was to be reserved for an aquatic experience. Yesterday was Sunday, but I rather avoid thoughts of home, on that day — for the first time we omitted our chants and hymns in the evening. Mr. Colomb, A.M. and I have got into a grand paean upon Church and State, Mrs. Marland did not like to interrupt the flow of words by reminding us of the music. Mr. Colomb is High Church and a tremendous (English) Tory — Dr. Dorr is as warm a Webster man, so that our "talks" are extremely satisfactory to me. Even Mrs. Lyons came out on one occasion with this form of words "Me and my husband and six brothers is all Wigs (Whigs)". However I set off the illiterateness of this partizan against that of Monks who is disposed to be a New Light.

28, Hurra!

A fair wind! Cape Clear behind us. Train's boarding house, as I call it, actually moving. We shall be at Moor Park by the first of November.

Thursday 30th.

The foregoing interjections I fear, my dear Mary, will not reach you before the middle of November, for I crew before we were out of the wood. That same evening when we were in St. George's Channel the wind faced about and blew up a gale which has con-

tinued until this morning, so that we have not made a foot of progress and have been terribly frightened into the bargain. I must except myself however who feel as safe as if I were at my own fireside, — and rather more so — for I am always afraid of our chimneys making a descent through the roof in a gale. As the wind seems likely to continue ahead, all we have to do is to be resigned — In the meantime social enjoyment is at the very lowest ebb. The Troubadour, who is our mainstay, being entirely upset by the tremendous sea which the gale has engendered, has not been heard since he wound up performances night before last, as his wont is, by singing "God Save the Queen." As it is impossible to stand up he takes up an uneasy position on the arm of a sofa and sings at least two verses like a loyal subject, before he puts his guitar away — I have not been sick since yesterday morning, so last night while everybody lay asleep on the sofas, I read "The Tempest" which Mr. Monks had, and before midnight and the candles were burned out read a part of the book of Job. Today I was in despair and about to betake myself to a cookery book I am taking to Katherine, when Mr. Monks interposed to save me with the Life of Napoleon by Sir Walter Scott, in I don't know how many volumes, which I am seriously commencing. The knitting prospered not because the yarn was divided into those infinitesimal knots.

31st. It is a long lane that has no turning; a breeze has come to our relief, and this inhospitable Britain is almost within hail. On the whole I have enjoyed the voyage very much. I have had a great deal of fun out of Dr. Dorr and Mrs. Lyons, who are lovers of the dreadful and the sight of whose faces going down in a gale of wind put me in spirits till it was over. I told Mrs. L. who sentimentally asked tonight whether we should ever meet again that *I* depended upon an encounter in London in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. She thinks I ought to marry a missionary. Then, too, we have become well acquainted with a thorough English gentleman in Mr. Colomb. He goes directly to Dublin so I suppose we shall not meet with him again. It is unlucky we met with him first, for he makes our standard very high.

Saturday morning, Nov. 1st before breakfast, going up the Mersey. See a *castle*, a lighthouse, suburban villas, forests of masts, strange looking craft, odd looking clouds, new effects of light and shade, looks like another country but not exactly like old England. Leaves all off the trees! Most aggravating, must exist by imagination four months. I was awaked this morning by the ringing of buoy bells, which the rocking of the waters ring to warn us of the sand banks. My next from Moor Park.

Saturday night
November 1st, at "THE WHITE LION"
Shrewsbury
seven hours by the clock

My dear Mary,

Fortune whose willing plaything I am become finds me twenty five days from Boston not yet seated at Moor Park, but at the White Lion, Shrewsbury, still thirty miles distant from that coveted spot. Imagine us in this ancient place, in this ancient Inn with a large white Lion over the portal thereof. Follow us through intricate passages, through a room filled with cabinets full of old China and old-fashioned China Monsters such as the Spectator wrote about, turn a corner. Suddenly, open a low door and find yourself with us in a most comfortable parlor with a blazing sea coal fire. The candles are lighted, the curtains put down, A.M. takes a large arm chair, I recline upon a sofa. Mine hostess short and fat, soft and kind comes in and respectfully enquires our wishes. Presently a servant enters with the tea tray, puts the kettle on the fire, the tea cannister before me — the sugar in an antique silver basket, the cream in an equally antique little tripod, muffins, teacakes and marmalade and the tea made by myself from the boiling kettle, complete a picture of domestic felicity as it is in Shrewsbury and leads you to exclaim How came you there? To explain this I retrace my steps to the moment when I sealed my letter to you and Father. The same person who took that to the steamer brought me three notes from Richard saying that he was in Liverpool at the Adelphi waiting for us — they were dated

October 23d and this was November 1st. After several hours of transferring steerage passengers, an immense deal of luggage and ourselves to the Custom House Barge we started about twelve for the shore. Here we were awaited by a Mr. Thayer who was extremely polite and said that Mr. Fay had got worn out with waiting and had left directions for us at Baring Brothers & Co. So after going to the Custom House where they just looked in our trunks before any others, the Captain accompanied us to Baring Bro's & Co. Mr. B. had received no instructions, could not advise us what to do, the Captain's ideas were confined to Liverpool and London. Dr. Borland I had bade goodbye to, and did not wish to be in the way of his motions. Then the native energy which Mrs. Lyons in the morning had regretted as not bestowed upon missions, rose to my assistance! With perfect self possession I rejected the Captain's offer to go with us as he was sick and worn out with want of sleep for the last ten days, said I should drive to the Adelphi and if there were no letter there should either telegraph to Moor Park or go there without delay — So we reentered our carriage, and having seen the last familiar face disappear, indulged in a hearty laugh at the novelty of our situation — We imagined what you would all say at home could you see us in the city of Liverpool alone and uncertain what to do. Mr. Thayer had engaged our carriage and given us a printed card which ensured us against any danger from the driver, so in the most lively of moods behold us drive up at the elegant Adelphi and summon the bookkeeper. He came out and he *had a letter* with minute directions which I followed to the letter except that I understood A.M. to stand for afternoon which is the final cause of my addressing you from the White Lion. The man confirmed my error by saying that Mr. Fay left in the afternoon. It was then one, so we had our luggage taken off were shown into a private parlor ordered our dinner at two and set off on an excursion into the great shopping street which was close by — My great desire was to get a Limerick lace collar as luck would have it, we hit upon an Irish importer. Oh how urbane! such civility, it was perfectly charming — said I, "I have seen finer." "*Peradventure*

you may, but etc. etc." To our surprise he translated the prices into dollars and cents — in fact we were everywhere recognized as Americans — We had started in broad sunshine and lo! on emerging from the shop it was pouring with rain — (it was the seventh time it had rained and cleared up since eight o'clock.) So we ran back and bought an umbrella which took some time to select and when we came out it was all bright again thus adding another article to our eight pieces and a muff, to be looked after. We arrived in time to have the door of our parlor opened by a person in a white cravat, followed by another who brought in dinner. This was elegantly served upon silver and consisted of fried soles with anchovy sauce for the first course beefsteak and cauliflower for the second, and damson tart and delicious old-fashioned calf's foot jelly, cheese, for a third course, etc. — We should have ordered a more elaborate one if we had had time to eat it. For this amusement we paid 1.75 beside fees to the waiters. I have forgotten to say anything about the fees to porters, cabmen, waiters, etc. that we have paid today — We set out this morning with a joint stock of three guineas, and tonight have only 6s. left; the White Lion being as yet our creditor. To resume, after dinner behold us again en chemin, with our eight pieces, umbrella and muff and here I shall quote from A.M.'s letter. "We set off for the Ferry boat which was to take us to the other side of the river. Such a coil as was there — two porters "a-cussin' and a-swearin' " over our luggage, and finally one of them taking it and running with it ever so far down to the boat and then coming back for some more telling us to follow, and then getting out of the way before we could find the money to pay the cabman and then Maria, seizing her hat box and rushing distractedly after him, leaving me to open the umbrella (shower number nine) and to hold on my bonnet my veil, my mantilla and my shawl and then reaching the boat at last with the rain pouring and the sun shining." We had a porter come down with us from the Adelphi which was the occasion of the war of words with the regular man; to him we gave a shilling (25 cents) and he as usual demanded for the man who helped *him* then a third who put it on the cars, so

that you can see how our sixty shillings have gone.

I shall reserve all descriptions of the country for my letter to Father knowing that you are more interested in the personal adventures of the heroines — At four tomorrow morning (Sunday) we leave in the mail coach for Ludlow and expect to surprise them at breakfast. My mistake was very fortunate for if we had waited for Monday's A.M. train we should not have got there until Monday night and should have had a tedious day and a half at Liverpool instead of this charming Saturday night here and Church at Ludlow.

Harriet Spelman died just five years after her marriage. Her husband with his two little daughters returned to Cambridge to live. Later he married Lois Lilly White of Watertown. During the Civil War she went with him to Philadelphia and she writes to her son and daughter aged about twelve and ten.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8th [1862 or 1863]

My Dear Sam & Clara

Here I am in Philadelphia in the Continental Hotel in a very nice room up in the fourth story, but I have not walked up stairs since I have been here. I always go up in the elevator, it is so very nice, a small square room about as large as my dressing room at home with nice cushioned seats in it. You step in and sit down, and it moves up as it seems to you very slowly but in reality very fast, for it only takes two minutes and a half to go up five stories and two minutes and a quarter coming down. . . .

Your very loving Mother

Lois L. Howe

HOW THE FIRST PARISH IN CAMBRIDGE GOT A NEW MEETINGHOUSE

By G. Frederick Robinson

Read January 26, 1937

AS YOU ALL doubtless know, the first settlement of Watertown was made in the Mount Auburn and Brattle Street district which was adjacent to the River landing where Sir Richard Saltonstall and his party unloaded their goods in July, 1630. The first settlers each had a farm in Western Watertown (now Waltham and Weston), and many sold their eastern lots and moved to their farms or sold their farms to new settlers. As Watertown grew rapidly, from 1644 to 1754, it was in constant dissension over the location of the meetinghouse.

The second meetinghouse, built in 1635 near the old cemetery, was so inconvenient for the western inhabitants that they, in 1692, asked the Governor and Council "to appoint a committee to chose a site and advise what was best for good settlement and peace among us." The Governor ordered a town meeting to be held to discuss the situation.

The record of this meeting reads as follows: "At a generall town meeting warned by order of the council on the 27th of December 1692 Left governor Magor Phillips, Mr. Russell Esquier, Mr. Sewell Esquier and Capt Lines being their, it is voted that matters of Difference in Watertown Relating to the Settleing a minister and the plasing of the meetinghouse is refarred to a comity.

"2. Voted that we do pray the governor and Council to chose a committee, and that we will sitt down by the determination of that committee in Refarence to matters abovesaid."

In accordance with these votes Governor Phipps appointed William Stoughton, John Phillips, James Russell, Samuel Sewall, and Joseph Lynde a committee who, after a hearing, reported

that Rev. Henry Gibbs, who had been preaching at the old meetinghouse, "be speedily fixed among you and whereas there has been a long time Even Ever since the Dayes of your blessed pastor Phillips, an earnest contending about the place of meeting for the publick Worship of God, Haveing heard & Duely weighed the Allegations of both Parties in your Publick meeting, and considering the Remoteness of the most of your Inhabitants from the place where the meetinghouse now stands our advice and Determination in that matter is, that within the space of four years next coming there be a meetinghouse Erected in your Town on a Knowl of Ground lyeing between the house of Widow Sterns and Whitney's hill; to be the place of meeting to worship God for the whole Town. [This was on Common Street on what is now the Oakley Country Club]. And if in the meantime the Minister see cause to dwell in the House where the Reverend Mr John Baily dwell'd the Town pay Rent to the proprietores as had been accustomed since its building. So praying God to unite your hearts in his Fear we take leave who are your truly loveing friends and Bretheren. May 18, 1693."

A town meeting held on May 9, 1694 adopted the recommendations in the report but the Town Clerk, Ebenezer Prout, claimed that it was not a majority vote and so entered it in the records.

On the same day a remonstrance against the action of the meeting was signed by over one hundred members which stated that "the Town, nor any part, never desired any Gentlemen to say where we should build a meetinghouse nor when, and we do absolutely deny to pay one penny toward any such building at that place, but if the Town shall see cause to Erect a place of meeting for the publick worship of God at the Western part of our Town as it may be convenient where the Farmers with such others as will be pleased to Joyne with them shall think Convenient, we shall be willing to be helpful therein as much as may be thought Necessary."

As a result the meetinghouse was built nearly a mile farther west than on the site recommended, on Rev. John Knowles' lot, at the southeast corner of Belmont and Lexington Streets. While

this was pleasing to the farmers of the middle precinct, afterwards Waltham, it only served to widen the breach between them and those living in the easterly part of the town.

Rev. Samuel Angier was called to be the minister in the new meetinghouse. As the town had no settled minister, Rev. Henry Gibbs who had been preaching in the old meetinghouse refused to be ordained while the strife continued. Later the town voted to have two places of worship, the old and the new, and Mr. Gibbs accepted the call; but when the day arrived to ordain him, a majority of the selectmen who were from the middle precinct refused to open the old meetinghouse and the services were held in the open air.

Mr. Gibbs died in 1723, just when the town was about to build a new meetinghouse on the location advised by the Governor and Council in 1693. His tomb, with a lengthy inscription in Latin, may be seen in the old cemetery.

Rev. Seth Storer, in 1724, then began his long pastorate of fifty years, but dissatisfaction with the site still continued because the people in the village disliked to climb the hill. In 1754 some wealthy men offered to give a bond to pay for moving the building to the land given to the town by Nathaniel Harris, at the corner of Common and Mt. Auburn Streets, and the offer was accepted notwithstanding a protest from the farmers living in what is now Belmont. When the work of remodelling was nearly finished, the building was burned to the ground. The firebug was never found but the consensus was that he came from over the hill and was an instrument of Divine Wrath.

On May 23, 1754 a town meeting was held on the site of the burned meetinghouse. The first article read, "To know the mind of the Town whether they will come into any Measures to provide a Convenant place for the Inhabitants of the Town to assemble for the Public Worship of God so as to ease ye Rev Mr Storer of ye Burden of Meeting at his House.

"For the Town to Manifest their Mind, what steps are proper to be taken under the present awful frown of Heaven Against the Town That ye Divine Anger may be removed and ye Divine Bless-

ing obtained and ye peace of ye Town promoted" (which was done accordingly.)

A committee was also appointed to arrange with Mr. Storer for a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. Here ended a century of bickering. The following month a new meetinghouse was ordered built at a cost £5251 old tenor. Twenty years later the Provincial Congress met in it. Here Washington received an address of welcome while on his way to take command of the army at Cambridge, and for over a year Watertown was the seat of government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

I have gone into this matter at length, for in my own mind the disgust of many people, possibly some living in the easterly part of the town, was partially the cause of what happened just at this time when Cambridge coveted a slice of Watertown.

Let us now pass to Cambridge and see how church affairs stood there. In 1745 Rev. George Whitefield had passed through Massachusetts like a fiery comet, causing dissension and disruption in the churches. Paige in his history of Cambridge says of him, "Without discussing the subject in controversy between him and his opposers, it is sufficient here to record the historical fact, that the Pastor of the Cambridge Church [Rev. Nathaniel Appleton] and the Faculty of Harvard College set their faces as a flint against Mr. Whitefield, who had denounced the College and the New England clergy, as teachers of an unsavory and unprofitable religion, and alleged that a large number of grave and learned divines, held in honor and reverence throughout the vicinity, were in fact unconverted and destitute of vital piety." Mr. Appleton, having been requested by some of his church and congregation to invite Mr. Whitefield to preach in Cambridge, laid the matter before the Association of Ministers, who unanimously objected; so Mr. Whitefield preached in the open air upon the Common in June of that year. Mr. Whitefield continued in his work of the "Great Awakening" as it was called, and in 1747 we find him as far south as Maryland. I found in the Massachusetts Archives a letter addressed by him to Josiah Willard, Secretary of State, who apparently was one of his converts, which is interesting not only for

his comment on the situation after he left here but also for his hint that a donation from his friends would be most acceptable.

New-town in Maryland
May 6th 1747

Honrd S^{r}.

A few days agoe I had the pleasure of Yours dated November 28th. I embrace this first opportunity of returning You my hearty thanks for the unmerited kindness & affection expressed therein — May the Redeemer give me an humble heart & grant that all favours conferred upon me by Instruments may lead me nearer to Him, the Source & Fountain of all! But what shall I say to Dear New England's sorrowful circumstances? It pities me to hear that She is still lying in the Dust — However; this had generally been the case —. Trying & Distressing times have generally followed awakening & converting times — May Jesus second them with another alarm of his holy spirit, & then all will be well yet! Glad w^{d} I be to come & offer myself once more to do New England service; but I am afraid many Ministers, & the Heads of the people would not bear it. However, was this my only reason, it would soon be answered — But here are thousands in these Southern parts (as You have observed Honrd S^{r}.) that scarce ever heard of Redeeming grace & love — Is it not my duty as an Itinerant, since other places have had their calls & awakening seasons, to go where the Gospel has not been named. Those that think I want to make a party or Disturb Churches do not know me — I am willing to hunt in the woods after sinners; & according to the present temper of my mind, could be content that the name of George Whitefield should die, if thereby the name of my Dear Redeemer could be exalted — Indeed I am amazed that He employs me at all — But what shall we say? He hateth putting a way — Therefore I am not consumed — Grace sovering grace shall be all my Song — Last winter's mercies have renewed my obligations to extol free Grace — I suppose You know what I mean — If it shall please a Gracious God to stirr my Friends to exert themselves a little now, I trust I shall shortly be Delivered out of my embarassments, & owe no man any thing but love — I could enlarge but several things forbid — In heaven Honrd S^{r}. we shall have no interruptions. That You may be supported thro all the fatigues of your journey thither, & with all Your Dear family at length safely arrive at Abrahams harbour is the earnest prayer of

Honrd S^{r}. Yours &c

GW

In 1747 the people of Cambridge living on the south side of the river petitioned the General Court to be set off into a separate parish. This was denied as were similar ones, until 1779 when a new church was incorporated. The Congregational churches were giving neither aid nor comfort to the followers of

itinerants about this time. It is quite evident that these early petitioners were converts or adherents of Whitefield, as is shown by a lengthy remonstrance to one petition addressed to the Governor and Council in 1748, which I quote:

To his Excellency William Shirly Esqr Capt Genl and Govern^{r} in Chief in and over his Majestys province of the Massachusets Bay in New Eng^{d}, and to the hon^{ble} his Maj^{s} Council, & ye hon^{ble} House of Represent^{vs} in General Court assembled at Boston the 5th day of April Anno Domo 1748.

The petition of Several of the Inhabitants of that part of the Town of Cambridge Lying on the South Side of Charles River

Humbly Shews

That we the Subscribers a few days since got Information that a pet^{n} had been lately exhibited to yor Ex^{y} and Hon^{es} signed by five of our Neighbours inhabiting the same part of the Town who call themselves a Com^{tee} &c praying again that it may be made a distinct and seperate parish for the Reasons therein mentioned; That since a petit^{n} for the Same purpose signed by Twenty Nine persons inhabiting or owning Lands there was prefer'd to your Ex^{cy} and hon^{es} last May Sessions, and was with so much Justice almost unanimously dismissed, we must confess we had little Reason to expect a Second petit^{n} for the very same thing should be so soon presented to your Excell^{y} and Hon^{es} by any of our Neighbours if ever, at least while we continue in the same Circumstances; But since it is done and the s^{d} petit^{n} is so far sustaind as that the first precinct of Cambridge on the North side of the River (as we understand) are called upon to make answer to it, we also beg leave again to show our dislike of the thing petitioned for. And for as much as some of us the Subscribers were on the Like occasion admitted to exhibit a petit^{n} to your Excell^{y} & Hon^{es} containing some of the many Reasons we had, and still have against being incorporated into a seperate precinct, we now pray that the same may be again taken and considered as a part of our Objections and Reasons against granting that Request; and further beg leave to add a few more Reasons to our former ones, chiefly by way of answer to the Second petition. But since that is very long and particul^{r}, we will not attempt to Trouble yor Excell^{y} and Hon^{es} with a particul^{r} and distinct consideration of all their pretended Reasons for being set off as afores^{d} (for fear of being tedious) tho we could easily do it, & Should venture upon it, if the Case required it; But before we come to p^{r}ticulars we would take leave to observe that the Conduct of those five petit^{rs} (who stile themselves a Com^{te}) is somewhat surprizing to us in boldly presuming a Second Time to petition for the same thing which yor Ex^{y} and Hon^{rs} have so lately very justly deny'd to grant them; which is requesting your Ex^{y} and Honours to act a part utterly inconsistent with your Selves, and to grant at one Sessions, what you deliberately refused at another, without any Change or alteration of the Case, and looks as if they were resolved to take no denial of their Request, tho' never so unreasonable, but

still conceived hopes of carrying their point by a bold importunity, when Reason has failed them; and as tho' they thought your Excell^{y} and Hon^{rs} had not affairs of greater importance to attend than the impertinent petitions of Such importunate and restless Suitors, and that we as well as the Town of Cambridge had nothing to do but to make answers to them. And as if they considered this Great and general Court as a proper place for every little neighbourhood and Cluster of Inhabitants up and down in the province and their agents to try their Skill and abilities in, and discover their Talents, at draughting petitions Answers Replications and the like. And we cannot forbear taking notice of the unjustifiable artifice of these five petit^{rs} in asuming to themselves the Specious name and Stile of a Committee for we know of no such Com^{tee} ever appointed among us for any such purpose, nor that we ever had a meeting of our Neighbourhood to chuse such a Com^{tee}. therefore we apprehend they have made use of that title to conceal the weakness of their party and that it may appear more numerous and considerable than in Truth it is, for we are very well assured that the Number of the original petitioners is considerably lessen'd instead of being increasd, notwithstanding the unwearied and almost incessant endeavours that have been used to increase it; for two of those petitioners are lately dead, several of them have declared that they have withdrawn their Names and will have no hand in promoting this Alteration, and another of them is left out of the Tax Bill for the Support of the minister because of his great age, besides several others of them have declared that they knew nothing of this second petition, nor did they ever understand that it was ever intended by this Committe to prefer it or renew the first petition; But perhaps this petitioning Com^{tee} may flatter themselves that the real weakning of their party is amply supplyd by the large numbers of nonresident proprieters consenting that their lands should be included in their intended precinct and be taxed accordingly, but this will help the matter but very little, if it be considered that their Lands (saving the Lands of two or three of them) consist of but a few Acres of salt marsh apiece, and all the lands of those nonresidents put together are not taxed at quite £ 10 old Tenor towards the Ministers Rate. And as to the Special Reasons assigned for the Renewing the said Petition we find that this committe complain of the unreasonable and intolerable Burden which they and the Rest of us in our Neighbourhood have been groaning under for these many years past, in being oblig'd to pay our full proportion of the Ministers rate in the first precinct, Tho' we cannot attend the publick worship there without extreme difficulties, & at the same time being wholly at the Charge of Supporting ye preaching of the Gospell amongst ourselves to avoid these difficulties; which is a burden that we must sink under if not Releivd: Now in answer to this we would say that however unreasonable this may be, yet we are certain, that the method proposed by them will be so far from mending our Condition that it will render it much worse than it now is, or ever has been, for by this means the Burden which they say is already almost insupportable will be twice as heavy as it now is. Our full Quota of the Ministerial Rate not amounting to quite £ 157 $^{old\ Tenr}$ including the Lands of those non residents: and the expense of

supporting the preaching amongst ourselves thro'out the year hitherto amounting to no more than £ 208. of that Ten^{r} or thereabouts which sums put together make no more than £ 365. of the old Ten^{r} and we cannot in Reason Expect to come off with less than double that Sum annually in Salary and other things for the Supporting a settled minister among us, besides advancing a large sum of money for his Settlem^{t} which must also be advanced to every Successor as often as there needs one, we having no parsonage Lands; Now if there were a necessity for our continuing under one of these two Burdens we should without any Hesitation chuse the Lightest which is the present one; But we apprehend there is no necessity for either, in asmuch as it is very probable that the people of the first precinct on the North Side of the River will readily consent to make us a reasonable allowance for defraying good part of the Charges we are at in supporting the publick worship amongst ourselves, in the manner we have hitherto done, considering the difficulty of our attending it at the old meeting house in the winter Seasons, if a Suitable application be made to them for it, which we think has never been made as yet, for whenever application has been made, it has been done with such negligence, but withal insisting upon such Terms as seemd rather to bespeak a denial than a grant of the request, and we have good Reason to believe this petitioning Com^{tee} and divers others of the original petit^{rs} were in the time of it better pleased with a denial than they would have been with an equitable and Reasonable allowance in money on acc^{t} of our extraordinary Charges in supporting the publick worship as aforesaid, that they might apply to yor Excell^{y} & Honours with a better Grace to be set off into a precinct, for that is the thing they have all along aimd at; be their pretences what they will, and nothing else will content them. Again we find that this sham Com^{tee} look upon our desireing to be exempted and excepted out of their intended precinct was unreasonable it being inconsistent with the Nature of Government, and the necessity of things: Now in answer to that, we say that it cannot be pretended that there is any necessity of our being set off and incorporated into their intended precinct, because we find that the General Court has frequently and especially of Late years, excepted many persons and their Estates out of new precincts, altho' they were within the Limits thereof, and what has been done may be done again and what may reasonably and justly be done, we hope ever will be done; And as to the nature of Government, we have other apprehensions of it than these Five Gent^{n} seem to have, for we can by no means think that the dividing and crumbling ancient Towns, Corporations, Churches and Congregations into little precincts & feeble & Independent Societys is any ways Serviceable to the Governm^{t} either of Church or State, since every such division is so far a weakening & dissolving of them, and if pursued by Subdivisions into such small weak handed and weak headed Societys or congregations as some people are seeking after must in Time bring on an intire dissolution of them; and we think that among the many bad Omens now threatning our Ecclesiastical Constitution this odd way of multiplying Churches only by dividing them, is none of the least: We further observe that this mock Com^{tee} seem to take amiss what was suggested by your Ex^{y} and Hon^{es} in our former

petition concerning their having imbibed some such notions in Religion as were like to hinder a quick settlement of a Minister amongst us if we were about it, and fear it may be taken as a Charge against them of being erroneous in some fundamental points of Religion; to which we say that we did not mean to charge them with any gross Errors in Doctrine, but only with having lost their Taste & Relish for the solid & rational Preaching of the Gospel and being easie with none but ye new fashiond feeling Preaching (as tis call'd) which has made such noise in the Land for some years past, and this we affirm is the Case of many among us that we for our own parts still utterly dispair of any tolerable agreem^t among us in the Choice of a Minister to Settle with us. This we have had sufficient trial and proof of already in supplying the Pulpit of our new meeting House. For our Neighbours have refused to admit the Pious & Learned Professor of Divinity[1] or any of the Fellows of the Colledge so much as into nomination for preaching with us even only for a Season, because forsooth (to use their own expression) they are *dumb Preachers*, & therefore have chosen rather to go Ten or Twenty Miles for a Minister that would preach y^e *Gospel* (as they emphatically speak it) than hear any of those worthy Gent^n tho' so nigh at hand. As to ye insinuation that the difficulty of attending the publick worship at the old meeting house has in times past occasioned a neglect of it in our Neighbourhood and had a bad effect on one or two in it, We say that it is a groundess and injurious insinuation as to the neighbourhood, and an idle and fond conceit as to the particular person pointed at, for there is but one of all our Neighbourhood that dont attend the publick worship on Lords Days constantly, when they are able; indeed they don't all flock after the Lay Itenerant Preachers who in their Rambles thro' ye Country have sometime stop'd and turned into some houses in our Neighbourhood, to *hold forth* on week days, tho' one or two of this notable Com^tee as well as divers others of the petitioners and of our Neighbours have seldom faild to give their attendance punctually upon such happy occasions; and abating such instancies, we are not sensible of much difference between our peoples attendance on the publick worship of late years and formerly. The last Reason we shall now offer against our being set off from the first precinct is, that we have lately at a meeting of the precinct voted to enlarge our Rev Pastors Salary very considerably beyond what it has been for some years past which we apprehend is binding upon us to continue as members thereof, and is also as binding upon this com^tee as well as the original Petit^rs since they were joynd in the thing and did not any of them protest against the Vote. And may it please your Excell^y and Hon^rs these are some of our Reasons for dissenting from so many of our Neighbours in this affair which some of them are so eagerly and clamorously pursuing, and we are ready to prove the several facts before mentioned if it be required, and since we are humbly of opinion that our Reasons aforesaid are conclusive against the prayer of their Petition we therefore pray that ye Petit^n be dismissed or at least that we and our Estates within the limits of their intended

[1] Edward Wigglesworth.

precinct may be excepted out of the same. And your petit^{rs} as in duty bound shall ever pray &c

Daniel Dana
Thos Dana
Caleb Dana
Benjamin Cheney
John Smith
Daniel Smith
Ebenezer Gee
Thomas Dana Junr
Daniel Dana Junr
Henry Coolidge
John Cheney
John Smith
Benjamin Crackbone

About this time the First Parish of Cambridge, becoming fearful that sooner or later the people living on the south side of the river would be set off into a separate parish, looked about for means to make up the loss; and being aware of the dissatisfaction on the part of those living in the easterly part of Watertown with the location of their meetinghouse, resolved to take advantage of the situation, knowing that the same cause had resulted in setting off Weston and Waltham. In so doing, probably they did not consider that they were breaking the tenth commandment. Accordingly, in 1748 a petition was presented to the General Court asking that a part of Watertown and a part of Charlestown be annexed to Cambridge.

Unfortunately this petition, which was denied, and the answer of Watertown, cannot be found in the State Archives, neither is it in the town records; but a committee was appointed in March 1749 who successfully opposed it.

In December 1753 another petition was presented to Governor Shirley and the Council for the same purpose as follows:

Province of the Mass^{tts} Bay } To his Excellency William Shirley Esq. Captain General and Commander in Cheif in and over the Province aforesaid, To the Honourable and Council & House of Representatives in General Court Assembled at Boston December 4th 1753.

The first Parish in Cambridge in the County of Middlesex Humbly Shew —

That they at Present are not, and for some time past have not been, provided with a Decent or Suitable House for the Worship of God and other necessary Publick Uses, and as this has been, and Still is very Greivous to them, so it is attended with this aggravating Circumstance — That they are Likely to Continue Destitute of Such an House So Long as the Parish is Confined to its Present Limits —

That a number of the Inhabitants of the Parish thinking it to be the Indispensable Duty of the Parish to Provide a House, wherein the Inhabitants might with Safety to their Health as well as Decency & Convenience assemble together for the Publick Worship of God, Did procure a Parish Meeting for that Purpose on the Thirtieth Day of October Last When the Parish finding, that so great a number of their Principall Inhabitants (being accomodated by a Meeting House which they Had built on ye South Side of Charles River) Were against paying any thing towards building an House on the North Side of that River, as that they Could not Obtain a vote to Raise money Suffucient for that Purpose by a Tax, Voted, "That a new House for the Publick Wor-"ship of God be built by this Parish in ye Place where the Old Parish Meeting "House now stands. Provided Harvard College will Bear one Seventh Part "of ye charge and a farther sum of Six Hundred and Sixty Six pounds thirteen "Shillings and four pence can be raised by ye Sale of ye Pews and Otherwise "without a Tax," and "That Samuel Danforth Edmund Trowbridge Esq. Mr. "William Fletcher, Deac^n Whittemore Deac^n Prentice Capt. Caleb Dana & "John Wyeth be a Committee to Enquire whether the College will bear that "Proportion of ye charge and See if the Said Sum of Six hundred & Sixty Six "pounds thirteen Shillings & four pence can be So Raised."

That Although it was not Doubted but that ye College would be willing to pay their Proportionable Part towards Building the House yet ye Committee afores^d finding they could not Raise the said Sum of Six hundred & Sixty Six pounds thirteen Shillings & four pence or any thing Near it by ye Sale of ye Pews and Otherwise without a Tax, reported accordingly to the Parish at ye Adjournment of their meeting on ye twentieth Day of November Last, When ye Parish Voted, "That a new House for the Publick Worship of God be built "by this Parish on Some Part of the Hill where the Old Parish Meeting House "now Stands Provided Harvard College bear their Proportionable Part of ye "Charge of Building and Repairing the same from time to time and that our "Neighbours who usually attend the Publick Worship with us and their Estates "be added to this Parish."

That as this seem^d the only Probable means whereby the Parish might be provided with a House Suitable for the Purpose afores^d So they Humbly Concieve Your Excellency & Honours will think it Reasonable they should by this Means be enabled to Do it for these Reasons — Namely —

1st That as a Considerable number of ye Inhabitants of Charlestown & Watertown heretofore for many years have, so it is Probable they always will attend the Publick Worship of God in ye first Parish in Cambridge as they Live not only much Nearer to the Meeting House there, than to that in

Charlestown, or Watertown, but as the Ways are also much Better —
2d That the first Parish in Cambridge Cannot Support ye Gospells as it ought to be Without their assistance, When neither Charlestown or Watertown, Stand in any need of it, The Inhabitants of Watertown, that the first Parish in Cambridge Desire may be annex^{d} to them, Paying very Little towards the Support of ye Gospell in Watertown, and those of Charlestown paying Nothing at all towards it there —

Therefore Your Petitioners humbly pray That the Limits of the first Parish in Cambridge may be Extended So far Easterly and Westerly as to Include the Afores^{d} Inhabitants of Charlestown and Watertown and their Estates, within Certain Boundaries to be appointed by your Excellency & Honours, as also near four hundred acres of Land belonging to the Inhabitants of Cambridge Lying in Charlestown and Watertown; That thereby ye first Parish in Cambridge may be Enabled to Build a Decent & Suitable House for ye Publick Worship of God and Other Public Uses or that your Excellency & Honours would Relieve Your Petitioners in ye Premisses in Such Other manner as to Your Excellency & Honours shall Seem Best —

Saml Whittemore
Ebenezor Stedman
Henry Prentice
John Wyeth
Jon^{a} Hastings
} A Comittey of the First Parish in Cambridge

To this the town of Watertown made answer:

Province of the Mass^{tts} Bay } To His Excellency William Shirley Esq. Captain General & Commander in Chief in and over the Province afores^{d}. To the Honourable the Council and House of Representatives in Court now Sitting in Boston, Dec. 1753.

Whereas the Town of Watertown has been Served with a Copy of a Petition of the first Parish in Cambridge preferred to Yo^{r} Excellency and Hon^{s} by Samuel Whitemore & Others a Comm^{tee} of s^{d} Parish wherein they pray for reasons Set forth in s^{d} Petition that Several of the Inhab^{ts} who Dwell in the Easterly part of Watertown with their Estates may be Anexed to said Parish &c — Whereas the Petit^{n} is So Lax Your Respondants must Confess they are at a Loss to know How far S^{d} Parish w^{ld} have their Bounds Extend whether one or two Miles East and West or what they mean by the four Hundred Acres of Land mentioned in their Pet^{n} &c. Until these Misteys be cleared up your Respond^{ts} must acknowledge they are not capable of giving a proper Answer thereto. As to what they Assart, that the Inhab^{ts} of Watertown wch they pray for, pay but Little towards the Support of the Gospel, and that Watertown has not any nead of them &c. Your Respond^{ts} Reply, that the Easterly Inhab^{ts} of Watertown pay as much in Proportion to their Estates towards the Support of ye Gospel in Watertown as any of the Inhab^{ts} of s^{d} Town. But in as much as the Parish aboves^{d} has a very grat advantage of

Watertown by having four Members now belonging to this Honourable Court, Your Respondents beg leave therefore to make a more perticuler answer to the Petition aboves^{d} by giving Your Excell^{y} & Hon^{s} a true Representation of the Situation and Circumstances of Watertown. It is well known that the Bounds of Watertown originally were of Considerable Extent Containing ab^{t} Twenty one Thousand Acres, but by Reason of Weston & Waltham being taken off into Seperat Towns it is now Reduced to ab^{t} Four Thousand Acres (one of the Smallest Towns in this Province) on which Smal Tract of Land there is Ab^{t} Ninty five families settled, many of wch being low in ye world (tho Numeros) ar also Deeply in Debt wch putts them to great Difficulties to Support their families pay their just Debts and help support the Gospel. Watertown being in Such a Situation it cant be thought with any propriety that Watertown can spare any of their Inhab^{ts} as not neading them.

Your Respondents beg leave also to Represent to Your Excel^{y} & Hon^{s} the Situation and Circumstances of the first Parish in Cambridge. We think we have just ground to assart that said Parish is under very good Circumstances being Advantaged both by Nature & Providence They being well Situated for Trade and Business As they have a Comodous Navigable River that Runs thro the Center of Said Parish as also Large Quantities of Clay for making Brick &c. And it is thought by good Judges that If the Able and forehanded Gentlemen (wch s^{d} Parish abounds with) were Spirited for and w^{ld} Improve their Money wch they put out upon Interest — in Setting poor Men to Work in Making brick & Transporting them &c, It w^{ld} be of great Advantage to s^{d} Parish and by that means they might flourish Like the Industrious Town of Medford who carry on such business to their great Advantage, and thereby render themselves not only a bright Example of Industrey, but a Credit to the County they belong to. Your Respondents w^{ld} further Observe the great Advantage the said Parish has by the College being in it, not only for the bringing up their Sons to Learning but by the Yearly Revenue paid thereby into the s^{d} Parish, as also the ready sale of what they may to spare of the Produce of their farms, as also the great Advantage the s^{d} Parish has as being the Center of the Shier Towns where the Courts are held, and where the people are Obliged to Expend much of their Money in Transacting of their Affairs &c. Also in s^{d} Parish are the most Profitable Offices in the County viz. Probat Offices Rejester and County Rejestry, as well as the Justices of the pleas &c. Upon which Representation of s^{d} Parish (which we imagine can't be Denyed) We Doubt not but that Your Excellency & Hon^{s} will be of Opinion (the s^{d} Parish having Such great Priviledges and Advantages Vastly above w^{t} Watertown has or can have) that the prayer of ye s^{d} Parish for Some of the Families & Estates in Watertown is Very Unreasonable.

Your Respondents beg leave further to Say That Watertown when conven'd to consider of s^{d} Parishes Petit^{n} The Vote was put "Whether it is the mind of the Town to Set off any of the Easterly Inhab^{ts} of Watertown & ye Estates to the first Parish in Cambridge" and their Vote was (Unanimously) in the Negative. —

And further Altho the aboves^{d} Parish Doth not pint out in their Petition

which Persons in Watertown s^ld^ be Anexed to them Yet Several of the Persons which the Town Apprehend the s^d^ Parish had an Eye to being present at their Meeting they were Personaly Asked by the Moderator whether they were willing to be set off to the first Parish in Cambridge who Personally Declared they were not. —

Finally. As there was a Petition of the Same Nature with the present Petition, preferred to ye Great & General Court but a few years Since, and for Reasons then given was Dismisst. So Your Respondents Humbly hope that Excellency & Hon^s^ will for the Reasons Now offered See cause to Dismiss the present Petition of the s^d^ first Parish in Cambridge So far as it Relates to any of the Inhab^ts^ of Watertown.

All which is Humbly Submitted to Your Excellency & Hon^s^. —

Joseph Mason) A Committee for &
Jonas Bond } in behalf of
John Brown) Watertown

This time Cambridge was successful and on April 19, 1754 an act was passed annexing about five hundred acres of the easterly part of Watertown, which included the first settlement known as "Ye Towne," to Cambridge.

The loss of this territory was the cause of some resentment, for in 1762 a remonstrance was addressed to the Selectmen of Cambridge concerning repairs on the bridge which contemplated narrowing the passageway between the abutments. The selectmen of Watertown say, "Not long since while we were Labouring under great Difficulties of another nature we lost near one seventh Part of ye Town by its being annexed to Cambridge."

In 1770 when Watertown was considering leasing or selling Sir Richard's Landing, the Selectmen of Cambridge, believing that annexation gave them title to the property of Watertown within its bounds, demurred. A meeting between the Selectmen of both towns was held at the Richardson Tavern, where over their toddies a friendly agreement was made, whereby one half of the landing was to belong to Cambridge and the other to Watertown. The question of which was to belong to whom was settled by writing on one slip of paper "North" and on the other "South." They were then put into a hat and Cambridge drew "North." They then voted that the road or way leading down to the landing on Charles River by the side of Samuel's Hill is the King's Highway. The title to

the landing belonged to Watertown until taken by the Commonwealth for Park purposes.

In 1855 a tract comprising a part of the Cambridge Cemetery was annexed and again in 1885 the Winchester estate and a portion of the Simon Stone farm, about thirty-three acres in all, were annexed to extend the cemetery. For this the city paid Watertown $15,000 to compensate it for loss of taxes.

The tract annexed in 1754 comprised all the territory bounded as follows: From a point on the river opposite Sparks Street along the River to a point about two thousand feet beyond the old landing, thence through what is now Cambridge and Mount Auburn cemeteries to the County Road, then along the road to a stone bound, then north to the southern shore of Fresh Pond, across the Pond to the Cambridge line, then easterly along the line to what was the West Gate of the Palisade, then south to the point of beginning on the River.[1]

I have with me a map of the territory called "Ye Towne," made many years ago by the late W. H. Whitney from ancient records and modern surveys, which shows the location of the old roads and the lots of the first settlers. That part of Brattle Street from Elmwood Avenue to Mount Auburn Street was not laid out until 1812. Busby's Lane, later called Fresh Pond Lane, ran to Mount Auburn Street. Back of Sir Richard's and George Phillips' lots was a large tract called the Common. The map makes it appear that several acres of what is now Fresh Pond were once a swamp and must have been excavated when the great icehouses were built at its eastern end.

Many families of wealth and social prominence lived in this part of the town. Among them were the Coolidges, Stones, Amos Marrett, and others. Sir Richard's house was near the corner of Channing and Brattle Streets, and Rev. George Phillips' house was on what is now Elmwood. Here in 1767 Thomas Oliver, the Tory,

[1] "Line to begin at Charles River and from there to run in the line between the lands of Simon Coolidge, Moses Stone, Christopher Grant, and the Thatchers and the land of Col. Brinley & Ebenezer Wyeth to the Fresh Pond so called."—*Acts and Resolves*, 1754, April 18.

built Elmwood, later owned by Elbridge Gerry who before that lived in a house at the corner of Coolidge Avenue and Mt. Auburn Street. What some claim is the oldest house in Cambridge was built before 1684 by John Holmes, who sold it at that time to Dr. Richard Hooper. The house on Brattle Street opposite Channing Street was built by Amos Marrett about 1746, was sold by him to Capt. George Ruggles in 1764, and by him in 1774 to Thomas Fayerweather.

The meetinghouse stood near the corner of Elmwood Avenue and Mt. Auburn Street, either on Mr. Chafee's lot or across the way where the Old Folks Home now is. It has always been accepted as a fact that the meetinghouse was one of the first structures erected in the new settlement in 1630.

The current number of the Genealogical Register contains a letter written by John Masters of Watertown in March, 1631 to Sir Thomas and Lady Barrington in England in which he speaks of being about to build a "house for God to dwell in." The building must have been a crude shelter, for only four years later, in 1635, a rate of £80 was levied for the new meetinghouse on the high ground of the Common between Arlington and School Streets. The letter also discloses that Masters was acting as Sir Richard's agent after his departure for England, and tells of his many cattle and "Kyne," horse and swine, goats and poultry.

Right worll[1]
My good Lady Barrington and Sr Thomas Barrington wth mr Robte Barrington and my good Lady Lampleath, and to the Right Worll Sr Gilbte Garrett and his good Lady and to Sr Willm Massome, and his good Lady with all the Rest of the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen in all yor families, Grace and peace be multipled in o(u)r Lord Jesus Christ to you all,: Right worll and welbeloued I knowe not how sufficiently to stile you, nor yet how to greet you as you deserue at my hands, nor yet as yor worthines requires, but haueing so much experience of takeing in good part my rudenes in speakeing, I make bold to trouble you in writeing, but yor great kindnesse and respect of mee, that am so vnworthie, makes mee to muse, how I should in any measure requite it, but I knowe not how to doe it, but I pray you to accept of the acknowledgment of all yor kindnesse, by way of thankfulnes: and because you desired mee to write of this Country, I thought it fitt to deferre it untill now.

[1] These two words, wherever used in this letter, stand for "Right Worshipful."

The Country is very good, and fitt to receiue Lords and Ladies, if there were more good houses, both for good land and good water, and for good Creatures to hunt and to hawke, and for fowling and fisheing, and more also, o(u)r natures to refresh in: and if you or any of yors will Come here, I knowe you might haue good cheere: but because the Right worll Sr Richard Saltonstall hath putt mee in place to oursee his great family, wth his worthy sonne, and that his busines being so great as it is, I Cannot write so large as I would: for besides his great family, he hath many Cattle & Kyne, and horse and swine, and some Goats and poultry, hee hath also much building at his owne house, and fenceing, ploweing & planteing, and also to helpe build the new Citty, and first for a house for God to dwell in, these things will require my best dilligence, because that Sr Richard will be long absent and therefore seeing that hee is now come over, to aduise with the wise, to advance the glory of God in planteing the Gospell here, and to helpe forward those that intend the good of this Country, therefore I pray you, to Conferre with him of the same, for I haue made bold to acquaint him wth the acquaintance of your worps:[1] and then Sr Richard will enforme you of all the p'ticulars that can be said of this Country, so much of it also as will bring ouer my Lady Lampleath, and Sr George her husband, and some others of my good Sr ffrancys Barringtons lineage, that I may lay my selfe downe at their feet, to doe them some service, for that extraordinary loue & kindnesse and respect, that I received from my good Sr ffrancys and my good Lady, wch I feare I shall neuer be able to requite. I am vnwilling to take off my hand from writeing in paper, but if I could write you any better matter, but I hope hereafter to answere yor letters, wch will make mee much more, all yor debtors. My God and my Lord and yor God, blesse you all and yors, with all heauenly blessings, and heauenly graces, vntill wee all meet in heauen in o(u)r places. Amen.

Yor friends in all Seruice, till death end.
John Masters.

Watertown, neere Charles riuer,
New England: March 14th
1630[2]

Mr. Samuel's hill was where the Cambridge Hospital now is, and was so called for Samuel Saltonstall who inherited the tract originally assigned to his father. He is referred to in our records as Mr. Samuel several times; once he was paid a shilling for a fox. In later years he owned a farm in Waltham called "Mr. Samuel's farm." It is now beneath the waters of the Cambridge Water Basin.

This year, the Metropolitan District Commission is again recommending a bridge across the Charles from the old landing to

[1] The two words stand for "Your Worships."
[2] 1630/1.

Soldiers Field. I earnestly hope it will be called the Saltonstall bridge in honor of one of the three great leaders who helped to found the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England and who, after his return to England, looked after its interests there. The landing, which became a part of Cambridge, was called Sir Richard's Landing for 150 years after the settlement, later Oliver's Landing, and then Gerry's Landing, although both were merely incidental.

At my suggestion the Commonwealth in 1930 recognized the fitness of restoring the ancient name by erecting a marker calling it Sir Richard's Landing. Why cannot the Cambridge Historical Society cause the wooden sign "Gerry's Landing" to be removed, leaving the permanent marker to honor him of whom Dr. Francis wrote over one hundred years ago: "He has always been regarded as one of the venerated fathers of the Massachusetts settlement."

EARLY QUAKERS AT CAMBRIDGE

By Henry J. Cadbury

Read April 27, 1937

A CONSPICUOUS FEATURE of the rise of the Society of Friends is the vigorous activity with which they travelled about instead of remaining contentedly in their own homes. In less than a decade after their beginning they had not only entered almost every county in Great Britain but traversed Europe with their missionaries and in this sparsely settled hemisphere visited many places from Surinam to Newfoundland. It may be doubted whether any other of the Protestant sects of England equalled in extent the itinerating ministry of these "First Publishers of Truth." Up and down the Atlantic seaboard this influx of Quaker visitors continued year after year. Its significance was recognized and complained of by their enemies from the earliest times. These "wandering stars," as the people of Sandwich called them,[1] enticed the older settlers away from the "sound" religion of the community. The first legislation was mainly intended to prevent their travels, as for example when Plymouth Plantation watched the ports to prevent their entrance, forbade giving hospitality to "foreign Quakers," deprived them of their horses, and otherwise tried to stop "their speedy passage from place to place to poison the inhabitants with their cursed tenets."

In New England from the first visitors in 1656 there was a constant stream of Quaker invaders for generations. A list of "Friends names that have travelled in the work of the ministry that have been here at Salem" shows about one hundred entries.

[1] Petition to the Governor, Magistrates and Deputies assembled at Plymouth, 4th of June, 1678, in the minute book of Sandwich Monthly Meeting. For complaints of S. P. G. agents in more southern colonies see *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, lx (1936), p. 365, where I have discussed this phenomenon of Colonial Quakerism more at length.

The list must come from about 1700.[2] There are other lists extant from Sandwich and from Newport, R.I., which extend down much further. For Boston no such list has been kept, though a partial one could still be compiled from the information available. A good deal is known of the earliest visitors during the period of most active persecution, partly from official court records and partly from the Quaker sources.

In many cases the visitors wrote Journals. These with their letters often provide material about the colonies and their experiences there which surpass anything available from the natives. In a recent article on "Colonial Travelers on Long Island" I noticed that of twenty-five visitors quoted between 1638 and 1773 thirteen were ministers of the Society of Friends.[3]

How did Cambridge fare in all this visitation? Though other places in the colony had Quaker meetings, that in Boston was weak, compared with such places as Salem or Scituate; and Newtown or Cambridge had no group of Quakers at all. The first Friends' Meeting House here is being built while I write (1937). But the itinerant ministers did not go only where they had friends. They went also among strangers to convert them. The questions with which this paper concerns itself are these: Is there any evidence of Quakers visiting Cambridge? or of Cambridge citizens being concerned in either befriending or opposing them?

There is every presumption that both questions should be answered in the affirmative. Cambridge in the seventeenth century was a conspicuous center, and no mere appendage of Boston. The Friends would almost certainly know of the controversies here in the years before they arrived. The notable preachers and the college — small though it was — would be a challenge to attract them. Conversely, the orthodox of Cambridge would be most likely to be aroused by the Quaker threat. They had tasted heresy before and had dealt with it decisively. The col-

[2] Minutes of Salem (Mass.) Monthly Meeting, 1677–1778.

[3] Ethel C. Hedges, in *Proceedings of New York State Historical Association*, xxxi, 1933, pp. 152–162.

lege had special reason to be concerned, and so had the church.

The best known and, according to her own account, the earliest visit of a Quaker to Cambridge was that of Elizabeth Hooton. For her it was but an episode in a long succession of journeys and sufferings between her conversion by George Fox in 1647 and her death in the West Indies in 1672. This remarkable woman had the distinction of being almost the first person to join the movement which Fox initiated, and certainly the earliest Quaker preacher of her sex. At the time of her visit to Cambridge she was already over sixty, and had seen the inside of prisons at Derby, York, and Lincoln. Upon news of the hanging of Quakers in Boston she had visited that city twice in 1661, only to be promptly imprisoned and finally led out into the wilderness and left to die, and then returned boldly to the city before taking ship for her home.

A second visit to New England followed soon after. This time she was accompanied by her daughter and carried with her a license from the King whom she had interviewed in person "to purchase land upon any of his plantations beyond the seas."[4] This visit, which carried her to Cambridge, was described shortly after by George Bishop of Bristol in the second part of *New England Judged by the Spirit of the Lord*, first published in 1666, from which historians both Quaker and non-Quaker have taken their information.

It is possible now, however, to go behind the printed account to the first hand story of Elizabeth Hooton herself, written in the first person and still preserved among nearly a hundred pages of manuscript pieces by her in the archives of the Society of Friends in London.[5] She may therefore be allowed to tell in her own words of her visit to Cambridge. Her narrative begins as follows:

[4] Her purpose is elsewhere described as including provision of a house for Friends to meet in, and of ground to bury their dead, who had been murdered there (Bishop, *New England Judged*, edit. of 1885, p. 265, omitting the charge of the first edition, p. 97, "whom you had slain and murthered").

[5] Friends Reference Library, Friends House, Euston Road. Portfolio 3. This has been reproduced not only verbatim but literatim and punctatim in *Elizabeth Hooton, First Quaker Woman Preacher (1600–1672)* by Emily Manners, London,

Afterwards was I moved of the Lord and called by his spirit to go to New England again,[6] and took with me my daughter to bear there my second testimony; where when the persecutors understood I was come they would have fined the ship's master £100, but that he told them I had been with the King and thither was I come to buy an house, so stopped them from seizing on his goods. When I had been a while in the country among Friends, then came I up to Boston to buy an house, and went to their courts four times, but they denied it me in open court by James Oliver, who was one of their chiefs, a persecutor. So I told them that if they denied me an house, the King having promised us liberty in any of his plantations beyond the sea, then might I go to England and lay it before the King if God was pleased.

Following an account of her travels "toward Piscatua" with her imprisonment at Hampton, her escape from punishment at Salem, and her being put in the stocks at Dover, she continues:

So afterwards I returned to Cambridge, where they were very thirsty for blood because none had been there before that I knew of, and I cried repentance through some part of the town. So they took me and had me early in the morning before Thomas Danforth and Daniel Gookin, two of their magistrates who by their jailer thrust me in a very dark dungeon for the space of two days and two nights without helping me to either bread or water. But a Friend, Benanuel Bower, brought me some milk and they cast him into prison because he entertained a stranger and fined him £5.

And at two days' end they fetched me to their court and asked me who received me. I said if I had come to his house I should have seen if he would have received me for I was much wearied with my travel and they ought to entertain strangers. So I asked whether he would not receive me, which he did deny. Then I said, "Sell me an house, or let me one to rent, that I may entertain strangers," and laid the King's promise before them concerning liberty we should enjoy beyond the seas. But they regarded it not but made a warrant to whip me for a wandering vagabond Quaker at three towns,[7] 10 stripes at whipping post in Cambridge and 10 at Watertown and 10 stripes at

---

1914. I have modernized the spelling, punctuation and capitalization. The MS was evidently the basis of Bishop's account. It is actually mentioned by Whiting.

[6] Her earlier travels include a journey in 1661–2, of which we can trace the following itinerary: England, Virginia, Boston, Providence, Barbadoes, Boston, England. The date of the visit now described has never been given with certainty between 1662 and 1666. We know that she was in Rhode Island July 6, 1663 (letter of Ann Coleman to George Fox, printed in Bowden, *History of Friends in America*, i.263 f.), and in Boston in March, 1665 (at the funeral of John Endicott, see below), and on April 10, 1665 (letter of George Cartwright to Richard Nicolls, both of them King's commissioners, *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial, 1665*, i.292). For new evidence of the date see next note.

[7] The following extract from the public records at the Court House in Cambridge

Dedham at the cart's tail with a three-corded whip, three knots at the end, and a handful of willow rods at Watertown on a cold frosty morning.

So they put me on a horse and carried me into the wilderness many miles where was many wild beasts both bears and wolves and many deep waters where I waded through very deep. But the Lord delivered me though I were in the night to go 20 miles, but he strengthened me over all troubles and fears, though they carried me thither for to have been devoured, saying they thought they should never see me again.

So being delivered I got among our Friends through much danger by the water, and after that to Rhode Island. whence I took my daughter with me to fetch my clothes and other things which was about 80 miles. So when we came there for my clothes there Thomas Danforth made a warrant for the constable of Charlestown to apprehend us and one of their own inhabiters, Sarah Coleman, an ancient woman of Scituate where he met us in the woods coming back. And he asked us whether we were Quakers for he said he was appointed to apprehend Quakers.

So I answered, "Wilt thou apprehend thou knows not who nor for what?"

So he said, "I suppose you are Quakers, therefore in his Majesty's name stand."

"What Majesty?" I asked him.

He said, "The King's."

---

partly published as of date 1660 in the *Friends Intelligencer*, xliv, 1887, p. 243, and *The Friend* (Philadelphia), lx, 1887, p. 374, should be compared:

"Elizabeth Howton appearing before the Court and being convicted of being a vagabond and wandering Quaker having been taken in the manner in Cambridge town after their bold and impetuous way making an outcry in their streets, this court do sentence her to be whipped ten stripes in the prison house before she thence depart and from thence to be conveyed out of this jurisdiction from constable to constable through Water Towne and Dedham and to be whipped on her naked body 10 stripes in eachof the said towns as the law in that case directeth.

"In her examination she denied her name to be Howton, said she was called to preach, charged the Court that they had turned the sword of justice against the right, that the Lord would root out our practices, that our ministers had proved deceitful and ordinances ordinances of men, our college a cage of unclean birds."

I find that this appears in the County Court Records, 1649–1663, p. 250, dated Cambridge, October 6, 1663, thus supplying the desired date. I am indebted to Professor Joseph Henry Beale for the loan of typewritten transcripts of these unpublished records. The quotations have also been verified by the original.

From Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 1877, p. 215 f., we learn that the House of Correction was built in 1656 and was used as a County prison after 1660. It stood on the easterly side of Holyoke Street about two hundred feet north from the present location of Mount Auburn Street. The keeper between 1656 and 1672 was Andrew Stevenson. But nothing is said of the location of the whipping post in Cambridge. One wonders whether John G. Whittier had authority for saying that Elizabeth Hooton was whipped on the College Green (*Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, First Series, Vol. xviii, 1887, p. 392 note).

"Now," said I, "thou hast told a lie for I was later at the King than thou, and he hath made no such laws."

Saith he, "I must take you to Cambridge."[8]

But the Friend that was inhabiter said she would not go except he carried her. Then he met with a cart and he commanded them to aid him and set us all upon the cart and carried us away to Cambridge to Daniel Gookin's house; but he came not home till night.

And in the night they fetched us before him and a wicked crew of Cambridge scholars there were that abused me both times. And Gookin said,

"Did not we charge you ye should not come hither?"

So I said we were forced thither in a cart, I came thither to fetch my clothes because they would not let me take them with me. So he asked the inhabiter if she owned me. She said she owned the Truth. So he wrote her down for a wandering vagabond Quaker that had no dwelling place, and she dwelt but a little way of him and he knew it.

And to my daughter he said, "Dost thou own thy mother's religion?"

And she said nothing, and he set her down for a wandering vagabond Quaker which had not a dwelling place. And I, Elizabeth Hooton, was set down for a wandering vagabond Quaker who would have bought a house among them.

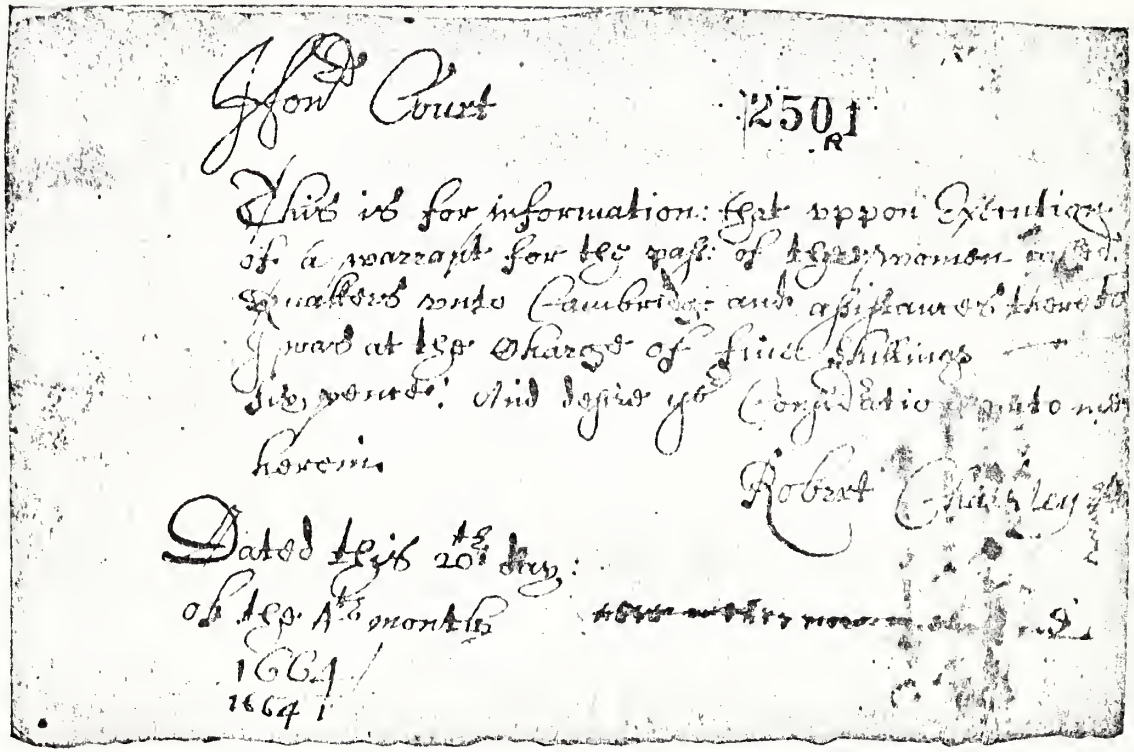
And this was in the night when the house was full of Cambridge scholars, being a "cage of unclean birds"[9] that gave us many bad languages. And the college masters and priests' sons stood mocking of old Sarah Coleman which had formerly fed them with the best things which she and her husband could get, and told her she should be whipped with thongs and with ends, her husband being a shoemaker and had given them the making of their shoes

[8] Among the hundreds of miscellaneous papers preserved at the Court House in Cambridge in the archives of the Middlesex County Court, I find the following bill signed by the constable of Charlestown. Although the three Quaker women are not named, they are almost certainly Elizabeth Hooton, mother and daughter, and Sarah Coleman. Even if the date, June 20, 1664, is not the date of the actual arrest but the day when the bill was written or presented to the next quarterly sitting of the Court, it is a welcome addition to the chronology of Elizabeth Hooton's experiences in New England. The paper of which a facsimile is given opposite may be modernized as follows;

Honoured Court, This is for information that upon execution of a warrant for the pass of three women called Quakers unto Cambridge and assistance thereto I was at the charge of five shillings six pence, and I desire your consideration unto me herein. Robert Chalkley

Dated this 20th day of the 4th month, 1664.

[9] This phrase, found also in the account of the court, is of course a quotation from Revelation xviii.2. It was a favorite among Friends. The first Quaker visitors to old Cambridge and to Oxford, who were also women, met very similar treatment from the scholars there. See N. Penney, *First Publishers of Truth*, 1907, pp. 13 ff., 209 ff.



Gent Court 2501 R

This is for information: that upon Extending of a warrant for the past of the women called Quakers unto Cambridge: and afterwards to Ipswich at the Charge of Five Shillings the pounds: And desire yr Consideration to note herein

Robert Chuchley

Dated this 20th day: of the 8th month 1664

1664

Constable's Bill for Passing Quakers to Cambridge

(See page 72, note 8)

and mending. Thus was she rewarded evil for good, and so sent us all to the house of correction in the night, which was a cold open place and had nothing but a little dirty straw and dirty old cloth.[10]

So early in the morning before it was light the whipper, a member of their church, came up; which had said to me before that the governor of Boston was his God and the magistrates were his God (I answered, "Many gods, many lords, blind sottish men, both priests and people") and asked us whether we would be whipped there or below. I said, "Wilt thou take our blood in the dark, before the people be risen to see what thou doest?"

So he took me down and locked them up, and said I was acquainted with their whipping because I had been there before. So to the whipping posts he locked my hands, having two men by to bear him witness that I was whipped before it was light. Then fetched he down Sarah Coleman, being as I thought older than myself, and whipped her and then my daughter and whipped us each 10 stripes apiece with a three-corded whip and said to my daughter,

"Are you not glad now it's your turn?"

She said, "I am content."

So they put her hands in a very strait place which pressed her arms very much.

And so this Daniel Gookin, the magistrate, walked out of door with my Bible in his hand, for it had the Epistle to the Laodiceans and other things opening of the corruption of translations.[11] Then he asked me whether I would promise him to go to Scituate.

I said, "I submit to the will of the Lord."

With other words I spake, why he should whip us so without a cause. But he ran and made another warrant and fetched the constable to whip us at other two towns, and the constable provided company to go along with us. But Sarah Coleman was not able to go, so they got a horse and that day they went with us from town to town.

So when they came to Unketty[12] the constable saw it was such a merciless thing that he took the warrant away with him to carry to Boston and left one of our Friends to go with us. So were we persecuted from place to place till we came to Scituate. . . .

So ends the recorded contact of Elizabeth Hooton with Cambridge, but not her sufferings in New England[13] and England.

[10] This paragraph was not used by Bishop. But Whiting gives the substance of it, p. 479 (edit. of 1702, p. 111).

[11] Evidently she had inserted into her Bible the quarto Quaker tract *Something concerning Agbarus, Prince of the Edesseans . . . Also Paul's Epistle to the Laodicians . . . As also how several scriptures are corrupted by the Translators.*

[12] Unquity or Unquity-quisset, modern Milton, Mass.

[13] John Whiting summarizes her sufferings there: "Eight times was this innocent woman whipped, and four times they carried her into the wilderness." (*Truth and Innocency Defended*, 1702 (reprint of 1885, p. 480)). One incident has escaped even the latest biographer of John Endecott. At his funeral in March, 1665, she was

Probably she was intending to return to New England for a third time when she came with George Fox and others to Barbadoes in October, 1671, dying three months later at Jamaica.[14]

Evidently Elizabeth Hooton regarded Cambridge as fully on a par with Boston in the guilt of persecution. *A Lamentation for Boston and Cambridge her Sister* was left by her in manuscript:

> Oh Boston, Oh Boston, how often hast thou been warned by the servants of the Lord who have been sent unto thee of the Lord. How hast thou slighted the day of thy visitation and hast rewarded the Lord evil for good and hath slain the just and innocent. . . . And thy sister Cambridge who is one with thee in thy wicked act, who is the fountain and nursery of all deceit. You are the two eyes of New England by whom the rest sees how to do mischief and persecute the just by your unrighteous decrees hatched at Cambridge and made at Boston. You are the two breasts of New England where all cruelty is nursed up and feeds both priests and professors and by these two breasts they are blood suckers, persecutors, and murderers, and robbers of the poor innocent and harmless all over the country.[15]

The few other recorded references to Quakers or to their friends or enemies in Cambridge in this period of history have to do chiefly with persons already mentioned in the account of Elizabeth Hooton, and most of them come from the most extensive Quaker account of affairs in New England, Bishop's *New England Judged*.[16] Such search as I have made in contemporary letters or diaries of the settlers or residents has yielded very little reference to the Quakers. There appear to be no records of the First

---

imprisoned (Bishop, p. 272). Probably she tried to speak and call attention to this judgment upon the persecutor. She tells (Manners, *op. cit.*, p. 43) of having gone in sackcloth and ashes to Endecott's house to bear testimony against the persecution of the innocent, but this may be an earlier incident.

[14] Three of her children subsequently came to the New World. Samuel came to Boston in 1666, where he testified against his mother's persecutors (see below). Both he and the sister Elizabeth who had suffered with the mother may have settled in New Jersey. Oliver Hooton lived for many years in Barbadoes and died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 11, 1687, aged fifty years. See Norman Penney in Manners, *op. cit.*, pp. 80 ff., and for the last item J. N. Arnold, *Vital Records of Rhode Island, 1636–1850*, vii, 1895, p. 109.

[15] Portfolio 3–36 at Friends Reference Library, London. Modernized from transcript in Manners, *op. cit.*, p. 51.

[16] I cite this work from a Philadelphia reprint of 1885 as being the most generally accessible form of the work, differing from the original in no important detail. The first edition bears London imprint as follows: First Part, 1661; Appendix, 1661;

Church for this period. I should therefore be grateful if anything of this sort that I have missed were called to my attention.

The first reference to Quakers on the minutes of the Middlesex County Court is the following under heading of Charlestown, December 29th, 1657:

William Baker appearing to answer the presentment of the Grand Jury at Cambridge, October '57 for absenting himself from baptism and suspicion of having Quakers' book or books in his house. He denied that he had any Quakers' book or books in his custody, but did utterly dislike those which he had seen and had therefore burnt the same.

He also acknowledged that now within ten days past he had seen more than formerly why he should not absent himself from the holy ordinance of baptism and did propose for the future no more to be offensive to the commonwealth or churches. The honored John Endicott, Esq., Governor, being then present in Court admonished him to be careful of Sathan's wiles. And so he was dismissed the Court.[17]

It was not necessary for Quakers actually to set foot across the Charles River for them to feel the hostility of the ministers and magistrates of Cambridge. They could speak and act in Boston. It is said of General Daniel Gookin (c. 1612–1687), for example, that he desired his fellow magistrate William Hawthorne of Salem to send him some Quakers to Cambridge that he might see them lashed.[18] This must be dated before Elizabeth Hooton's visit.

An unnamed magistrate of Cambridge is mentioned in a letter written from Boston, March 26, 1661, as having been of the jury or court that condemned William Leddra to death. The writer, one Thomas Wilkie, intervening at the very execution asked the magistrate by what rule he had condemned him and got as his reply that Leddra was "a rogue, a very rogue" and "had abused authority." [19]

Second Part, 1667. The second edition was prepared with many abbreviations by Joseph Grove and printed in London in 1703 to accompany John Whiting's answer to Cotton Mather's *Church History of New England* entitled *Truth and Innocency Defended.*

[17] Original MS records, p. 145. I have no evidence as to where in Middlesex County William Baker lived.

[18] Bishop, *op. cit.*, p. 271 (first edition, p. 102). The name is spelled Goggins throughout the Quaker sources.

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 205 (first edition both in Appendix p. 197 and Second Part, p. 28).

Thomas Danforth (1622–1699) also reappears in connection with Quakers in Boston. When in the spring of 1664 Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose came from severe treatment at Dover to Boston, they with Edward Wharton and Wenlock Christison were brought by Danforth and Richard Bellingham before the Governor, and while the sentences against the others were not carried out, at Danforth's suggestion Wharton, though a resident of Salem, was whipped with thirty stripes at Boston and at other towns by a roundabout route to his home.[20] Some words of Danforth to Wenlock Christison are quoted, perhaps from the same occasion, at any rate at the Governor's house in Boston. He said:

> Wenlock, I am a mortal man and die I must, and that ere long, and I must appear at the tribunal-seat of Christ, and must give an account for my deeds done in the body; and I believe it will be my greatest glory in that day, that I have given my vote for thee to be soundly whipped at this time.[21]

The participation of members of Harvard College was mentioned by Elizabeth Hooton. Among the "masters and priests' sons" in her time would be included Charles Chauncy, President from 1654 to 1672, and such Fellows as Jonathan Mitchell, the elder, Thomas Shepard, the younger, Peter Bulkley, and Nathaniel Chauncy. Thomas Danforth already mentioned was the Treasurer.

George Bishop records one evidence of Chauncy's hostility to Quakerism. On the 28th of October, 1658, preaching at the lecture day in Boston, he said with regard to the Quakers from Salem then imprisoned though without any very satisfactory charges against them,

---

Major-General Daniel Denison who appears frequently as active in the proceedings of the General Court against the Quakers in 1658 according to the accounts given first of all in Humphrey Norton's *New England's Ensigne* (1659) and then in Bishop, Sewel, and Besse was an early resident of Cambridge, but he had removed to Ipswich as early as 1635. See Thomas F. Waters, *Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony*, 1905, p. 491.

[20] Bishop, *op. cit.*, pp. 287–290.

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 309. The fact that Thomas Danforth was the Recorder of the County Court adds a piquant interest to its various minutes against the Quakers quoted in this paper.

Suppose ye should catch six wolves in a trap and ye cannot prove that they killed either sheep or lambs, and now ye have them they will neither bark nor bite, yet they have the plain marks of wolves. Now I leave it to your consideration whether ye will let them go alive — yea or nay? [22]

Jonathan Mitchell (c. 1625–1668), "the incomparable Mitchell," was minister of the Church in Cambridge at the time of Elizabeth Hooton. A friendly biographer included in an epitaph upon him the lines:

> The Quaker, Trembling at his Thunder, fled;
> And with Caligula resum'd his bed.[23]

Evidently he was a vigorous opponent of Quakerism, so vigorous that when he died suddenly of a severe fever in the summer of 1668 the Friends saw in his "cutting-off" a just judgment of Providence. Bishop says that "he who lately stirred up the rulers to persecution and madness, was soon after smitten down by the hand of the Lord; and it is testified, 'That his very tongue while he was alive turned exceeding black in his mouth,' and soon after he died." [24]

Sarah Coleman, though definitely described as a resident of Scituate, may have lived earlier in Cambridge. At any rate she was known not only to the magistrates there but to the masters and students. Her husband, a shoemaker, had made and mended shoes for the college students and both he and she had fed them generously. Bishop, who adds that she was the mother of seven children,[25] tells of her earlier imprisonment at the time of Elizabeth Hooton's first visit to Boston in 1661, she and three or four of her children being among the nearly thirty Quakers released from Boston jail.[26] I think she must be the wife of Joseph Colman who is known to historians of Scituate as a shoemaker of

[22] *Ibid.*, p. 72.

[23] F. D. in Cotton Mather's *Ecclesiastes*, 1697, p. 111.

[24] Bishop, *op. cit.*, p. 324.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 269 text; in the earlier editions this is noted in the margin.

[26] *Ibid.*, p. 211; in the earlier editions the list of persons was printed in the margin. This release preceded, I believe, the jail delivery of December 9, 1661, that was due to the receipt of the King's Missive. The date is not Oct. 16, 1660, as suggested by the reference to *Records of Massachusetts Colony*, Vol. IV, part 1,

that town and the father of several children who were Friends.[27] He was one of four signers of a Quaker remonstrance against tithes presented to the General Court at Plymouth in June, 1678.[28]

Benanuel Bowers on the other hand appears frequently in the Middlesex County Court records. A summary will be found in Lucius R. Paige's *History of Cambridge*, 1877, pp. 346–352. In 1653 he married Elizabeth Dunster, a "cousin" of President Dunster of Harvard, and evidently shared the latter's views on baptism almost as early as Dunster himself.[29] In the year 1656 we read: "Benanuel Bower being presented by the Grand Jury for ordinary absenting himself from the ordinance of Baptism was admonished and convicted of the evil therein by the court." [30] While other Cambridge residents also absented themselves from baptism, the fuller acceptance of Quakerism can be attested only

---

p. 433, in R. M. Jones' *Quakers in the American Colonies*, 1911, p. 94, but May 28, 1661; see *ibid.*, Vol. IV, part 2, p. 19. Probably earlier evidence of Sarah Coleman's Quaker leanings is to be found in the fact that along with Mrs. Cudworth and William Parker "Goodwife Coleman" was fined in 1659 for absence from public worship (J. A. Goodwin, *The Pilgrim Republic*, Boston, 1888, p. 609).

[27] Samuel Deane, *History of Scituate*, 1831, p. 241.

[28] "The Hinckley Papers," in *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.* Vol. 5, Fourth Series, 1861, p. 20.

[29] Henry Dunster was forced to resign as President of Harvard in 1654. He then removed to Scituate until his death five years later, where without favoring the Quakers he stood out against severe persecution of them. Shortly before his withdrawal he received a letter from Newcastle, England, warning him of the rise of the sect (from William Cutter, dated May 19, 1654, preserved in the University archives). Historians often treat Dunster as having been an unrelenting and vindictive persecutor, but this is probably an exaggeration of the mild testimony in Morton's *New England Memorial* (under date of 1659) that he was useful in helping to oppose the abominable opinions of the Quakers and in defending the truth against them. On the other hand Bishop preserves a letter of his fellow townsman James Cudworth written in October, 1658, which speaks of "worthy Mr. Dunster, whom the Lord hath made boldly to bear testimony against the spirit of persecution" (*op. cit.*, p. 134, cf. p. 236). This may be the very letter which caused Capt. James Cudworth to be brought to court 7 March, 1659/60 for encouraging Quakers and for writing letters to England on the subject of their treatment. *Records of Plymouth Colony. Court Orders*, Vol. III (1651–1661), Boston, 1855, p. 183, Cudworth had attempted to secure copies of the depositions against the Quakers. See letter of Nathaniel Morton, April 2, 1658 in *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.* li, 1918, pp. 201 f.

[30] 19th of June. MS records, p. 85.

of Benanuel Bowers and some of his family. His home was soon transferred to Charlestown.

From the same session of the court at which Elizabeth Hooton was sentenced we have the following minute:

> Benanuel Bowers appearing before the court and being convicted of absenting himself the public ordinances of Christ on the Lord's days, by his own confession, for about a quarter of a year past, and of entertaining Quakers into his family two several times, on his examination he affirmed that the Spirit of God was a Christian's rule, and that David had no need of the word, nor never contradicted it, and that he speaks of no other law but that which was in his heart. The court fined him for his absenting himself from the public ordinances, twenty shillings; and for twice entertaining the Quakers, four pounds, and costs three shillings to the witnesses.[21]

The almost annual fines of Benanuel Bowers need not be rehearsed here, nor the bitter experience of a year's imprisonment for refusal to pay fines, which led him to write a vigorous poem against Thomas Danforth, his principal tormentor, and to accuse him publicly at the close of a church service. Writing from Cambridge Prison the 24th of 3d mo. 1677, he complains how he had been assaulted while in a Friends' meeting, violently hauled out of the room down a pair of stairs by the heels into the open, carried on a wheelbarrow to prison, and whipped. "I am about sixty years of age, thirty of which I have dwelt within about a mile of Cambridge town." Unfortunately he does not tell where the Quakers were met to worship. Was there a meeting place then in Cambridge, or only in Boston?

[21] MS records, p. 256, Oct. 6, 1663, quoted in Paige, *op. cit.*, p. 347. Two other entries at the same quarter sessions of the County Court (p. 252) relate that Ursula, the wife of John Cole, and Sarah, the wife of Wm. Osburne, both of Charlestown, were convicted of meeting with sundry Quakers at Bowers' house and were admonished "to beware of the cursed tenets and practices of those heretics" and "to attend the worship of God on the Lord's days in the public assembly with more frequency and delight." Mrs. Cole had also reviled "the Reverend Mr. Symes and Mr. Shepard ministers of God's word at Charlestown, saying she had as lief hear a cat meow as them preach," for which she was condemned to pay £5 or to be openly whipped. Cf. R. Frothingham, *History of Charlestown, Mass.*, Boston, 1845–9, p. 173.

Among the miscellaneous papers lately sorted at the Court House (through the initiative of the Cambridge Historical Society) are several pertaining to just these cases. These I hope to publish elsewhere shortly.

Elizabeth Bowers, the wife and the daughter Elizabeth, were also arrested for attending a Friends' meeting this same summer and whipped; and another daughter Barbara shared the punishment of Margaret Brewster, being tied to the cart's tail at which Margaret was whipped in Boston.[32]

Aside from the sources already mentioned, something of the family's history may be learned from a diary in the form of a series of letters written by Mrs. Anna Bolton, the daughter of Elizabeth Bowers the younger:

> My Grandfather Benanuel Bowers was born in England of honest parents, but his father being a man of stern temper and a rigid Oliverian obliged my grandfather (who out of a pious zeal turned to the religion of the Quakers) to flee for succor into New England.
>
> My grandmother's name was Elizabeth Dunster. She was born in Lancashire in old England, but her parents dying when she was young her uncle Dunster, who was himself at that time President of the College in New England, sent for her thither and discharged his duty to her not only in that of a kind uncle but a good Christian and tender father. By all reports he was a man of great wisdom, exemplary piety, and peculiar sweetness of temper.
>
> My grandfather not long after his coming to New England purchased a farm near Boston and then married my grandmother. Though they had but a small beginning yet God so blessed them that they increased in substance, were both devout Quakers and famous for their Christian charity and liberality to people of all persuasions on religion who to escape the stormy wind and tempest that raged horribly in England flocked thither. . . .[33]

[32] J. Besse, *A Collection of Sufferings of the People Called Quakers*, 1753, ii.261, 264 f. The episode of Margaret Brewster in 1677 may be found in Whittier's "In the Old South Church." "With her hair about her shoulders, ashes on her head, her face coloured black and sackcloth on her upper garments she came, attended by two other women, on Sunday morning into the Rev. Mr. Thatcher's meeting house" (R. M. Jones, *The Quakers in the American Colonies*, 1911, p. 109). Though intended to serve like the acted warnings of the Old Testament prophets, this act was taken with great offense and bruited far and wide. A Cambridge reference to it is in the Harvard Commencement Salutatory of that year by the President, Urian Oakes. The incident suited the ornate and allusive Latin style in which the oration was composed. See *Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts*, xxxi, 1935, pp. 416 f. (Latin), 406 f. (English). Strangely enough the orator takes it in the same serious way in which it was intended. For the official sentence of "Barbery Bower of Charlestown" in the Suffolk County Court, 31 July, 1677; see *ibid.*, xxx, 1933, p. 843.

[33] Quoted in a note on Bathsheba Bowers contributed by William John Potts of Camden, New Jersey, in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, iii, 1879, pp. 110 ff.

The account continues with references to the "cruel whippings and imprisonment and the loss of part of their worldly substance" which Benanuel and Elizabeth Bowers received through "the outrage and violence of fiery zealots of the Presbyterian party who had then the power in their own hands," and to the sending of their four eldest daughters to Philadelphia. The eldest was married to Timothy Hanson and settled upon a plantation near Frankford; the youngest married George Lownes in Springfield, Chester County; Elizabeth married Wenlock Curtis of Philadelphia; Bathsheba, being crossed in love at eighteen, retired alone to her house and garden near a famous spring known as Bathsheba's well. "She was a Quaker by profession but so wild in her notions it was hard to find what religion she really was of." Beside controversial correspondence with Thomas Story she wrote the history of her life and *An Alarm sounded to prepare the Inhabitants of the World to meet the Lord in the way of his judgment* [1709]. She moved to Charleston, South Carolina, where she died in 1718.

After Elizabeth Hooton the next Quaker visitor to Cambridge of which I have any information at present is no other than her son Samuel. We know of his experiences as a Friend in England from various sources.[34] He set out for New England early in 1666 and returned at least before his marriage at Skegby in November, 1670. For his visit to Cambridge we may, as in the case of his mother, quote his own account:

> I came to a court at Cambridge, where were many hundreds of people; and the Lord's power was with me. And there I reasoned with them a great while, and was made to deal very plainly with them, for the Lord gave me authority over them, that they could not tell which way to get advantage over me, though many of their spirits were most envious and bitter in themselves against me, yet the Lord chained them down a great while that they could not get up, and many of the younger sort of people had a great love to me and were tendered; so that I was made to tell them they had been long professing people, but had brought forth nothing but very outsides and cruelty. Therefore the Lord would blast them. And though they had been building

[34] See Manners, *op cit.*, pp. 80–82, with some further information about Samuel Hooton's progeny by Gilbert Cope in *The Friend* (Philadelphia), lxxxviii, 1915, p. 617.

many years, yet the day was at hand there would not be left one stone upon another standing, their carcasses God would scatter in the wilderness, but to some of their children God would have respect, that have not had a hand with them in their cruelty.

So at these words their madness broke loose against me, and they committed me to the house of correction for six days, and to be whipt, but the hand of the Lord was upon them, and gave them no rest until I was forth, so when they had laid stripes upon my back, they got me free, hundreds of people followed me (so I went in a throng) and they said it was pity I should be whipt, or be prisoned, but when we came to the prison house the people would fain have seen what he did at me, but he would not; for what they did it was in the dark, neither friends nor others know what they did at me, yet they broached it themselves, and it went all over New England, I know not how suddenly, I marvel at it, for as for me I never made mention of it.[35]

[35] From "Something concerning my travell and of the dealings of the lord with mee since the lord brought mee from my dwelling," printed in *The Friend* (Philadelphia), lxxvii (1904), p. 205. Unfortunately the Middlesex County Court Records between 1664 and 1670 are missing. Perhaps they are those mentioned in the minutes of April 3, 1677, as having been burnt (Records, 1671–1680, p. 173).

WILLIAM BREWSTER, 1851–1919

By Glover M. Allen

Read May 25, 1937

A GENERATION AGO there lived in Cambridge three eminent naturalists whose fortunate circumstances permitted them to devote their lives and resources to their chosen studies with a zeal and enthusiasm that bore abundant fruit. One of these, the late Professor William G. Farlow, became a foremost authority on fungi and other lower plants; the second was Samuel H. Scudder, whose great work on the butterflies of New England leaves little to be added by later workers and whose knowledge of the locust-like insects gave him a world-wide reputation; the third was William Brewster, a friend and neighbor of Scudder. Each was an outstanding figure, each a quiet and modest personality. It was my privilege to meet Professor Farlow on various occasions as a member of the Library and Publications Committee of the Boston Society of Natural History, now thirty years agone. A small, slightly stooping figure, his short mustache well tobacco-stained (for he was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes), his eyes taking in everything in short rapid glances, his own standards of scientific endeavor were so high that he often found it difficult to excuse the inadequacy of less able workers in his own field, and in conversation would often keep up a running commentary in an almost inaudible voice on the shortcomings of their published writings. His former home on Quincy Street, next to the present Harvard Faculty Club, still has on its southerly side a one-storey brick excrescence with solid metal shutters, a sort of fireproof vault in which were said to be kept his rarer books and the finished editions of a series of colored plates of North American fungi, as one by one they were made ready for a great monograph, long projected. He was impatient of the many short and often hastily prepared articles of various botanists concerning

fungi or algae, for all of these must be indexed and analysed for an inclusive bibliography of the subject which he spent many years in preparing. He once informed me in whimsical vein that he hoped some day to found a new Society for the Suppression of Useless Publications. His great library and collections were given at his death to Harvard and now, housed in the old Divinity School Library converted to this use, form the basis of the Farlow Library and Herbarium. Scudder I never knew well, but on several occasions as a young man, called at his little museum which he had built on his grounds at 156 Brattle Street. Here he worked, surrounded by his library which abounded in rare and beautiful works in many tongues, dealing chiefly with insects of the locust tribe, on which he was a high authority. I well recall the weather-vane surmounting the peak of the museum, fashioned in the form of a huge grasshopper. But that was thirty years ago.

The third of this unique trinity is the subject of this sketch, William Brewster, eminent as a student and lover of birds. Again it was my privilege as a younger man, to have known him slightly in the later years of his life and to have fallen under the spell of his remarkable personality. For William Brewster, though great as an ornithologist, was first of all one's ideal of a gentleman and a lover of truth and beauty. For much of the ensuing account of his life I have drawn upon the well-written biography prepared by his lifelong friend and frequent companion, the late Henry Wetherbee Henshaw.

Brewster, though little interested in matters of pedigree, counted in his ancestry the Elder Brewster of the Mayflower company, and his bookplate, drawn for him by one of his admirers, depicts the famous ship under full sail in Massachusetts Bay. But he himself once told me that he believed the lineage was somewhat in doubt at one point, where it appeared that in early colonial days there were two William Brewsters, one of Mayflower fame, the other a more obscure person who was hanged for some reason in one of the New Hampshire settlements, though as we now look back on those times, even that need imply no real fault. He humorously remarked that he was inclined to suppose that after

all it was the latter Brewster from whom he might claim descent.

Be that as it may, Mr. Brewster, as we younger men always respectfully called him, was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, July 5, 1851, the son of John Brewster of Wolfboro, New Hampshire, who subsequently became a successful Boston banker. His mother was Rebecca Parker Noyes, who was born in East Bradford (now Groveland), Massachusetts. In 1845, John Brewster bought the old Riedesel mansion on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets, Cambridge, the house where Baron Riedesel with his wife was quartered after the surrender of Burgoyne. This mansion, supposed to date from about 1750, was at one time occupied by Sewall, a Royalist, who was mobbed there when in 1774 treason to the King broke out into open violence. It was said that John Brewster was wont to show his guests a window pane on which was scratched with a diamond (as so often historic personages seem to have done in those days) the name Riedesel, presumably by the Baroness during her enforced residence.

William Brewster spent his boyhood days in the historic mansion but later, in 1887, built a new house upon the same site, the brick-ended dwelling that still stands among the great lindens and among the younger trees of his own later planting. William was the youngest of four children but the sister and two other brothers all died in early childhood; yet were they old enough to have attracted the friendly interest of Longfellow, who must often have seen them at play. It was their early death that inspired his poem, "The Open Window," which begins

> The old house under the lindens
> Stands silent in the shade.

Perhaps the same inherent delicacy of constitution was manifest in the never-robust health of William and imparted to him a greater sensitiveness of spirit. His childhood days were spent happily in his father's house. He attended the public schools of Cambridge, and eventually studied the preparatory course for Harvard. But serious trouble with eyesight developed so that during the last year in school he was able to read but little. His

devoted mother would help by reading aloud to him his lessons, which he endeavored to commit to memory; but the handicap proved too great so that he eventually gave up the idea of entering college. However, as Henshaw tells, this was perhaps less of a disadvantage for little of the knowledge he most prized was to be gained from books alone. Never robust, he seems to have cared little for the rougher sports though he enjoyed horseback riding and became an excellent marksman with rifle and shotgun. Dancing had little attraction for him and he seldom attended the theater, though he was sociable and could enjoy a good play or a concert. I picture him as a quiet reserved lad, yet of so friendly and dignified a nature that it would seem strange to me if his companions ever could have called him by any nickname — he was always Will Brewster.

When about ten years old, he and Daniel Chester French became great comrades, for they were of about the same age and both enjoyed roaming the fields and woods. It happened that Daniel's father was somewhat of a sportsman and among other accomplishments had learned to mount the birds he shot, of which there were in his home two cases, the result of his skill with hand and gun. These at once attracted Brewster's attention, and presently we find him becoming an apt pupil of Dan's father in the art of taxidermy. Here perhaps is the beginning of his interest in ornithology, which was to become his lifelong pursuit. Brewster's great enthusiasm was evidently contagious and spread to several other lads, his chums and neighbors, who started to collect and prepare birds and their eggs. Among these boys were young Daniel C. French, Ruthven Deane, and Richard H. Dana. Most of them later passed to other fields of endeavor, but Brewster had found in the study of birds an ever increasing interest. Mr. French's library contained among other books a copy of Nuttall's *Manual of Ornithology* and Brewster's indulgent father later gave him a set of the octavo volumes of Audubon's *Birds of America*. These soon proved a source of infinite delight and profit, for presently we find William Brewster with Ruthven Deane, Walter Woodman, Ernest Ingersoll, and other companions now

of college age, repairing regularly to an attic room in the Brewster house to spend evenings together reading aloud from the inspiring pages of Audubon. Imagine a group of boys in this degenerate age doing that! Henry Henshaw writes that when he first met Brewster, then a lad of fourteen, in 1865, he already had several cases of birds mounted by his own hands, as well as many carefully prepared nests and eggs, while his knowledge of local birds was extensive and accurate.

In the years following 1865, Henshaw and Brewster became close companions and often ransacked the countryside for birds together. On these excursions they were often joined by Henry Purdie or Ruthven Deane. The latter was one of a group of four young brothers living in the old Deane mansion, now somewhat altered but still standing on the hill at 80 Sparks Street. His interest in birds seems to have first been stimulated by contact with Brewster's enthusiastic spirit and remained a lifelong avocation in later busy years after he removed to Chicago. His genial nature and his interest in ornithological history brought him in touch with a wide circle of friends; his great collection of letters and photographs of naturalists, built up in the course of a lifetime, is now permanently housed in the Library of Congress where it may be accessible to persons interested.

Under Brewster's guiding spirit, these gatherings of young men of the neighborhood to discuss and read about the habits of birds soon after, in 1873, developed into a definite organization, the Nuttall Ornithological Club, the first American organization devoted to the serious study of birds. Brewster was its first President and continued in that office except for a year in 1875–76, until his death. In later years the young men of this Cambridge club were to have a great influence upon the development of science in America. Among its members were such names as Joel A. Allen, Elliott Coues and, in his college days, Theodore Roosevelt. It still continues as an active organization for bird study.

When William Brewster was nineteen years of age, he entered his father's banking house, but soon discovered that he had little taste for a business career, and when, at his father's death, he was

left with an independent fortune, he devoted himself seriously to the study of birds.

When William Brewster was a youth, the districts lying to the north and west of Harvard Square were largely open grassy fields and pastures. From his home on Brattle Street, as I have heard him relate, he could at once enter an almost unbroken stretch of daisy fields and orchards between there and Fresh Pond. Houses were few and scattered, streets had not then been put through, there were no trolley cars, and the roar of automobiles had not been dreamed of. Vassal Lane he has described as a deeply rutted cart path, leading towards the old Concord Turnpike. There was not a building of any kind between the site of the Old Reservoir (at the junction of the present Reservoir and Highland Streets) and Fresh Pond. In his recollection of these Elysian Fields, Brewster wrote in the *Birds of the Cambridge Region*: "The dandelions and buttercups were larger and yellower, the daisies whiter and more numerous, the jingling melody of the Bobolinks blither and merrier, the early spring shouting of the Flicker louder and more joyous, and the long-drawn whistle of the Meadowlark sweeter and more plaintive, than they ever have been or ever can be elsewhere." It was here that he spent most of his school holidays in the early '60's collecting birds with Daniel C. French, later to become an eminent sculptor, or with Ruthven Deane. On the eastern side of the present Fresh Pond Parkway, about midway between Brattle Street and Fresh Pond, there stood a number of fine old oaks and hickories and a dozen or more big white pines, while to the east of the pond was a swamp grown up to tall red maples, an area then known as Gray's Woods. Another favorite hunting ground of those days was Norton's Woods in the Shady Hill area, the favorite haunt of Brewster's friend, Dr. Walter Woodman, when as a young man he hunted for red-winged blackbirds' nests in the spot where now stands the Andover Chapel. The trees were largely oaks, pines, and red maples, of which a dwindling remnant still remains, and two sluggish little brooks wound through the heart of the woods. But all this has long since passed, and where once the bobolinks nested

and the meadowlarks whistled is now thickly clustered with houses, and one risks life and limb in crossing the crowded thoroughfares to reach the remnant of Fresh Pond's glory.

Of Fresh Pond, Brewster has much to say in writing of his ancient haunts. Previous to the '90's, this was a beautiful and almost secluded sheet of water, its natural shore line partly wooded and indented by five large coves or "nooks" as they were then called. Two old icehouses in the northwest bay were removed about 1890 after the area was taken for a public park in 1884. In earlier days, in the late '60's, this was a favorite resort in autumn for many kinds of waterfowl and a rendezvous for the local gunners in early mornings. Black ducks and goldeneyes as well as herring gulls still come to rest on the tranquil waters at certain seasons, but the ducks in dwindling numbers.

Another Cambridge haunt of those days, much visited by Brewster and his companions, was the so-called Brickyard Swamp, lying mainly to the right of Concord Avenue as one approaches Fresh Pond. In 1860 or 1861, this was a wooded stretch of upwards of fifty acres, with two or three brickyards along its northern and eastern edges, the source no doubt of the many wobbly old pavements that make Cambridge sidewalks such difficult walking. When the steam shovels were scooping off the surface soil to get at the deep bed of pure clay beneath, they removed, he writes, many large stumps of old white pines that still showed the marks of axes wielded no doubt in early colonial times when the place formed the extreme eastern end of what was known as the Great Swamp. It was a maze of small ponds and ditches, through which were obscure and mirey footpaths known to boys and sportsmen; for it was a wonderful spot for birds, and continued to be so up to my own college days forty years ago, though now largely filled in and reeking with desolation. To the north of the railroad tracks an artificial pond, known as Glacialis, had been made about 1850 for obtaining ice in winter, and up to recent years was a wonderful jungle of cat-tails at one end, a great resort for marsh wrens, rails, blackbirds, and other marsh-loving species. This too, has now utterly passed, filled in for a railroad yard, a desert of gravel and

weeds where even a self-respecting starling might hesitate to be seen.

Fortunately William Brewster lived in better days. His excursions as a young man led him early to Concord, where shortly after his marriage in 1878 to Catherine Kettell of Boston, he and his wife spent two summers, living in the Old Manse of so many associations. Here, as he once related to me, he had an odd experience with a ghost; for on more than one occasion as he sat quietly writing in the downstairs study at night, he would hear footsteps creaking up the cellar stairs, coming nearer and nearer to the top of the stairs and passing down the adjoining passage, but on going to the door there was never anything to be seen. Perhaps his sensitive nature was more attuned to such vibrations than in most men; at all events he had a keen and discriminating ear, and could identify unerringly the faint calls of birds that might be almost or quite inaudible or at least unnoticeable to his companions. Brewster came to know and love Concord well. He was acquainted with the special haunts of Thoreau, whose writings he knew and admired.

It was natural, then, that later, about 1890, he should have bought there a tract of land bordering the left bank of the Concord River, several miles from the town. The old farmhouse here he fitted up as a residence, preserving with fine discrimination all that was good and adding such modest improvements as were in keeping. The old fireplaces in the rooms were left intact and served for warmth at the beginning and ending of the season, and here for many years he came for quiet and study as well as recreation. To the original farm he added adjacent tracts, including Ball's Hill, with its fine old pines which he greatly admired and for which he grieved when the plague of brown-tail and gypsy moths in later years wrought their destruction. Here by the still waters he built a simple log cabin or two where he could with reasonable comfort spend days at a time in the observation of birds and other wild life, especially in spring and autumn. At the cabins he often entertained kindred spirits, finding the deepest satisfaction in the quiet companionship of a few friends amid

such ideal surroundings. Moored close at hand were always one or two canoes, which he especially enjoyed; for in their silent approach he could observe the shyer water birds, the muskrats, and rarely the otter at closer range than in any other way.

I shall ever remember one bright October day when my wife and I were his guests at the cabin in 1911. He met us at Concord station at the afternoon train with a new Ford car, supplanting the familiar horse and carriage, and we were driven out along the picturesque highway to October Farm in the mellowness of the clear autumnal air. Gilbert, his faithful colored friend and helper, acted as charioteer. The transition to the automobile age had already taken place, but Mr. Brewster wisely felt that too swift a pace was dangerous; and besides, the country horses were still somewhat unused to the black puffing monstrosity careering towards them. Gilbert therefore had strict orders not to exceed a rate of fifteen miles an hour, but at that time even this seemed an almost headlong speed. The ideally quiet and beautiful evening we spent at the cabin is still a vivid recollection: the golden hues of a sunset sky, the sweep of the Great Meadows, the peace of the dark waters of the Concord River, the sheltering trees that seemed to draw nearer as dusk came on, the cheery glow of the log fire within, the simple but excellent meal prepared and served by Gilbert, the interesting hour of conversation. So clear was the light from the full moon that rose above the river, that we could plainly see the red and gold of the maples standing by the water's edge. No wonder Brewster loved it all, and continued to make it his abiding place at the better seasons of year until almost the close of his life.

Here at Concord an interesting experiment was carried out. On October Farm the wild life was left to pursue its own course, without human interference of any aggresive sort. No gun was allowed to be fired on the place for twenty years. The natural relations of prey and predator were left as nearly undisturbed as possible. At the end of this period, much to Brewster's surprise, there was practically no change in the average number of birds that annually nested on these acres. Thus for many years a single pair of great-crested flycatchers reared their brood in the orchard,

but never more than one; the ruffed grouse still counted eight or ten breeding birds in the wooded parts, but there was no increase in spite of the yearly broods of young that were hatched. Different covers might in the course of years grow up and change their character, but the average number of birds continued at much the same level from year to year. Thus Brewster demonstrated what we now have come to realize, that a given area may from the bird's point of view be fully populated, even though to our own eyes it may seem sparsely inhabited, for each species requires its own particular type of surroundings and its own amount of elbow-room, and these needs tend to be adhered to closely. Would that we might apply the same rules to human occupation!

Though eminently social in his feelings, Brewster nevertheless loved seclusion and the solitude of the wilderness with its unspoiled natural beauty. It was this love that led him earlier to make annual visits to his camp on the shores of Lake Umbagog, on the borders of Maine and northern New Hampshire. In those days the region was a real wilderness, little disturbed in summer, though invaded by lumbermen in winter, with primeval forest and unspoiled aspect. Here year by year, from 1870 till nearly the close of the century, he spent many summers in the study of the wilderness birds, exploring with a guide as companion the surrounding forests, and more especially by canoe, the shores and inlets of the lake itself. Thus he became familiar with many northern birds, whose habits in the breeding season were at that time but little known. Gradually, however, as years went by, the region became invaded by summer tourists, while the depredations of lumbermen wrought further changes, until, like the shyer denizens of the forests, he withdrew before them and never visited it after 1900. Nevertheless in the following years he began the preparation of an account of the birds of the Umbagog region, only two parts of which were finished at the time of his death; and these, published posthumously, remain as an accurate and thorough account of his extended observations there.

Brewster was not much of a traveller, for he loved his familiar haunts more than the prospect of new areas. Yet at various times

he extended his search for birds by brief excursions to new places. In 1881 he accompanied several Boston naturalists in a summer's cruise to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Anticosti Island, where he saw many of the northern seafowl colonies. In the late summer of 1885 he stayed with the lighthouse keeper at Point Lepreaux, New Brunswick, to observe the migration of birds, many of which on nocturnal passage were at times attracted in foggy weather within the close circle of the light. His memoir on "Bird Migration," resulting in part from this experience, formed a valuable contribution to this interesting subject, with much that was new and illuminating. In a later year, in company with Dr. Frank M. Chapman, he made an excursion to the Suwanee River, Florida, where they lived in a houseboat and enjoyed splendid opportunities for the study of the abundant bird-life of the region. Again, in 1894, the two visited the island of Trinidad together, where delightful days were spent in this tropical paradise. Of these journeys Dr. Chapman has written a few reminiscences, cherishing the joy of Brewster's companionship and his enthusiastic appreciation of the abundant life of the tropics, the beautiful plumage of the birds, the luxuriance of the forests and vines. There were other briefer journeys that bore abundant fruit, undertaken for the special study of certain birds or to broaden his acquaintance with birds of other regions of North America. An earlier one was with Ruthven Deane and Ernest Ingersoll in 1874 to the mountains of West Virginia; and in 1878 with his friend Robert Ridgway, of the U. S. National Museum, to Mount Carmel, Illinois. In 1882 he visited Colorado, and in the three succeeding years made annual pilgrimages to South Carolina, where he made a special study of the rare and little known Swainson's warbler, and became closely acquainted with Arthur T. Wayne, whose extensive knowledge of South Carolina birds made him a helpful companion.

Mr. Brewster visited England three times, in 1891, 1909, and 1911, finding it greatly to his liking. His visits, he told Henshaw, were like going home after a long absence, for he never felt a stranger there. It was while in the New Forest in the summer

of 1909, that he came one evening to a small inn. Here in the smoking room sat several gentlemen smoking or reading their papers, each at a separate table, withdrawn into his shell after the manner of our British cousins. Singling out one who seemed to have the most interesting appearance, Brewster quietly seated himself at his table, and presently as the reader glanced up, introduced himself as a visiting American who desired to ask a few questions about the New Forest. A lengthy conversation ensued, in which English and American traits and many other matters were discussed with much good humor, and apparently to the entertainment of the other guests. Later, when the stranger had left, Mr. Brewster learned that he had been talking with Rudyard Kipling, with whom in the days following he developed an interesting acquaintance and later visited Kipling at his home.

It was in 1911 when my wife and I were returning from our wedding journey in England on the steamer "Arabic" (later sunk in the War) that we found to our delight Mr. Brewster was one of our fellow passengers; with him we spent many happy moments in conversation on the voyage home. Sea birds were abundant, and he was constantly on deck with glasses in hand. Together we marvelled at the company of gulls that accompanied the ship on the first day out, as on motionless wings they hung poised close by over our heads in the upward current of air caused by the ship's progress, or criss-crossed back and forth in it with scarcely a perceptible movement until they reached the edges of this current and were forced to flap their wings to keep their position, now and then dashing to the surface to secure some bit of food their keen eyes had detected. Later the shearwaters and petrels of several species — birds of the open ocean — came or passed us by. All these Brewster observed minutely and with keenest interest, presently retiring with his notebook to the smoking room to record on the spot what he had seen. No detail was too trivial to escape him.

Over many years Brewster had accumulated a large collection of beautifully prepared study-skins of North American birds, for the illustration of their different plumages from youth to age, their

variation geographically or in other ways, their distribution and moulting. Long ago this collection had outgrown the attic room of boyhood days, so that for their safekeeping he built in 1886 a small fireproof museum in the rear of the Brattle Street house, with space for a library and study as well. The garden surrounding it he enclosed in a cat- and boy-proof fence, and allowed the trees and shrubs to grow here almost undisturbed. The birds seemed to feel at once the security of this haven, and in their annual migrations many rarer kinds were attracted for a brief stay. For a time also, it formed a regular resort for the robins old and young, of the neighborhood in summer, large numbers of which came in to roost among the thick lilacs there each night, until the southward migration set in.

While the museum and the collections it contained formed Brewster's chief curatorial interest, he was also looked to for advice in the care of the study-collections of the Boston Society of Natural History, where he held the post of Assistant in Charge of Birds and Mammals from 1880–1889, and later in the same capacity at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy from 1885–1900. Although in the succeeding years he was able to devote little time to the latter, he bequeathed to the Museum his entire collection of birds, nests, and eggs.

Brewster excelled as a writer of simple, clear, and beautiful description. This no doubt resulted in part from a habit begun in youth of writing a daily record of his observations on birds and other wild life; in this he endeavored to set down carefully as detailed and accurate an account as possible of whatever seemed to him significant. This constant habit no doubt helped to clarify his own observation, for he seemed to take in at a glance the essential features of a given situation, and reproduced them in few well chosen words. Yet in spite of the excellence of his finished writing, he often found the process itself difficult and was wont to recast or rewrite again and again some passage here and there before he would commit it to print, often to the despair of his editor. The many volumes of his manuscript journals are now the cherished possession of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy and together

form a wonderful storehouse of interesting and valuable notes relating to the habits of the birds and other animals of the regions to which they pertain. Upon them he drew for the preparation of his *Birds of the Cambridge Region*, published by the Nuttall Ornithological Club in 1906, a work remarkable for the historical detail as well as the life-history notes concerning so limited an area. For his own life's experience covered a long perspective in eastern Massachusetts, from the little-spoiled conditions of his boyhood days through the subsequent changes of the passing years. Thus, he recalled the days when flocks of passenger pigeons still visited the cherry trees of Cambridge in early autumns of the '70's, and saw the last dwindling remnants of the species which passed to utter extinction in 1914. His published writings were in the aggregate many, well over 250 titles, largely brief notes or more extended articles in ornithological journals, concerning unusual occurrences, or more detailed accounts of the habits of rarer species, or their plumages, or the description of new forms. For many years he had in mind the preparation of a special work on the birds of Massachusetts, and hoped to continue with other of the New England States, but this never came to full fruition, though perhaps some of his most important material is included in the *Birds of the Cambridge Region* and the *Birds of Lake Umbagog*. Thus, as Thoreau wrote, "Youth gathers its materials for a palace, but old age decides to build of them a cowshed" — in this case, however, a substantial barn!

One must not omit a word concerning Brewster's love for dogs. From boyhood he enjoyed the companionship of one or another of these faithful and intelligent animals, and often found the dog's keen senses an aid in search for birds. Of one fine setter dog, he once told me, he was especially fond. This dog had an extraordinarily well-developed power of scent, which Mr. Brewster would sometimes demonstrate to his friends by taking out his bunch of keys and throwing it as far as he could from his piazza into a field of grass. The dog never failed to retrieve it. Once, on a summer's day, when demonstrating this ability of the dog, he flung the bunch of keys high over a field of tall grass, when to his

dismay he saw the ring break in mid-air and his precious keys scatter in the grassy jungle. Nevertheless, the faithful dog rushed off after them, and one by one found and brought in every key, to their owner's great relief as well as satisfaction.

In the recently published volume, *October Farm*, made up of extracts from his journals written during the years at Concord, Mr. Brewster has told of his last sight of Timmy, his Irish terrier who came in to his room while he himself lay ill. "He cuddled close against my thigh," he wrote, "and licked my hand gently with the tip of his soft little tongue, after his usual custom on such occasions. I covered him well with a red blanket, for the room was cool. Thus we lay together as we have so often done before, until the nurse came back and took him away in her arms. That was the last I saw, or ever shall see of him on earth, but a few nights later I dreamt that Charon was ferrying me across the Styx and that as we approached the farther shore Timmy was there to greet me with wagging tail and smiling loving eyes, and when I landed he whirled around and around many times just as he always would when eager to pass out or to run through a door or a gate. All this seemed very real. I was rather ill at the time."

This was in 1918, when already an incurable malady was clearly making headway, and from which he died in the following year, on July 12th. Henshaw, his life-long friend, wrote that towards the end when he no longer recognized those around him, he roused momentarily as a robin carolled blithely outside his window, a fitting requiem.

While he was preëminent as an ornithologist, it was perhaps his singularly beautiful and lofty spirit that made him remarkable. Other men have produced more, others have been equally famed for their scientific contributions, but the personality of William Brewster stands out like one of his favorite pine trees against the sky. Tall, dignified, and of noble mien, he was a commanding presence, the center of whatever group he formed part. He nevertheless had a keen sense of friendly humor, and his bright eyes, kindling with a ready twinkle, lighted his face in spite of a full beard. Often have I seen him presiding with quiet ease at the

meetings of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, seated at the table in the center of the main room of the little museum, while the circle of fellow members that gathered about the cheery fireplace listened to his occasional comment or heard him on rare occasions read from his journals the account of some interesting experience. He was always fair and impartial in his judgment, listened patiently to more argumentative souls, and spoke with a finality that ended controversy. With the younger men who burned to become ornithologists too, he was especially good, helping with encouraging comment or hearing with friendly interest the relation of trivial events; for he always felt that he could gain much from any sincere person whether woodsman or scientist. To us younger men, William Brewster will ever stand as the realization of our own unattainable ideals.

No words can better express the personality of the man than the tribute paid him by his friend and physician, Dr. John G. Gehring (The Auk, 37: 25, 1920): — "He was a man who won all hearts that came under the spell of his voice and presence or upon whom his eyes rested with their message of friendly understanding. 'Who is your friend with the kind eyes? ' asked of me not infrequently by friends who saw us together, was no unworthy tribute to this man who had the power to make friends by virtue of some subtle innate quality. . . . What was this potent charm possessed in such marvelous degree? Was it not that William Brewster was one of those men whose innate honesty and sincerity of soul spoke for itself in every act, in every thought he uttered, — that his relations with his fellow men were of the simplest and most direct, — that he had no guile and no distrust, — but interpreted all others by the light of his own transparent soul and heart and imputed to others only that which was mirrored in his own nature? His was a character beautifully free from every taint of coarseness. His conversation dealt with things that were beautiful and his soul loved the beauty that is portrayed in Nature with a life-long and all-embracing passion. To be in his companionship was to be at once lifted away from all that had little worth and to dwell upon the beauty and wonder of things that endure."

BITS OF RUSSIAN COURT LIFE IN THE SEVENTIES

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS BY MISS LOUISE STOUGHTON

READ BY STOUGHTON BELL

Read October 26, 1937

I DO NOT KNOW why letters from Russia describing Russian Court life in 1878 and '79 should appeal to members of the Cambridge Historical Society unless it be that they describe events in the life of one who was once a well-known and distinguished citizen of our city.

After the death of my great-uncle Edwin Wallace Stoughton, his widow, who was the mother by a former husband of John Fiske, the historian, came to Cambridge to live. She built the house now occupied by Mrs. B. S. Hurlburt at 92 Brattle Street, corner of Ash Street.

The letters, extracts from which I am to read, are part of a running series of sixty-two written by my mother's sister, Louise Stoughton. Many of them are unaddressed and unsigned and together they form a journal of her experiences from December 1877 to May 1879 while abroad with her uncle and aunt, the Honorable and Mrs. E. W. Stoughton. They were written to be circulated among the members of her family and her immediate friends.

In November 1877, Edwin Wallace Stoughton, who then lived "up town" in New York at 93 Fifth Avenue, was appointed by President Hayes Minister Plenipontentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to His Majesty's Court at St. Petersburg. Mr. Stoughton was born in Springfield, Vermont, on May 1, 1818. He moved to New York in 1837, where he studied law in the offices of Philo T. Ruggles and of Sesley & Glover, later opening his own offices at 52 Wall Street. He sailed for Liverpool on the 6th of December, 1877.

The *Telegram*, a daily paper published in New York, described his sailing as follows: "Edwin W. Stoughton, United States Minister to the Court of the Emperor of all the Russias and part of Turkey, left this city today on the Cunard Steamship *Scythia*, en route for Liverpool and St. Petersburg. In his wanderings to the land of the Czar, he is accompanied by his niece, Miss Stough-

ton, who rejoices in no small amount of good looks, and will doubtless cause many a flutter of the heart among the military Generals and others rejoicing in sneezing sounding names whom she may meet at the imperial court festivities at the Winter Palace, Tsarskoe Selo, and other places."

In a personal letter to my mother, Miss Stoughton says, "I am sorry we have a storm to start in. Our steamer lies out in the stream, and we have to go on board by a tug which makes it all the more disagreeable. We are to be outside all night, I believe."

Louise Stoughton, the writer of this Journal, was the daughter of Henry E. Stoughton of Bellows Falls, Vermont. Miss Stoughton, who was then twenty-six years of age, had spent several years with her uncle in New York while finishing her education and afterwards while entering society. Three years after her return to America she married William Hooper of Boston and died in January, 1886.

The Emperor "of all the Russias and part of Turkey" was Alexander II, who freed the serfs and who was assassinated by the Nihilists on March 13, 1881. At the time of Mr. Stoughton's appointment Russia was at war with Turkey. This had served to silence temporarily the revolutionary movement, but upon the signing of the San Stephano Treaty and its modification in Berlin in 1878 the revolutionary spirit became louder and more pronounced. While they were in St. Petersburg, the Chief of the Gendarmes was shot down in broad daylight on a street not far from the embassy. Of this phase of Russian life we hear little in these letters for as she wrote in January, 1878, "They say that letters are apt to be opened in the post office here. If any one opens this, I beg him to forward it, for I only want my family to know that if they do not receive my letters it is not through any neglect of mine. I have nothing to say of Petersburg except in praise of it, any way. But you must take all these things into consideration when you do not hear from me. I daresay letters are delayed a good deal in that way."

Perhaps we can best begin with the reading of the short extracts that give a bit of an idea of the preparations they made for their visit to Russia.

The first is from London on December 18th, 1877:

"Tuesday morning we bought down-lined drawers and flannel shirts, etc. for the journey — oh such looking things."

The second is from Paris on December 21st:

"This afternoon we spent two hours at Worth's. Uncle was with us. We saw Worth himself — a disgusting man with big fat hands and quantities of enormous rings. He is to make my presentation dress — of pink silk and pink brocaded stuff with little vines of flowers running over it. He is making me an outside garment too, which is to be finished Monday night. The other dresses for me are not decided upon yet and Uncle says I may have them made where I please, but I think it will end in their being done at Worth's."

And again on December 25th:

"I wish you all a Merry Christmas. Ours is not very merry but it has been pleasant enough. Yesterday morning we spent again at Worth's. He is to make us all we have and he is taking a great interest in it and really displays wonderful taste and judgment. My coat came home last night. It comes to the bottom of my dress, is not fitted in much, and is the same color as that dolman of mine, with a broad band down the front, round the bottom and collar of a darker shade. It is extremely stylish and becoming. I have an overskirt and waist of grey and white camel's hair, very pretty, to wear with my black velvet shirt. I will tell you about my other dresses when they are finished and I can describe them. Polonaises do not seem to be much in vogue at Worth's. Overskirts come down long without much looping and trimmings are mostly of bands of different shade or material. Backs of different stuff from the front are fashionable.

Aunt Mary is having some gorgeous clothes. Her court train which she is to wear with any skirt, but at first with a cream-colored satin, is of light blue velvet, nearly covered with resurrection lace. The waist and train are together and are for Court festivities. Her presentation dress is of pearl colored brocade and darker velvet. The front is of velvet and the back of brocade. Everything is square neck and elbow sleeves.

We shall probably be presented in the morning and wear bonnets.

After lunch we went to the Bon-Marché. All I bought was

gloves. Aunt Mary told me to get what I needed and she went to another part of the store. I purchased nineteen pairs, and I think she was rather shocked when I told her the quantity, however she did not say anything. There were some which came above my elbow. The whole cost twenty-three dollars. . . .

Thank goodness we leave here [Berlin] tonight at eleven o'clock. We are going straight through — two nights and two days. It rains, and every thing is muddy. We are making great preparations to keep warm in the train. We have enormous velvet shoes, lined with felt and trimmed with fur to put on over our others, quilted underclothing of all sorts, half of which I suppose we shall not use, and there is a whole sleeping car engaged for us. . . .

ST. PETERSBURG. JAN. 8TH Tuesday morning. Here we are at last! It tires me to think of the quantity of things I have to tell you. I want you to know everything, and I hope I don't go too much into detail in my letters and so make them stupid. Do I? . . .

You would all have laughed heartily if you could have seen us starting from Berlin. Such a happy set as we were to get away from that horrid place. . . .

We had a very comfortable night. The car was heated by steam pipes and was extremely warm. I found snow on the ground when I awoke, and was as pleased as if I had discovered jewels.

We had a gray day on Sunday. . . . We got on very comfortably, and at half past four we reached the frontier of Russia. There we found a very polite official who had received notice from the Russian Ambassador that we were to arrive and he conducted us into the Imperial Apartments to wait an hour and a half for the train.

A servant tore the coverings off the chairs, and the drugget off the floor and lighted about fifty candles for us, and also placed at our disposal the Imperial Salon, which had a very slippery floor and was furnished in carved oak and brown leather. The only picture the room contained was a portrait of Alexander when he was a young man.

We had our dinner in the restaurant, our official waiting for us to conduct us back, and he must have been "some pumpkins" because all the other officials stood back and saluted when he passed. He spoke French very well.

We had a great time making the servant understand us. We wanted to send for the officer, and the man did not understand French or German. Uncle got quite impatient. "Tell him," said he, "the grand homme with fur collar." That was so explicit, with a servant who did not know French and where every man you met had a fur collar! We roared over it, as we have over many of Uncle's attempts at simplifying things.

We did not find it cold there at all. It was what we should call very comfortable weather. When the train was ready, we were notified and we got into a low smoky car, the saloon at one end of which was reserved for us, also a little compartment for Uncle.

The car was heated by a stove which burned wood, and was hot enough to smother us. We tried to make the man understand that we wanted the window open, and he insisted upon it we could not, but we finally conquered, and he opened it. The light was so poor we could not see anything inside or out, and much to Uncle's disgust, everyone outside our compartment was smoking.

We concluded to go to bed shortly after seven, if one can call it going to bed. I stretched out on a sofa with shawls for a pillow and a rug over me, and Aunt Mary managed to pull out a seat and make quite a decent bed. Uncle retired to his room, and sleep settled down over us, interrupted every fifteen minutes by the piling of wood into the stove and stopping every now and then at stations, where the engine rested quite a while and they rang two or three different kinds of bells every time we stopped or started. . . .

Between twelve and one, the train stopped, some one opened our door and said something which sounded like "day." We plied him with questions, French, English and German, with no result except a repetition of unintelligible sounds. At last he showed us some glasses of steaming hot tea. "Yes," we cried and immediately

commenced on it, with some very good rolls. Surely one must come to Russia to have tea served in the middle of the night. It was delicious too, and we were much refreshed by it — so much so that two or three times when we stopped during that night Uncle put his head out of the window and ordered, "Day." Some times we got it and sometimes we did not. The Russian for tea is tchai. . . .

We got up about seven and as there were no conveniences for washing, we were obliged to content ourselves with rubbing our hands and faces with cologne. The Russians must be a dirty people.

I glued my nose to the window nearly all day trying to get an idea of the country which is to be my home. Flat, desolate, and uncultivated, quantities of stunted birch and pine trees, but no great woods and no mountains. Snow everywhere, of course and snow coming down in fine thin flakes, almost like a slight rain. Cold about twenty-five above (Farenheit) — mild and pleasant, but no sun.

The country we came through is thinly settled. Now and then the railroad passed through a settlement, but no great cities. The houses were like little Irish shanties.

The costumes are very picturesque. The men wear long light colored coats, belted in at the waist, high boots and round fur caps. The peasants, I mean. They mostly have long beards and have gentle pleasant faces. I saw one man with a scarlet shirt which came about to his knees, belted in, and pink trousers, all of cotton, I suppose, but so pretty. I like their faces very much.

We looked anxiously out of the window for St. Petersburg, as we were due here at half past eight, and we welcomed the lights when they commenced to gleam out, for I at least, felt as if I were coming home. . . .

Driving up from the station we could not get much of an idea of the city. It seems to be very large. We came in a closed carriage. The principal thing that I noticed was the horse cars. They are mostly imported from America, but they are larger than ours.

Droskys are every where — funny little sleighs with a driver and one person behind him. . . .

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9TH. I wish I could give you some idea of this beautiful city. Yesterday afternoon we drove out — stupidly in a carriage, — but we could watch those having a good time in the sleighs. These sleighs are such funny little things. The seats are very low, nearly on the ground and wide enough for two to sit very close. The driver is squeezed in in front, and generally hangs his feet out each side of the dasher. The ordinary dress of this driver, or Moujik, is a long dark blue coat, plaited into the waist behind and buttoned on one side. It is wadded and then lined with fur, which gives the wearer a very rotund appearance; the thinnest man looks large in his "cafetan." He wears a round cap, very large with cloth top and fur sides and his hair and beard over his ears and most of his face.

The private coachmen have fancy belts and caps. The horses are small, and the driver sits up very straight (as he must not have much room) holding a rein in each hand and driving like the wind. Some sleighs have a footman standing up on a step behind.

We saw very few large sleighs. But the most characteristic and the prettiest equipage I have seen, something which really seems to belong to the country and the people is what they call a pristiajka. It is the ordinary sleigh or drosky with another horse attached by a single rein and cantering while the other one trots. He looks as if he were running along for his own pleasure, and his head is drawn down so that he arches his neck and dances along as gaily as possible. There could be nothing more in harmony with the snow and the sleighs and the whole scene than these pristiajka, which have such a light, airy independent toss. Tell me, do you get any idea of it from my description? I hope you do.

The great street for shops and driving is the Nevsky. All the streets are very wide. The Quai Anglais runs along by the side of the Neva, and the Emperor's Palace is there, also many handsome residences. It is a beautiful street. The river is frozen now, and snow over the ice; there are several roads across it, marked out by trees and people crossing all the time. There are

no sleigh bells. Every now and then we came upon a little building in the Byzantine style, which we were informed was a temple. All the passers by cross themselves and bow in front of it, and many go in and pray. . . .

But to return to our sleigh ride. We squeezed in behind our fat old moujik, and were buckled in by the robe which fastened onto the back of the seat. The seat had no sides and Aunt Mary sat there calling out, "I can't go. I shall fall out!" while the hotel proprietor and two or three waiters stood round trying to reassure her, the horse impatient to start, kept giving little jumps at each repetition of which she renewed her cry of — "I shall fall out!" The seat was very narrow. I was not without certain misgivings myself. At last our fears were calmed and with many injunctions from us to the clerk and from him to the driver to go slowly and be careful of the corners, we started, having learned the necessary phrase to tell him to come home.

It seemed a most perilous thing when we got on the Nevsky, with sleighs flying past us in all directions and Aunt Mary clung tightly to the driver's belt every now and then calling out — "Prenez garde!" which, as the fellow only understood Russian, caused him to grin and keep right on. He was very careful though, and let Aunt Mary hang onto him as much as she wanted to.

On the Quai we found it pretty cold, but we did not suffer at all. The corners were very slippery and we slewed dreadfully — at one time I thought my head was going into a horse's mouth, but the animals are very kind here and do not bite, fortunately. We laughed until we cried, and concluded we should like drosky riding better if we could have one apiece. It was great fun. We could not induce Uncle to go. The swell Russian sleighs have a blue netting with tassels all around it going over the horses and the dasher. It looks lovely. . . .

[Another sleigh ride]. We went in our new sleigh. It is quite low, like all the Russian sleighs, has two seats inside, a bear skin robe which buckles all about us, a seat in front for the driver, and a step behind where Schwartz [their footman] stands, with his

sword and cocked hat, and above all, an enormous blue feather, which is wonderful to behold, and is the insignia of office, so to speak. Our coachman wears the long blue cafetan lined with fur, and he must be fat naturally, for he looks immense. He has a red belt and a three cornered velvet hat, (blue). The horses are black and the harness is black — the most delicate thing you can imagine, with silver trimmings.[1] There you have the description of an ordinary private establishment in St. Petersburg — but "only one quarter cask imported" — you know. When there is a vehicle in our way, Schwartz yells and the driver yells, but I do not see that anything moves any faster for all the row they make. . . .

We will now turn to the description of some of the festivals and ceremonials. The first is a religious ceremony that was celebrated annually — "The Blessing of the Neva." It is the 17th of January, 1878.

FRIDAY — Today we have been to see the Neva blessed. It is the Epiphany in the Greek church and ordinarily all the Diplomatic Corps is invited to the Palace and the Emperor goes out on the river and there is a great ceremony. This year it is omitted on account of the poor health of the Emperor.

Schwartz inquired of the Master of Ceremonies for the day, and obtained a window for us at the Palace, that we might see all there was to see. Uncle got up with a headache, but he concluded to go with us, and at twelve we started. We drove to a side door of the Palace, which was opened for us by a man in a scarlet coat trimmed with gold, the livery of the Imperial family. We went up a few steps and dropped our shubas [2] and then were piloted up a corkscrew staircase, extremely low and narrow, into a long corridor with pillars of white marble and base of gold past a lovely great conservatory with all kinds of tropical plants in it, round a corner and past another side of the conservatory, into a narrower and longer corridor, with pictures of the royal family lining one side and windows on the other side, containing magnificent Sèvres

[1] The trimmings consisted largely of beautifully cut monograms of silver of the size suitable to that part of the harness upon which they were to be used.

[2] The shuba was a long black velvet cloak with lining of white angora fur.

vases and then I could not begin to tell you how many more rooms we went into and through and by, for it was a perfect labyrinth of splendor.

I retain a confused notion of a throne room, with an elevated dais for the throne, various passages in which troops were being marshalled, a smaller throne room, gorgeous malachite vases everywhere, pillars of various kinds of marble, an enormous room where priests in gorgeous vestments were going through some preparation, with candelabra of silver reaching nearly to the ceiling standing in regular rows up each side, painted ceilings, arched roofs and marquetrie floors, polished so that it was with the utmost difficulty we retained our equilibrium.

Some time during our wanderings, we went down the most magnificent staircase I ever saw. We came onto it through rosewood doors heavily trimmed with gilt. The staircase was white marble, carved. I do not know as it was any handsomer than the one in the Opera house in Paris.

Well we walked about half a mile I should think and finally were ushered into a plain sitting room connected with a bed room and there we were left to ourselves. We were directly over the main entrance to the Palace and looked out upon the street, a sort of kiosque opposite which had been temporarily erected and the Neva beyond. There was a broad space cleared from the Palace door to the kiosque and on each side were rows of mounted police. Behind them was a surging, swaying dense mass of human beings. Every now and then, to force the crowd to retreat, a policeman would spur his horse into the heart of the crowd and make him kick and rear there, while we could hear the screams of women mingling with the dull roar of the mob. No one seemed to be injured or killed however. We waited there nearly an hour and finally the procession emerged from the entrance beneath us and made its way to the kiosque. Every head was uncovered in the crowd and remained so during the whole ceremony which lasted about fifteen minutes, though the cold was intense, and I saw more than one rubbing his ears.

First came the priests dressed in white satin gowns trimmed with

gold. Some had colored velvet hats, others white and gold ones. They were escorted by men in high boots, red breeches and black coats nearly covered with gold lace. Then came priests in red and gold gowns and then some high military dignitaries and a quantity of tattered flags. Then followed a choir of boys and men, in long crimson gowns trimmed with yellow, chanting exquisitely.

The great central figure — the Emperor — was absent, consequently the ceremony was not as impressive as I had expected. We could not see what they did over in the pavillion but the choir chanted some of the time and I suppose they blessed the water.

After they came back into the Palace, the crowd flocked around the kiosque to get some of the water.

We were taken back the same way we came and brought home to breakfast, after which we made some calls and took a sleigh ride.

Four days later occurred the baptism of the son of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

[January 21, 1878] We are bidden to the Palace tomorrow with the rest of the Diplomatic Corps, to the baptism of the son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is the second son of the Emperor. Mr. Sebastianoff came to tell us that we were to be invited, and were to come in full toilette. Now I will go to bed in order to get rested for the ceremony.

WEDNESDAY — JAN. 23RD. I have just finished breakfast after the ceremony at the Palace, and I am nearly tired to death, besides having refreshed myself with two glasses of beer.

We dressed at an early hour and reached the Palace at ten thirty. Colonel Hoffman went with us in uniform. Aunt Mary wore an exquisite cream colored satin trimmed with pearls and her blue velvet court train, which is nearly covered with that church lace of hers. It has a low neck and short sleeves. I wore my pink with a gold band in my hair and gold beads on my neck. I was the only person present with a high dress.

As we drove up to the Palace we saw the gilt coaches with six

horses which were to go for the baby, and the company of Cossacks — the escort. We went through some of the same rooms we passed last Friday and were left to wait in a big hall. There we talked with the other members of the Diplomatic Corps, and I fell in love with a uniform. It was the Prussian, one of the German legation, a nice little fellow and the prettiest uniform I have even seen.

Mr. Sebastianoff met us at the door and took me under his charge until we reached the waiting room. He looked very handsome in his uniform. After a few minutes, we all went into the chapel. The Italian Ambassador took me in. Lady Loftus [the wife of the English Ambassador] had on a lilac satin, with court train of the same. They all carried their trains on their arms, except while the procession was coming in. I like Lady Loftus. She is fat and motherly. The only other ladies of the Diplomatic Corps present were the Austrian and the Swedish.

The gentlemen stood on one side of the room and the ladies on the other. I believe Uncle was the only man there in plain clothes.

The chapel was about as wide as our house in Clinton Place, and as deep as the two parlors there, before you came to the railing which separated the chancel. We five women stood at the right of the gate leading into the chancel. We only waited a few minutes, when the priests in gowns of white and scarlet and gold went down towards the entrance of the chapel and stood still in the middle of the room. Then the Emperor and Empress came in. They kissed a cross, bowed to the clergy, then to us and we curtsied, but as I had a railing directly behind me and was not expecting such politeness on the part of their Majesties, my bow was not as graceful as it might have been. The next time I did better. Then the clergy came walking up past us to the chancel, and then their Majesties, who bowed again as they passed us; next the sister of the Princess of Wales, the Czarevna (wife of the Inheritor) and all the members of the Imperial family, who all bowed as they passed us. They went up to the chancel and the baby was carried up, entirely covered with cloth of gold.

The service lasted two hours and we had to stand all that time. The priests mumbled away and shook out incense, and they took

that baby out of all his clothes and plunged him into the water three times, while he gasped and choked so that I really thought he was smothering and he yelled through nearly all the service. After he was plunged and clothed, the Emperor had to hold him, until finally they took him behind a screen and kept him there a little while. Then the Empress brought him out and she and the Emperor carried him around a little and clothed him with the order of St. Andrew. The first time, besides holding the child, the Emperor had to hold two lighted candles in his hands, so it is a wonder to me he did not set the infant on fire.

After the immersion, the Emperor and the mother both kissed the godmothers. Such smacks! After two hours or more, the procession took its way out. I must describe it to you a little. The Emperor had on his uniform. Dark coat and trousers — black or blue — red stripes down the latter, blue ribbon across one shoulder, silver belt across the other and silver epaulettes. White collar trimmed with gold — not particularly pretty. He looks like a very sick man.

The Empress had on a dress and train of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine. She, as well as all the Russian ladies, had the national headdress. Hers was a tiara of gold, with jewels set in it and a long veil hanging behind.

The Czarevna's dress was white silk, the train trimmed with gold. It was the national shape, like all the others, low neck, sleeves wide and slit to the shoulder, and her tiara was set with precious stones, while her veil was white tulle spangled with silver.

The mother of the child had on a cloth of silver dress and train. I forgot to say that the Czarevna had a necklace of magnificent diamonds, then a string of large pearls, then a string of diamond pendants. The mother — the Grand Duchess Marie — was real sweet and pretty. She looked tired to death.

The godmother, one of the old Grand Duchesses, wore a gray silk — the train trimmed with sable. Her tiara had diamond points all over it and she had three rows of magnificent jewels all down the front of her dress.

There were many other beautiful and curious costumes which

I will not describe for fear of wearying you, but some I must tell you about.

The maids of honor came in with the Court, but stood behind us. They all wore the Russian costume. The young ones had on white silk petticoats, red velvet trains and waists trimmed with gold, low neck, sleeves as I have described, red tiaras and white veils hanging down behind. Very pretty and exceedingly becoming. The older ones wore the same, only green. There were some in blue — I don't know, but I think they belonged to another order. Such magnificent jewels as sparkled on every side I never saw.

I cannot begin to tell you how the men were dressed; it would be an endless task.

After the Court had gone out, we strolled on, glad enough to have a rest. The Danish secretary who is very nice was introduced to me, and Mr. Sebastianoff escorted me to the door and staid with me until the carriage was announced. I am delighted to have seen the ceremony, but I never want to stand up so long again. There was a great deal of chanting and singing during the service; some very fine voices, but no instruments; I believe that is the custom in the Greek Church. . . .

The next letter that I will read describes an entertainment for the benefit of the Russian Red Cross.

We had to go home and dress for dinner at Prince Dolgorouky's. I wore my pink dress, and Aunt Mary a black velvet. We got there just at six, took off our things in the hall down stairs, where we were met by Prince Ouroussoff. By-the-way, he is of Tartar descent. People here are so funny about noticing dress. He looked mine over from head to foot and told me he liked it very much. At the head of the stairs Prince Dolgorouky met us and took us in to the parlor, where we were received by his cousin, Madame Mansouroff and her daughter. Both spoke English. Prince Galitzine took me out. In the room preceding the dining-room we had caviar, etc. Galitzine is one of the best known names in Russia. He was very active in the work of liberating the serfs. He is now visiting all the prisons. He is as jolly as he can be, and

kept me laughing all dinner time. Between him and my other neighbor I had as much as I could do. He pitched into me about the English language the first thing — told me there was no common sense in the orthography, etc. He is quite old, about sixty, I should say. Young Ouroussoff went into ecstasies over America and told me what a good time he had there. The dinner Uncle said was "absolutely perfect" and he is a judge. We had fresh string beans and fresh cucumbers, and ever so many kinds of wine. With the fish they passed round glasses of ale and porter. I took some ale, for an experiment. Most houses where we go, there are quantities of servants in livery standing about — four or five on the stairs, two at each door, and about one for each chair at table. Here there was no ostentation of any kind. One was not conscious of the servants at all. Those who waited on table were all in plain clothes. The ladies were not dressed gorgeously at all. The gentlemen were in uniform. Altogether it was one of the very pleasantest entertainments I ever had. Miss Mansouroff was invited on my account. She is only sixteen! I do not like the American Ouroussoff as well as the aide. I call him American to distinguish him from the other.

After dinner we went back into the parlor and some of the gentlemen smoked in the conservatory. Cigarettes were offered to us, but we refused. Then we went into the Prince's study and looked at his things. I may as well tell you now, that he is the sweetest, kindest, loveliest man I ever knew. There was a parrot in his study and seeing me watch the bird, he had another one brought in to show me. It perched on his hand and kissed him again and again and seemed so very fond of him. Then I asked him about his dogs and they brought in three little pugs, and an enormous St. Bernard, who was so delighted to see his master that he kept up a continual bark and nearly knocked me over with his tail. It is a splendid dog. He (not the dog, but the Prince) had a map of Turkey, with the route of the Russians laid out in black pins and that of the Turks in red. His bedroom opened off his study but I did not dare look in there.

We put on our hats, and started for the hall where we were to

see the gipsies, about nine. All the dinner people went except Miss Mansouroff and the American Ouroussoff, who was going to direct a ball. It is not exactly a hall, but an immense riding school, where the cavalry drill. It is the second largest building in the world supported without pillars. As we entered, it was like fairyland. All along the sides, as far as the eye could reach, were rows of colored lights festooned along and on the immense crowd which was walking about, electric lights were thrown. There were eight thousand people there! And yet we could walk with perfect comfort and were not crowded at all, so you can imagine the size of the place. Of course every one made way for the Prince, but no one was uncomfortably crowded. Under the festoons of light, the whole length of the hall, were tables where various articles were exposed for sale for the Red Cross. These were all served by ladies. We made our way to a pavilion in the centre, where we rested for a little and then went on, to a stage at the end. The curtain was down, but after we had taken our seats in the front row, it went up and a very pretty woman in a black silk came out and sang. After her came a girl in the costume of Little Russia. She sang once or twice and then came a man with a comic song. Prince Galitzine translated it for me as he sang it, so I came in with my laugh about fifteen minutes late, (as usual). Then it was rumored that the gipsies had come, so back we went to the pavilion. It was quite elevated, and in it there was a table where ladies were selling fruit, etc. A little distance in front of us was a platform, decorated with evergreens and lights, where the gipsies were sitting, round in a semicircle. They scorn the costumes they used to wear, and appear dressed like all the rest of us, in silks and jewels. The women were nearly all handsome; the men hideous. The chief of the band held a guitar and stood up, leading the others. First they gave us a song — the queerest music you ever heard, beginning with a wail and ending with a howl; a solo and chorus, the solo by a woman with a sharp mournful voice, interspersed with quavers and trills, until I really felt as if I were in another world, it was all so different from anything I had imagined. After that, the music struck up again —

still the same weird style — the chief stood up in the midst of the circle and while the chorus was being sung, he waved his guitar wildly about, took a few steps and circling his arms around his head, he made way for two women, who with a sort of howl stood up and danced, one after another. One was dressed in yellow silk, the other in gray; both wore high neck and long sleeves, and both were handsome. While they danced, the other voices chanted on in a dull monotone, and the dancers now and then chimed in with a "Ha — Ha!" in a shrill high voice. The gray one came first. She glided around in a circle; there was no visible motion of the feet, only a swaying of the whole body, and a waving of the arms and hands about the head; then the man with his guitar and queer attitudes, then the yellow girl, who did the same as the gray, and then standing at the back of the platform, she glided forward, her arms hanging by her side, and every muscle in her body moving as if she were possessed by a spirit. It was a nervous twitching and working which pervaded her and which is indescribable. It was almost painful and when combined with her shrieks of "Ha — Ha!" was quite so. I can give you no idea of it; I have read ever so many descriptions, but I never imagined what it was going to be. All the songs and dancing were about the same, and they ended suddenly, just when you least expected it.

After them, we heard some Russian choruses which were very pretty, and I asked Prince Ouroussoff if the music could be had. We were presented with bouquets by the young ladies in the pavilion and fruit was passed to us.

Back we went to the stage to see some tableaux and our next destination was a little corner where there were plants and greens, and tea was brought to us. Here we had some fun too, watching Uncle with two girls, one each side of him, to whom he was making himself very agreeable. He promised them each his photograph. It being after twelve, we concluded we had better go home, so bidding our kind friend goodnight we started off, tired enough, particularly as Aunt Mary and I had both been holding up our long dresses all the evening.

[July 26, 1878] We had the greatest time Friday. We started

at half past seven for Krasnoe Selo where the Emperor was to review the army. It is eighteen miles from here and we went in a troika with three horses, a trotter in the middle and a canterer on each side. The Troika had one comfortable seat on which the elders sat, and then there was a bench opposite, about a foot wide on which I took up my position. The harness was covered with silver and bells; the driver was not our Vasili, but a man with the bushiest black beard you ever saw and a face nearly as black as the beard. His coat came to his heels and was belted in with red. He wore a little round cap with peacock feathers twisted around it, the "eyes" standing up straight. He held himself as stiff as a poker on the box, grasped the reins at arms length and if he didn't make those horses go! Schwartz was beside him, and when he spied a lonely cart far ahead, dragging itself along, he would begin to shriek like a wild Indian and urge his horses on, make that cart get out of the way, and go by it on the gallop. We meantime were bumped up about two feet in the air and sat down very hard, and my seat was a bench without any soft side, and when Schwartz wanted to point anything out to the driver, or this latter pulled his horses up suddenly, my hat was knocked over my eyes and my back hair considerably damaged. It was only by maintaining myself in a perfectly upright position and dodging at intervals, that I managed to stay in the carriage. We were looked upon with awe by all the stray children, and when at last we reached the village, the salutes from policemen and officers to say nothing of the soldiers, were something quite appalling. It is rather a pretty little place. The Emperor's Palace is small and stands on the main street with no garden nor fence in front. The field where the review was to be was very large and quite the other side of the village. We drove across it, being passed on the way by a troika with three gray horses containing the Grand Duke Vladimir [3] and his wife. She looked lovely. She was dressed in a dark dress with a long white cashmere cloak which she had thrown over one shoulder, a white straw hat with a long feather and her hair was braided way down her back and then the ends caught up.

[3] Second son of the Emperor. His wife was Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna.

We were deposited at the foot of a mound where the Emperor was to be, and were told to stand there. It was just about in the middle of the field. The troika drove off, and almost immediately the Emperor arrived, on horseback. He went onto his mound, walked directly across it toward where we were and shouted out to us, "Come up here. You'll see better." We rushed to one side and he met us there and said, "There is a staircase on the other side," so back we went, ascended the staircase and made our bows. You must remember I had never been presented to him before. He was very pleasant, and the Grand Duke Alexis [4] came up and talked with us for some time too. I was presented to the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who besides her lady-in-waiting was the only lady there. I fell desperately in love with her on the spot. She is the sweetest, most unaffected Princess I ever met. There is a shade of stiffness about the Czarevna which this one has not at all, and I had a nice long talk with her. She is so pretty too; prettier than her picture which I sent home. All the Grand Dukes were there, and later, after the review had commenced, the Czarevna came with the Countess Apraxine who used to be at the head of our society last winter. I never liked her particularly, but she means to be polite. Countess Ignatieff was up there too, and that was all. As for the review itself, I couldn't make head or tail of it. The Emperor told us once or twice when they were pretending to attack something. The cavalry was splendid, in fact the manoeuvres were mostly by them, all the infantry's performances being to kneel down and fire, and then get up and run, and kneel and fire again. There were the Cossacks of the Don mounted on tough little horses, and they swept past our mound with a noise like the waves of the sea. They each had their swords drawn and pointed down as if they were going to run them through some one. I asked "Madame Vladimir" if she thought they ever killed people in that way and she said she believed "ça arrive quelquefois," from which I inferred that she did not know much more about it than I did. Then there were the Cuirassiers — also cavalry — with brass caps

[4] The third son of the Emperor.

and helmets and cuirasses, carrying each a little yellow and white banner. They glittered so in the sun that I could hardly look at them, but as the sun only came out twice for a few seconds, I did not lose much of the sight on that account. The horse artillery galloped up and fired away and nearly deafened us, and then galloped off again. Then they skirmished down in some woods and the Emperor got on his horse and rode down there, followed by his staff. We heard the shots but that was all. He came back before long and then the infantry came into play. Meantime it had been growing colder and colder and I had only a thin silk jacket over my dress, and every one said, "I see you are nearly frozen," from which I knew my nose and eyes were red, and I was positively shivering with each breath. The wind blew and every one scolded about the weather. At last I spied Schwartz with Uncle's great coat which has arm holes and wings to cover them. I at once seized it and enveloped my chilled self in it. Can't you imagine the figure I must have cut, the observed of all observers, with the Imperial Family! I managed to get warm again. Presently the Emperor remounted his horse and the Grand Duchesses got into their carriages, telling us to come too; the scene of battle was changed to another part of the field. Well, we couldn't very well walk and Schwartz couldn't find our troika so we remained, much against our wills. Countess Apraxine and Ignatieff staid too. Uncle took it out in scolding about Schwartz and the driver. He came for us when the review was finished, as he thought proper. We heard the Cossacks singing their wild songs on their way home. It is very strange, that singing. You can imagine that when we reached home at three o'clock, I was ready to drop. We were all fearfully burnt by the wind too. . . .

[July 28, 1878]. Sunday was the day of the long-talked-of wedding. The bride came to invite us last week, but she didn't know where the church was, and she took it as coolly as possible. The wedding was at one. The day was lovely. I wore my blue silk (Cadot) and white bonnet, and lots of people said — "That's a lovely dress: who made it?" That is the way they do here. In

the first place this couple was married once at the Consul's on Saturday. The church where we went on Sunday was a tiny little one. All their weddings here seem to be small. When we entered the church the Dutchman received us, in gorgeous uniform. The church was square, and behind the railing at one end were all the choristers. Then there was a reading desk in the middle of the room with a book on it bound in gold. The whole chapel was about the size of one of Uncle's parlors in New York. All the Diplomatic Corps was there; the only Ambassadress in town is the Austrian, whom I dislike immensely. Her husband is a beauty; he looks not unlike father, as perhaps I have told you. Well, we waited and waited and waited, and the bride didn't come. I never felt sorrier for any one than I did for the groom. He looked as nervous as possible, and people were whispering, and saying, "Look at him." — "She said she hated him," and it was a great relief to all when the singing suddenly commenced, and we knew the bride was coming. First there entered a young man carrying an Icon, which he placed on the altar. Directly behind him came the bride with her father. She looked lovely, I thought. She wore a white silk, high neck and long sleeves, and a tulle veil over her face. There was some white point lace draped across the front and down the train; some orange blossoms in her hair and a bunch at her waist, and one on the skirt. The groom met her and while the singing was still going on, they took their places facing the altar and reading desk in the middle of the room. Behind her came two of her sisters who were bridesmaids and four young men, (among them were the Dutch and Danish Secretaries) and groomsmen. The relatives came after. They grouped themselves around the principal couple, the Diplomatic Corps stood on the right and other guests on the left. I got behind with the Greek Secretary, so as to see better. The Greek and I, by the way, are great friends. He is about fifty, and I do not think he has ever been married. I must find out before I allow my affections to become more deeply engaged. He speaks French, English, Italian, German, Russian and Greek! First some prayers were read and some chanting done. The voices were exquisite.

Then they were both given some wine to drink, and then each a lighted candle to hold. There were some rings, and more chanting and reading. A piece of red satin was put in front of them and they both stepped onto it. The priests wore robes of cloth of gold. Just before the candles were given, two crowns were brought out. They were quite large, of gold set with jewels. These were held over the heads of the bride and groom by the groomsmen, all through the rest of the service, the four gentlemen taking turns, for I suspect it was very hard work. The ceremony was finished by the priests joining their hands under a silk scarf, and then with the priest holding their hands together, and a crown over each of their heads held by the young men, and a lighted candle held by both the bride and groom, they walked around the altar three times. I do not mean the altar, I mean the reading desk; it was a sort of altar too. It must have been awfully hard for the five to make that circuit three times without tripping or getting out of step. They did it very gracefully. After that there was more music and the bride kissed all her family and we shook hands with both of them, and went off to the Dutch church where there were pews and we could sit down. The organ played as the bridal party walked in. There was a short service in Dutch and then we all went down stairs where was a room all decorated beautifully with flowers. There champagne was passed around and the Dutchman came around and clinked glasses with every one and we drank their health. Pretty white silk bags filled with bonbons and ornamented with orange flowers were given to all the ladies. The bride gave me a flower from her bouquet which she said would bring me happiness. I couldn't drink much champagne for I was afraid it would go to my head as I had not eaten much. Altogether it was great fun. We got home about three. . . .

[January 21, 1879] Monday at two o'clock all the diplomatic corps was requested to come to the Winter palace to be presented to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, the father and mother of the man who is going to marry the daughter of the Grand Duke Michel[5] on Friday. The Grand Duchess

[5] Third brother of the Emperor, and Governor of the Caucasus.

Vladimir is their daughter too. We were all there in gorgeous array and were taken to quite another part of the palace from any I had been in before. We went through several large handsome halls before we arrived at the reception room. I was having a beautiful time surrounded by several gentlemen and talking quite fast, when I was quietly requested to go over the other side of the room next the ladies! Then we had to arrange ourselves in two rows according to priority of rank, ladies on one side of the room and gentlemen on the other. When we had taken our places like a charity school, the great people made their appearance. I had to stand behind Aunt Mary and backed into the chimney every time I curtsied. . . .

[January 23, 1879]. The next day, Friday, was the wedding. Aunt Mary wore her white satin and blue court train, I wore my white silk which I wrote you about and the court train, which I carried over my arm every moment except when the Imperial Party entered the chapel. I was bound to spread it out once at least. There is a bunch of pink moss rosebuds near the left shoulder and I wore the same flowers in my hair. We were all low neck. . . . We went in the same door as last time and went up to the hall next the conservatory. Mr. Bodisco was waiting at the head of the stairs for us, and Mr. Adlerberg a little farther on. We were walked right on to the throne room, where the gentlemen left us and went to join their regiments. The marriage was in the same chapel where the baptism was last year, so I will not repeat any of the description. The Diplomatic Corps was largely represented and they all looked quite gay. We had a long opportunity for conversation before the bridal party arrived. Finally the Metropolitan went half way to the door and all the procession came in except that the Empress was not there and the mother of the bridegroom walked with the Emperor. She was dressed in cloth of silver, with magnificent rubies and diamonds on her head, three strings of big pearls and one of diamonds on her neck. The Emperor looks better than he did last year, but his face is so sad and careworn that it makes me serious to look at him. I was amused to see him, as he stood by the Metropolitan after kiss-

ing the icon, waiting for the rest of his family to do likewise, look carefully at our corps to see evidently who was there and who was not. The Grand Duchess Constantine, wore a gray satin skirt with those same jewels up and down it that she had last year, a train of cloth of gold trimmed with magnificent sable and diamond earrings as big as a robin's egg. (I made a mistake. It was the mother of the bride, the Grand Duchess Michael who wore cloth of silver dress. The bridegroom's mother wore red velvet embroidered in gold. I am getting them all mixed up.) As for the necklaces and clasps and bracelets, and orders they all had on, I could not begin to remember them. The Czarevna looked lovely and so did Vladimir's wife. They were both in crimson velvet trains with gold and silver embroidery. The two little boys of the Czarevna came behind her, and looked awfully cunning in uniform. My Bavarian Prince came trapseing (I don't believe that word was ever spelled before) in with the Grand Duchess Constantine. His Aide staid out in the hall with "our beaux" (Adlerberg and Bodisco) and a lot of other officers. Well, they all walked up to the altar and then came in the Russian ladies behind us, and oh how warm it was, and crowded! It commenced about one o'clock. The Grand Duchess Michael stood out in the aisle and whispered a good deal with Countess de Veil-Castel, who looked very handsome. She has a magnificent neck and arms, and is beautiful altogether. The service lasted at least an hour. It was the same service that I described to you after the Dutch Minister's wedding. It must have been rather difficult for this bride to make the tour three times around the altar, she had so many people hanging onto her. There was the one who carried the crown, four chamberlains with her train of ermine and velvet on their shoulders (they say it was so heavy they could not carry it any other way) and one man holding up the tail end of the train. Her under dress was cloth of silver. You can imagine the length of her train from the number of people it took to carry it. On her head she had a crown of diamonds. She wore the most magnificent necklace any of us ever saw. Two rows of enormous diamonds, and the front of her waist was all

covered with diamonds, so when she had her face turned toward us she glittered so we could hardly look at her. The bridegroom looked awfully sickly; they say he is very delicate. Before the Greek service was quite finished the Diplomatic Corps was requested to walk out, which we did with a great deal of bustle and noise. We went through the hall where all the officers were and were taken into the hall of St. Alexander where some chairs were arranged and a kind of platform and pulpit like a Lutheran Church. "Frederic" is a Lutheran. There were three priests in black gowns and altogether I was reminded of a funeral. Presently, one side of the platform appeared all the Imperial choir, with the leader, a fat old gentleman in gorgeous uniform with a sword on one side! Then the procession came in, headed by the masters of ceremonies just as it was in the other church. We did rather a cheeky thing, but it was the fault of the masters of ceremonies who did not tell us where to go. Marie Dudzeele was on the corner, I was next her and then Ada and Mrs. Ames. When the Emperor came up the aisle, we curtsied but did not move at all. He stood on the other side, but at last Lord Loftus who was behind us, brushed us way up in the corner, and threw our capes after us which we had to put on in case we were cold, and it seems those chairs were meant for the Imperial Family. The Emperor came over our side then and sat down and we were all huddled up in the corner and were the only ones who had to stand up. You would have been amused if you had seen the way those capes came flying after us. And then Lord Loftus had to get out of the way himself for the Grand Dukes wanted his place. I was real glad of it. This service was all in Dutch and the Minister gave a long sermon. It lasted about an hour. Ada stood next Prince Arenberg and rubbed all the powder off her arm onto his coat, while he was utterly unconscious. He is a German Secretary. Mr. Stumm looked very lovely, but I do not dare talk to him much as he is engaged, for he is too fascinating. Well, after that ceremony was over, the bride and groom kissed all the family and then walked out. We followed. It was three o'clock and we had left home at twelve. . . .

I think I must tell you about the Gala [6] Sunday night in my next, and send this off tonight. I am going to a ball and must go and get ready now, and this letter is so long already. Goodnight.

ST. PETERSBURG JAN. 30TH/THURSDAY I promised to tell you about the Gala at the theatre and so I will, but what reams of paper it will take to describe this week! The Gala was Sunday night. The audience were each and all invited by the Emperor; no tickets were sold. We had to go full dress. I wore my pearl-colored gauze, low neck and short sleeves. We had to be there at eight o'clock. The streets and the outside of the theatre were all illuminated, and as we passed through the corridors to get to our box, we ran over endless ceremonious men in full uniform. When we entered the box, what a blaze of splendor burst upon us! We all involuntarily cried "Oh," and then subsided into silence for no words could do justice to it. The whole house was brilliantly lighted and a row of electric lights was added to the ordinary gas. The parquet was a mass of gorgeous color. Uniforms, orders, decorations, gold and silver lace, swords and bald heads were mixed up in a wonderful manner. There was not a lady down there and every shoulder had a bright ribbon of some order across it. We concluded that if we took the ribbons off and pieced them together they would stretch around the world. Uniforms of every variety and every color you can imagine. They were all the ministers of the Empire, officers of the army and different court officials. In the row of boxes which stretched around the parquet, were ladies, all in low neck and full dress, jewels flashing and fans waving. Over this is a row of large boxes — the best in the house — call the "bel étage." In the middle of these directly opposite the stage, is the large Imperial box. On the right of that all the boxes were devoted to the diplomatic corps. They were packed in pretty closely; six in each box. Besides ourselves and the Ameses, we had Count Jugger, the chargé of Bavaria, gorgeous in a red and white uniform. On one side of us were the Spaniards and Brazilians, on the other the Japanese and Persians. Every one was in

[6] The Gala was an entertainment given by the Emperor for the wedding party.

full dress. The Chinese sat near the Imperial box, dressed in yellow, and two of them appeared in immense spectacles. On the opposite side of the house, the boxes were full of ladies, and they looked like a row of dolls. There are four more tiers of boxes over the "bel étage," all filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen.

If I should talk from now until doomsday, I could not begin to tell you how gorgeous it was. Even the men in the orchestra were all in uniform. We sat there and talked and looked about the house for over an hour, I knew nearly every third person in the house. Presently we spied Prince Dolgorouky from Moscow down in the parquet. The proscenium boxes of which there are three tiers of two on each side of the stage, began to fill up with aide-de-camps, and maids of honor. Every one was looking about with opera glasses. The Greek Minister beamed upon us from a distance and las Llanas at my side talked so fast that I paid no attention to him. I was taking it all in, so as to write you about it. Finally the "Great Officials" began to hover about in the Emperor's box, the heads all turned in that direction and we were greeted with the sight of a big Arabian servant, who arranged all the chairs carefully. I described his dress to you in my last. A few moments of suspense, and then Count Alderberg appeared. By this time, the orchestra were all standing facing the Imperial box, the leader held his stick in the air, ready to start the music, every head was turned to the box, and people were getting ready to arise. At a signal from the box, the Russian hymn burst forth, every one stood up, cheers rent the air, and the Emperor appeared. Shall I ever forget that moment! I was all one cold chill from head to foot. The people shouted, the Emperor bowed and the beautiful music went on.

There is something about the Emperor's face which goes right to my heart. It is inexpressibly sad; not a discouraged or disgusted sorrow, but as if he had the sins and griefs of his people all on his heart, and as if no one but his God could comfort him. He seems raised above human sorrow, but as if he grieved for his people's sins without being able to see the end of it all. I did

not mean to be gushing over my description, but that is just the way I feel. I almost worship him myself; I do not think any one could look at him and doubt that at least he was a thoroughly good and conscientious man. He was dressed in the Cossack uniform; a long red coat gathered in at the waist, and silver trimmings. The Czarevitch was the same. The Emperor sat near the right of the box; on his left the bride, the groom, Czarevna, Mrs. Vladimir and so on; on his right the Czarevitch, Mrs. Constantine, Alexis, etc. The bride wore a rose pink satin. I could not see the other people's dresses for the jewels. I never in all my life saw or imagined such magnificence. The bride had eight strings of big pearls on her neck and a string of diamonds. She wore a diadem on her head, as did all the Grand Duchesses. Hers was of diamonds and large emeralds; the Czarevna's necklaces were, a diamond collar and a large one which met her dress, of diamonds and big rubies. Her diadem was of the same jewels. Mrs. Vladimir was like her. The Grand Duchess Constantine had on a necklace with pendants and appendages which covered all the front of her neck and came down to her waist. It was of enormous emeralds and diamonds and the diadem the same. With the jewels of the other Grand Duchesses you can imagine what a flashing there was in that box.

While I was surveying them in open-mouthed wonder, the curtain rose and the third act of Faust commenced. Albani sang, and very badly they said, but I did not pay much attention. The Emperor took his glass and looked the Diplomatic Corps over pretty thoroughly. I forgot to say that after the Russian hymn they played the German in honor of the bridegroom. Every one remained standing while this was going on. I sat in the back of the box, so I could use my glass pretty freely. After the act was over, the curtain came down, and servants commenced handing around ices, tea, cakes and cold drinks. There was also a buffet spread in the green room with champagne and eatables. The green room was full of flowers and plants and looked lovely. In the entre-act we had visits from various gentlemen, and the box was quite jammed full. The next performance was a ballet which was

beautiful. It was "Roxana." All the costumes were Montenegrin, and the dancing was splendid. We only had one act of it, and then the performance was over. We had to wait some time for the carriage, but we got home safely at last, very much delighted with our evening.

Monday we rested, I believe. No, we went skating. Adlerberg and Bodisco accompanied us and des Garets met us there. In the evening we went to a ball at the Princess Itcherbatoff's. I had a rather good time. I danced a great deal. The two young sons of the Emperor were there, Serge and Paul. They are very nice looking fellows, particularly the latter who is not more than nineteen. They only staid a short time. There was an awful crowd for the mazurka: I danced it with des Garets and we didn't dance when our turn came, and exchanged all our favors; we concluded it was much more sensible to sit still and talk. He took me to supper immediately after the dance. It is the custom here to have a regular sit-down hot supper after the mazurka. We were at a table with six others, and had a very jolly time. Des Garets was trying to get off a few phrases of English which were very sentimental, much to the amusement of my other neighbor — Mr. Isvolsky. How is that for a name? After supper Uncle insisted upon going home without waiting for the cotillion. We got home at four.

Tuesday there was a ball at the Czarevna's but the diplomatic corps was not invited. Mrs. Ames and Ada came and spent the evening with us, also Mrs. Bodisco. Mr. Adlerberg came in on his way to the ball, and Mr. Bodisco (husband) came later. They staid until twelve o'clock. It was very cosy and nice. Wednesday was busy as usual. It was a particularly pleasant reception. And in the evening was the grand court ball. But first I must tell you that the Grand Duchess Nicolas was so shocked at the ballet Sunday night that she held her fan in front of her face all the time.

Monday evening — Feb. 3rd. In a little while we are going to a party. I do not have time to think lately. I am making myself a costume for a fancy dress ball, and I sewed all day Sunday on it! Then I went to a ball Sunday night.

However, I must go back and tell you about the court ball which was like nothing you can imagine except a scene in the Arabian Nights. I wore my yellow dress from Paris for the first time, but the nasty thing had such a long train that it spoiled half my fun. It was very pretty though. Aunt Mary wore an exquisite dress, but I cannot describe it. It was wine colored velvet and cream colored brocade with all sorts of colored flowers running over it. We found Adlerberg waiting for us at the palace door when we arrived at half past eight. Ada wore pink and Mrs. Ames white. The palace was simply gorgeous, and that is all I can say about it. It was all very brilliantly lighted with candles. Millions of them, I should think, and no gas. In the octagonal room of which I wrote you, there was a large round table and side tables with tea, cakes, etc. As we came out of that room, we struck the end of a corridor which was really three or four hundred feet long, but which looked to me as if it had no end at all. The whole length of it was a side board — from one end to the other, trimmed with greens. You can imagine the long vista of lights. This corridor was separated from the first room into which we came only by a row of gilded columns, and from the ball room, by white marble columns. The corridor made as much impression on me as anything. About half way down it, there was a conservatory and fountain. We waited in the gold column room for ever so long, until all the diplomatic corps got in. Finally we ladies were all marshalled into the ball room. What a sight! That enormous hall, of which I could not see the end, was flanked on one side by the corridor, and on both sides with rows of white columns, wound from top to bottom with wreathes of greens and candles. The walls were lined with trees. Everywhere I turned there were flowers and candles. And all in a row on the right hand side of the door by which we entered were the ladies of the court, the young and pretty ones in front in lovely dresses, the mothers behind. Opposite the door were all the officers, among whom Mr. Moussman and Mr. Adlerberg loomed up, and we took our places opposite the ladies. We left a place for the Imperial family to come in. Our gentlemen stayed out in the other room a long time talking with

the Emperor. The door was kept closed. At last some Chamberlains came in saying hush, and we all braced up and got ready to greet the Emperor. Every voice was silent; you could have heard a pin drop. The door swung open and in walked our gentlemen. The gentlemen were put behind us. The Emperor came in next, and all the family.

It was so pretty as they entered. The band was playing the Russian hymn. As he bowed on each side, first our group curtsied, then the ladies opposite, and then the officers, and so on to all the family as they came in two by two. It was like the wind going over a wheat field (Poetical). Then they danced the polonaise, but first the Emperor talked a few minutes with each of the ladies. He had already talked with the gentlemen in the other room. After the polonaise the Grand Duchesses talked with us; the Czarevna was the only one who favored me. Then they danced a quadrille and after that I wandered off with las Llanas and did not see my family again until supper time. I cannot tell you how any of the Grand Duchesses were dressed except that Mrs. Constantine had on a necklace that covered her nearly up, of turquoises as big as eggs, and diamonds. We went down the other part of the room and I tried to waltz but my train was too much for me.

I had agreed to meet Mr. Adlerberg by a certain column, for the second quadrille, but I got on the wrong side of the room and he could not find me until the dance had commenced, so we concluded to talk instead. We walked around for a good while and had something to eat and then he left me with Mahmond Nedim as he was engaged, and presently came along my lovely Mr. Moussman. He stayed with me for a long time. Finally we cut Mahmond and seated ourselves at a table to get some tea. There we stayed very contentedly, while I saw las Llanas to whom I was engaged for the mazurka, hovering in the distance. After a while Moussman asked some one if the mazurka had commenced and was informed it was half through. Whereupon we both rushed. I found las Llanas in the next room watching disconsolately a game of cards. We started for the ball room, but he was taken faint

and I had to sit him down and we concluded not to dance.

The corps was all collected in that room in a few minutes and we were marshalled along the corridor, into a small throne room. There we waited some time. Presently the Imperial family passed through into the supper room next and we followed. The band was playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March as we entered. There were two long tables on the right of the room, and one on the left. At the first on the right the Imperial family took their places; at the second was the "corps." Besides this room there were three others equally large. There was a band at each end of our room, and they played alternately all the time, which combined with the fact that I was tired almost to death, gave me a dreadful fit of the blues. The table service was magnificent. I could not turn my eyes on either side without being aware that I was the guest of an Emperor. There were quantities of immense silver candelabra, with figures of animals of every kind on them; regular statuettes. Then there were fruit and bonbon dishes of carved silver, and wine holders of the same. The knives and forks were very heavy and beautifully carved. The bill of fare was as follows:

Soups

Creme de Gelinottes — Consomme

Stoudene de Sterlet et Homard

Filets de Poulardes aux Truffes

Asporges en branches

Roast: Dinde, Faisan. Perdezux

Salad

Abricotine garnie

Champagne — Bordeaux

We had champagne and other wines. The Chinese were so hidden from me by dishes that I could not see them eat, much to my disappointment, but Lord Compton told me they did beautifully.

The Emperor did not sit down, but walked through the room and talked with as many of his guests as he could. After supper we all walked out in a crowd. I lost my family and could not find them anywhere. Las Llanas did not abandon me, but I was almost crying at last, because I concluded they must have gone home

without me, as we had been hunting a long time and could not find them. Finally Adlerberg came rushing up and rescued me. He was looking for me, and took me to the others. We did not start for some time. The Emperor had gone directly after supper. Adlerberg and Bodisco attended us to the door and we got home at half past one. Now you can just set your imaginations to work, and you cannot figure anything more gorgeous than that ball.

The next day we rested. Friday Mrs. Ames announced that she was surely going to Berlin the next day. We went skating in the afternoon with the usual attendants, and found Mr. Loftus and Count Sewenhaupt (the Swede) there. I am awfully lazy about skating, and spend most of my time either warming my feet or being pushed in a chair. Uncle and Aunt Mary both caught dreadful colds at the ball. I dined with the Ameses, and everybody came in to make their farewell calls. It was quite sad. Saturday morning Uncle and I went to the station with them. Adlerberg and Bodisco were there, of course. Ada was as gay and merry as could be, and did not seem to mind leaving us at all. After we left the station I went immediately to work on my fancy dress, in order to occupy my mind about something. I am to be Bo-peep, in other words, a shepherdess.

Saturday evening we had an English dinner. The Ambassador, the Plunketts, Lord Loftus, Mrs. Wellesley, the daughter of Lord Loftus, Lord Compton and Captain Swaine, the English Military Attaché. We had a very jolly dinner. Afterwards we played games, and Lord Compton and Captain Swaine sang. They both sing very well. Lord Compton has an exquisite voice, so sweet. They are coming in for a musical evening as soon as we get a free day. I am to play Lord Compton's accompaniments.

I know I was wicked Sunday, but nevertheless I had a splendid time at the ball. It was given at an immense hall, by the nobles of Petersburg to celebrate the return of the army. We went at ten. As we entered, each lady was presented with a lovely bouquet. The hall is beautiful. Around the floor are seats rising in tiers, four tiers I believe, like a circus, you know, and above the seats is a sort of balcony running all around the hall. In this balcony

sat the Imperial family and the diplomatic corps. Around the ceiling were the names of different battles in gas jets, and at one end a big cross of St. George all in gas. The scene was very brilliant as we looked down upon it, uniforms, dress, etc. The Emperor came in soon after us, every one standing and the national hymn being played. Then they danced the polonaise. It was funny to look down upon them and see how the masters of ceremonies who led the dances plunged into the crowd just where they were least expected, scattering the people right and left. I went to dance the first quadrille with a Colonel Nolcken and hardly saw my family again until the end of the evening. We danced in the set with the Grand Dukes and Duchesses and of course they had to have plenty of room while we were all crowded up into no space at all. Baron Rosen led. He led at the palace ball last week too. I danced a great deal. Lord Compton and I made quite a sensation in front of the Imperial family, dancing the American waltz. He is so handsome that people always notice him everywhere. Baron von Heyking seemed very happy in spite of Ada's departure. I had three bouquets given to me in the course of the evening by an old fellow who walked about and distributed them to every one. Neither Uncle nor Aunt Mary felt very well, so we came home just after the fourth quadrille. I really enjoyed it much more than the court ball. Do you know after the court ball, I was so tired when I got to bed that I could do nothing but cry.

Well, I worked Monday on my dress too, and in the evening we were invited to pass a quiet evening at Madame Zelonoi's. Her husband is tutor to the children of the Grand Duchess Constantine. There were about twenty people there and two of the little Grand Dukes. I had quite a long talk with one of them — Dimitri Constantinovitch. He is about sixteen and a very nice boy. But, as Mr. Mitchell would say, he is "sort of broken out." I cannot say I had a very exciting time, but still it was quite pleasant. We were not very late in getting home.

I forgot to say that it is now Wednesday, Feb. 5th. Time goes pretty fast lately. Last night we were presented to the Grand

Duchess Catherine, the cousin of the Emperor. That is the last presentation we have. It was appointed for eight o'clock and the Chinese were also there. Her palace is magnificent; she has a sort of hospital for wounded officers in it, which has taken up a good part of it. She must be a very good-natured Duchess, for she let the wounded all come into the reception room to see the Chinese and the hall was full of her servants who were standing boldly forth to see all they could. It was not swell at all, but I thought it was real good of her. Mr. Stürmer was there. He has been at all the presentations this winter as some kind of a ceremonious person. Uncle went in first to the Grand Duchess and staid a long time. I think she liked him better than she did us. We talked with her lady of honor, Madame Apraxine, who is splendid. She went in with us to the Grand Duchess afterwards. The latter introduced us to her daughter and two of her sons, and I talked with them in English. They were all very nice. It was like making an evening call on any one. The room was very pretty, but nothing remarkable. The staircase in the great hall is magnificent, even finer than in the Nicholas palace. After us the Chinese were presented. The Ambassador had on a sort of gray cloth petticoat, and a short yellow satin jacket. He wears a hat with a red button, which is a sign of great distinction in China; there are only twenty who have it. Then he has a peacock feather with two eyes, which is also very high rank. They went to call on Countess Mengden last Friday, her reception day, and stayed an hour and a half. Mr. Stürmer said the Countess had about a hundred people there to see them. Every one stares at them and is interested in them.

Today I have had all Ada's old beaux to see me. Tomorrow is a ball at the palace and the next night at the Austrian Embassy. I am engaged for most of the dances at both. The Turk made a long call today and was quite flirtatious. He is really a dreadful looking man. Adlerberg and Bodisco both favored me. The latter stayed a long time. Aunt Mary went out about five to make some calls and left Uncle and me to receive the people.

I must tell you what I did last week. I introduced Mr. de Giers

to his wife! I saw this very pretty girl come in, and I introduced several gentlemen to her, and then I said, feeling so pleased that I knew his name (for half the time I don't) "Do you know Mr. de Giers?" She looked rather astonished so I presented him, whereupon he exclaimed, "Mademoiselle, she is my wife." You can imagine my feelings! I have not mentioned this in the family here, but I have told it to one or two friends, it was such a joke. Now I am going to bed.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1935

FOUR regular meetings of the Society were held: the Annual Meeting, January 22; the Spring Meeting, March 12; the Summer Meeting, June 6; and the Autumn Meeting, October 15.

At the Annual Meeting, Rev. Dr. Raymond Calkins read a paper on the life of Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, formerly Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational) and one of the founders of this Society. Professor Emeritus Francis G. Peabody, at the Spring Meeting, told of "Harvard in the Sixties — A Boy's-Eye View." At the Summer Meeting, Miss Frances Fowler read a paper on "Kirkland Place." Professor Walter R. Spalding, at the Autumn Meeting, gave a reminiscent account of Cambridge personalities with musical interests. To all of these and to the various hosts and hostesses the Society is greatly indebted.

The death of Mrs. Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, the First Vice-President of the Society and one of its founders, which must be reported, has removed from the Society one whose loss is and will continue to be deeply felt.

Professor and Mrs. Ephraim Emerton both died during the year. Professor Emerton had been President of this Society. Also the Society has lost by death Mrs. Frank E. Brock and Mr. Henry A. Nichols.

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Miss MARIA BOWEN
Mr. and Mrs. GRAFTON B. PERKINS

The following were elected to membership:

Mr. and Mrs. CARROLL L. CHASE
Mr. EDWARD H. REDSTONE
Miss ALICE THORP
Miss ANNE THORP

On December 31, 1935, there were 189 regular members, 7 associate members, and 7 life members; a total of 203.

Seven meetings of the Council were held during the year. The Council interested itself in promoting an E. R. A. project for the arrangement and preservation of the records and papers of the County Court of Middlesex County, beginning in 1649. Very little had been done to preserve these precious documents from damage. The Council voted a sum not to exceed $300 to provide supplies to be used in this work. The work proceeded through the summer of 1935; but in view of the transfer of the E. R. A. to the W. P. A., some delay has taken place. However, this important and useful work has been continued.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES
Secretary

January 28, 1936

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1936

FOUR MEETINGS of the Society were held during the year: the Annual Meeting, January 28th, at which Mr. Clifford K. Shipton read accounts of the lives of various residents of Cambridge, graduates of Harvard College, to be included in the continuation of Sibley's *Harvard Graduates*, now in Mr. Shipton's charge; April 28th, at which Professor Joseph H. Beale spoke of President Dunster as a litigant; June 2nd, at which Professor Samuel Eliot Morison gave an address upon the significance of the Harvard Tercentenary; and October 25th, when Miss Lois Lilley Howe read a collection of letters showing how Cambridge people used to travel.

To all of the speakers and to the various hosts and hostesses, the Society is greatly indebted.

The following deaths among the membership of the Society are with sorrow reported:

Mrs. J. MASON MAREAN
Mr. JAMES L. PAINE, for many years an active member of the Council

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Miss ALICE C. ALLYN
Miss CHRISTINE FARLEY
Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD M. RUSSELL

The following have been elected to membership:

Mrs. PEARL BROCK FAHRNEY
Mr. HENRY M. HART
Mrs. HENRY M. HART
Miss GERTRUDE W. PEABODY
Miss ELIZABETH BRIDGE PIPER
Mrs. WALLACE M. SCUDDER

On December 31, 1936 there were 199 members of the Society, of whom 187 were regular members.

There have been six meetings of the Council.

An invitation from the Director of the Harvard Tercentennial Celebration requesting the participation of the Society in the exercises through a representative, was accepted and the President was named as the representative of the Society. The Society continued its interest in the Old Burying Ground and a committee, of which Dr. Eliot was chairman, did effective work in assisting in securing the cooperation of the city authorities.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES
Secretary

January 26, 1937

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1935

Receipts

January 1, 1935 balance		$1,031.24
Received from dues and initiations	$ 568.00	
Interest from Life Membership Account	23.32	591.32
		$1,622.56

Expenditures

Old Burying Ground Committee	$ 100.00	
Labor and materials, Old Middlesex County Records	51.30	
"Harvard in the Sixties"; half cost of printing	62.95	
Flowers: Mrs. Gozzaldi's funeral	15.00	
Printing and stationery	47.00	
Addressing etc.	24.57	
Stamps	23.35	
Chairs	5.34	
Express	5.00	
Bay State Historical League	2.00	336.51
January 1, 1936 balance		$1,286.05

Respectfully submitted,
Willard H. Sprague
Treasurer

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1935. All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited at the Bank and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures.

Respectfully submitted,
Frank Gaylord Cook
Auditor

January 28, 1936

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1936

Receipts

January 1, 1936 balance			$1,286.05
Received from dues and initiations:			
165 members @ $3	$495.00		
6 Associates	12.00		
6 initiations @ $2	12.00		
back dues	39.00	$ 558.00	
Interest, Life Membership Fund		22.58	
Sale, Index to Paige's History		10.00	590.58
			$1,876.63

Expenditures

Printing and material	$ 48.75	
Postage	22.45	
Addressing etc.	26.79	
Proceedings, Vol. XXI	687.92	
County Records	95.84	
Burying Ground Committee	50.00	
Binding	9.36	
Chairs	16.00	
Bay State Historical League	2.00	
Miscellaneous	3.23	962.34
January 1, 1937 balance		$914.29
Life Membership Fund		747.15

Respectfully submitted,
Willard Hatch Sprague
Treasurer

January 26, 1937

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1936. All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited in the Bank, and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures. The balance of $914.29 was shown to be on deposit in the Bank. The balance of $747.15 in the Life Membership Fund was also shown to be on deposit in the Bank.

Frank Gaylord Cook
Auditor

REGULAR MEMBERS

1936–1937

Marion Stanley Abbot
Anne Elizabeth Allen
Glover M. Allen
Mrs. Glover M. Allen
Mary Ware Allen
Mary Almy
Albert Francis Amee
Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey
George Peirce Baker
Mrs. George Peirce Baker
Henry Bartlett
Mrs. Henry Bartlett
Mary Emory Batchelder (L)
Elizabeth Chadwick Beale
Joseph Henry Beale
Mabel Arrabella Lewis Bell
Stoughton Bell
Mrs. J. Clarke Bennett
Alexander Harvey Bill
Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly Bill
Clarence Howard Blackall
Emma Murray Blackall
Albert H. Blevins
Mrs. Albert H. Blevins
Warren Kendall Blodgett
Annabel Perry Bonney
Lucy Morse Bradley
Walter Benjamin Briggs
Elmer H. Bright
Mrs. Elmer H. Bright
Jessie Waterman Brooks
Sumner Albert Brooks
J. Frank Brown
Martha Thacher Brown
Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David E. Burr
Mrs. David E. Burr
Philip Greenleaf Carleton
Sarah Swift Schaff Carleton
Zechariah Chafee, Jr.
Carroll L. Chase
Mrs. Carroll L. Chase
Philip Putnam Chase
Leslie Linwood Cleveland
Edith Mary Coe
Margaret E. Cogswell
Ada Louise Comstock
Frank Gaylord Cook
Fanny E. Corne
J. Linda Corne
Sally Adams Cushman
Henry Orville Cutter
Elizabeth Ellery Dana
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana
Mary Deane Dexter
Harry Francis Roby Dolan
Lillie McFall Dolan
Laura Howland Dudley
Frances Hopkinson Eliot
Samuel Atkins Eliot
Emmons Raymond Ellis
Frances White Emerson
William Emerson
Sarah Folsom Enebuske

Pearl Brock Fahrney
Claire Schayer Fande
Charles Norman Fay
Lillian Hale Fay
Eunice Whitney Farley Felton
Stanley G. H. Fitch
Mrs. Stanley G. H. Fitch
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Worthington Chauncey Ford
Frances Fowler
Esther Stevens Fraser
Lloyd A. Frost
Dana Taylor Gallup
Mrs. H. G. Garrett
Roger Gilman
Rev. C. Leslie Glenn
Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
Louis L. Green
Virginia Tanner Green
Lillian Helen Hadley
Edwin Herbert Hall
Charles Lane Hanson
Elizabeth Harris
Albert Bushnell Hart
Mr. Henry M. Hart
Mrs. Henry M. Hart
Jeannette Hart
Frank Watson Hastings
Frances P. Hawley
Nathan Heard
F. Wilhelmina Heard
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
Stanley Barbour Hildreth
Alison Bixby Hill
Leslie White Hopkinson
Cornelia Conway Felton Horsford
Aria Sargent Dixwell Howe
Lois Lilley Howe
Eda Woolson Hurlbut
Edward Ingraham
Elsie P. Ingraham
Eldon Revare James
Phila Smith James
James Richard Jewett
Margaret Weyerhaeuser Jewett
Ethel Robinson Jones
Mabel Augusta Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Albert Guy Keith
Edith S. Keith
Justine Houghton Kershaw
James M. Landis
Mrs. James M. Landis
Mrs. Charles P. Lincoln
Williston Lincoln
Mrs. Williston Lincoln
Flora Virginia Livingston
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
Elizabeth MacFarlane
Ethel May MacLeod
William Mackintosh MacNair
Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
John Douglas Merrill
Nelson Case Metcalf
Mrs. Hugh Montgomery
James Buell Munn
Mrs. James B. Munn
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Emily Alan Smith Nichols
Gertrude Fuller Nichols
John Taylor Gilman Nichols
Albert Perley Norris
Mrs. Albert P. Norris

Margaret Norton
James Atkins Noyes
Penelope Barker Noyes
Edward Holyoke Osgood
Margaret Nickerson Osgood
Mary Woolson Paine
Mrs. J. Porter Palmer
William L. Payson
Mrs. William L. Payson
William H. Pear
Mrs. William H. Pear
Leslie T. Pennington
Mrs. Leslie T. Pennington
Elizabeth Bridge Piper
Lucy Wallace Porter
Alfred Claghorn Potter
David Thomas Pottinger
Mildred Clark Pottinger
Roscoe Pound
Mrs. Roscoe Pound
Alice Putnam
Harry Seaton Rand
Mabel Rena Mawhinney Rand
Edward H. Redstone
Harriette Taber Richardson
Mrs. William C. Robertson
Fred Norris Robinson
C. O. Ruggles
Mrs. C. O. Ruggles
Gertrude Swan Runkle
John Cornelius Runkle
Paul Joseph Sachs
Mary Ware Sampson
Frank B. Sanborn
Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn
Carolyn Huntington Saunders
Arthur M. Schlesinger
Mrs. Arthur M. Schlesinger
Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder
Harold B. Sedgwick
Martha Sever
Philip P. Sharples
Mrs. Philip P. Sharples
Willard Hatch Sprague
Dora Stewart
Mrs. Charles Strong
Helen Grace Olmstead Swan
Mrs. William Roscoe Thayer
Alice Thorp
Anne Thorp
Alfred Marston Tozzer
Eleanor Gray Tudor (L)
Kenneth S. Usher
Mrs. Kenneth S. Usher
Bertha Hallowell Vaughan
Charles Peter Vosburgh
Maude Batchelder Vosburgh
Mary Richardson Walcott
Robert Walcott
Grace Reed Walden
Frank De Witt Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Olive Ely Allen Washburn
Frederica Davis Watson
Jenny C. Watts
Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster
Alice Merrill White
Dr. William Stewart Whittemore
Mary W. Willard
Olive Swan Williams
Samuel Williston
Mrs. Henry J. Winslow
John William Wood, Jr.
Grace A. Wood
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Mrs. C. H. C. Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Francis Apthorp Foster
Albert Harrison Hall
Bertram K. Little
Mrs. Bertram K. Little
Bradford Hendrick Peirce
Philip Leffingwell Spalding

HONORARY MEMBER

Frances Rose-Troup

With the exception of Volume VII, which is out of print, there is on hand (January, 1938) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The price is $1.00 each, for members of the Society; $1.50 each, for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Walter B. Briggs, Curator, Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is $7.50 a copy, postpaid.

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXV

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1938 and 1939

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1939

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

XXV

PROCEEDINGS

For the Years 1938 and 1939

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society
1939

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

OF

The Cambridge Historical Society

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD MEETING

Thirty-third Annual Meeting

THE Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, on January 25, 1938. There were nearly ninety members and guests present. The meeting was called to order by the President shortly after eight o'clock. The minutes of the Special Meeting of the Society, held at Christ Church on December 16, 1937, were read and, there being no objection, were approved.

The Treasurer presented his annual report; and Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq., presented his report as Auditor. Both reports were received and ordered placed on file.

The Secretary presented the report of the Council and of the Secretary, which was upon motion received and ordered filed.

The Secretary then read the report of the Nominating Committee, as follows:

President	Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Joseph H. Beale Frank Gaylord Cook Lois Lilley Howe
Secretary	Eldon R. James
Treasurer	George A. Macomber
Curator	Walter B. Briggs
Editor	David T. Pottinger

Council: the above and

Samuel A. Eliot — C. Leslie Glenn
Roger Gilman — Elizabeth B. Piper
Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh

The President called for further nominations. There being none, it was voted that the nominations be closed and that the Secretary be directed to cast one ballot for those nominated by the Committee. The ballot having been cast by the Secretary, all those nominated by the Nominating Committee were elected to serve during the year.

Dr. Eliot moved that a vote of appreciation be given to the retiring Treasurer, Willard Hatch Sprague, for his distinguished services. The motion was unanimously adopted.

The President called the attention of the Society to the fact that the publication of the Proceedings of the Society was now up to date, those for the years 1936 and 1937 having been distributed to the members of the Society on the day of the Annual Meeting. He congratulated the Editor, Mr. Pottinger, upon his accomplishment. The statement of the President was received with much applause.

The President reported that an agreement had been made for the sale of 9 Follen Street for the sum of $15,000 cash, less $600 real estate commission, the transfer to take place on or before February 1, 1938.

This being approximately the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of Longfellow to the Craigie House, the President introduced Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, the grandson of the poet, who read a most interesting account of Longfellow at the Craigie House.[1] Passages from unpublished Longfellow journals and letters written in the house formed a considerable part of this important paper.

[1] See *post*, pp. 19–60.

At the conclusion, the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Dana for his interesting and important paper, and also to Mr. Dana, Mrs. Charles Hopkinson, and the Longfellow Trustees for their kindness in permitting the meeting to be held at the Craigie House. The meeting then adjourned.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met for its Spring Meeting at the residence of Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder, 164 Brattle Street, on Tuesday, April 26, 1938.

In the absence of the President, Vice-president Frank Gaylord Cook presided. The meeting was called to order at 8:15 o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary presented the following recommendation of the Council; and upon motion made and seconded it was

VOTED: That the action of the President, Robert Walcott, in signing, sealing, acknowledging, and delivering for and in behalf of the Cambridge Historical Society a quitclaim deed conveying premises located at 9 Follen Street, Cambridge, to Margaret F. Schroeder and others on April 11, 1938, be and the same is ratified, confirmed, and approved.

Upon motion made and seconded it was

VOTED: That until further action of this Society no investment of the funds of this Society be made except in deposits in Massachusetts savings banks or in securities legal for Massachusetts savings banks.

Upon motion it was

VOTED: That until the next Annual Meeting, the President, the Treasurer, and Mr. Philip P. Sharples be the Investment Committee.

Mr. Briggs presented the invitation of the Lexington Historical Society requesting that the Cambridge Historical Society be the guest of the Lexington Historical Society on Wednesday, June 8, from 5:30 to 8 P.M. The invitation was accepted with thanks, and the Secretary was directed to communicate the acceptance to the

Lexington Historical Society and also to consult with it as to the program.

Mrs. Vosburgh reported that she had kept for the Society a number of interesting articles formerly in the Bowen house, which might be used to fill a Bowen Memorial case when the Society secured a permanent home. These articles had been deposited with the Curator; a list of them was given to the Secretary.

Mr. Briggs reported the gift from the Historical Society of Watertown of a volume issued by that Society containing the records of the court of Nathaniel Harris, a Justice of the Peace. The Secretary was directed to send the thanks of this Society to the Watertown Historical Society.

The Vice-President then introduced Professor JOSEPH H. BEALE, who spoke on the origin of the New England town.[1] After Professor Beale's address, which was listened to with great interest and attention, there were remarks by members of the Society, in which interesting side-lights upon the New England town were developed.

After expressing the thanks of the Society to Mrs. Scudder for her generous hospitality, and to Professor Beale for his paper, the Society adjourned for refreshments.

[1] See *post*, pp. 61–64.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH MEETING

UPON THE INVITATION OF THE LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, the Cambridge Historical Society met with the Lexington Historical Society at the Cary Memorial Building in Lexington on June 8, 1938, at four o'clock P.M.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. W. R. Greeley, President of the Lexington Historical Society, at 4:15 P.M.

After a witty and interesting address Mr. Greeley introduced Rev. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, who spoke on "Our Common Concern for the Preservation of Historical Sites, Scenes, and Buildings." [1]

Mr. Greeley then introduced Mr. EDWIN B. WORTHEN of the Lexington Historical Society, who gave a very interesting talk on the subject of coöperation between schools and local historical societies.[2]

President Walcott was then introduced by Mr. Greeley and spoke briefly of the relations between the two communities, Lexington and Cambridge.

The meeting, which was largely attended, then adjourned for refreshments provided by the Lexington Historical Society.

[1] See *post*, pp. 65–69.
[2] See *post*, pp. 70–74.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met for its Autumn Meeting with Mrs. Harlow Shapley, at the Harvard Observatory, in Building D, the Library, on October 25, 1938.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 8:25 P.M. About seventy-five members and guests were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The vote recommended by the Council, as it appeared upon the notice for this meeting, sent to all the members of the Society, was read by the Secretary, who moved its adoption. The motion was seconded. Mrs. Burr requested that her letter to the President, a copy of which had been sent to the Secretary, be read, which was accordingly done.

The President was asked for a statement. After reading Miss Bowen's will, the President made a statement, in substance, as follows:

The President called attention to the situation arising from the sale by the Society of the house No. 9 Follen Street, Cambridge, devised to the Society by the seventh article of the will of the late Maria Bowen, and stated that he construed the action taken at the special meeting of the Society held November 13, 1937, with regard to the legacy under Article Eighth of said will to be that the Society intended to decline said legacy if the real estate should be sold before said legacy should be received, and he further stated that no part of said legacy had as yet been paid or tendered to the Society.

Mr. Cook then called for a reading of the vote of November 13, 1937, which was done.

The President asked if the Society was ready to vote. There being no objection, the President put the question as follows:

That, whereas the Society has sold the house at No. 9 Follen St., Cambridge, devised to it by Article Seventh of the will of the late Maria Bowen, in order to carry out the intent of the vote passed at the special meeting of the Society held on November 13, 1937, in reference to the legacy under Article Eighth of the will of said Maria Bowen, the Society hereby renounces and declines to accept the legacy under Article Eighth of said will, and that the President be authorized to execute in the name of the Society any instruments which he shall deem necessary to effect the intent of this vote.

The President asked for a show of hands and declared the motion carried.

The President then introduced Miss Elizabeth L. Bond, who read a delightful and interesting paper on the Observatory of Harvard College and its early founders, Miss Bond's grandfather, William Cranch Bond, and her father, George Phillips Bond.[1]

After votes of thanks to Miss Bond and to Mrs. Shapley, the meeting adjourned to the residence of the Director of the Observatory, Professor Harlow Shapley, who is now on his way home from South Africa, and Mrs. Shapley, for refreshments.

[1] See *post*, pp. 75–85.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH MEETING

Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting

THE Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the residence of the Rev. and Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn, 1 Garden Street, on January 24, 1939. There were about sixty-five members and guests present.

The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at eight o'clock. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer presented his Annual Report; and Mr. John T. G. Nichols, the Auditor, presented his Report. They were ordered received and placed on file.

It was voted to continue the Investment Committee, consisting of the President, the Treasurer, and Mr. Philip P. Sharples, until the next Annual Meeting.

The Secretary presented the Report of the Secretary and of the Council for the year 1938, which was received and ordered filed.

The Chairman of the Nominating Committee presented the report of that Committee, as follows:

The Nominating Committee of the Cambridge Historical Society, after consultation and deliberation, is unanimous in believing that the Society is especially fortunate in its present officers and council, and therefore recommends that they be re-elected for the ensuing year, as follows:

President	Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Joseph H. Beale Frank Gaylord Cook Lois Lilley Howe
Secretary	Eldon R. James
Treasurer	George A. Macomber

Curator . . . . . WALTER B. BRIGGS
Editor . . . . . DAVID T. POTTINGER
Council: the above and
SAMUEL A. ELIOT C. LESLIE GLENN
ROGER GILMAN ELIZABETH B. PIPER
MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

For the Committee:
Glover M. Allen, *Chairman*

The Secretary read the recommendations of the Council as to the amendment of the By-laws, which had been sent with the notice of this meeting to each member of the Society.

It was moved that the words "an Editor" be added after the words "a Treasurer" in Article VIII of the By-laws, so that Article VIII, when amended, will read as follows:

VIII. OFFICERS

The officers of the Corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, with the power of Clerk, a Treasurer, an Editor, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society.

The amendment was adopted unanimously.

It was moved that a new article, to be known as Article XII, be inserted after Article XI, as follows:

XII. DUTY OF EDITOR

The Editor shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of the preparation for the press of the Society's Proceedings and of their printing, publication, and distribution, as well as of the printing and distribution of other pamphlets and books issued by the Society for general circulation.

The amendment was unanimously adopted.

It was moved that the Articles of the By-laws after Article XII be renumbered, and that a new Article XX be substituted for the present Article XIX, as follows:

XX. DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY UPON DISSOLUTION

Upon dissolution of the Society, the books, manuscripts, collections, the vested and other funds of the Society, and such other property as it may have, shall be transferred to such institution or institutions doing similar work as may seem best to the members of the Society.

The new Article XX in substitution for Article XIX was unanimously adopted.

The President spoke of the Greater Boston Community Fund. Mrs. Wright moved, the motion being seconded, that the Society out of its corporate funds make a contribution to the Community Fund in memory of Miss Maria Bowen, the amount to be left to the Council.

The motion was carried.

The President then introduced Mrs. James L. Moore, who read a delightful paper on the Fayerweather House and its owners.[1] Mrs. Moore exhibited various portraits of persons connected with the Fayerweather House, tidies made by her grandmother while living in the house, and a painting showing the house and its grounds, made in 1840.

After votes of thanks to Mrs. Moore and to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn for their hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

[1] See *post*, pp. 86–94.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH MEETING

THE SPRING MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the residence of Mrs. Claes J. Enebuske, 55 Garden Street, on Tuesday, April 25, 1939. The Society were the guests of Miss Lois Lilley Howe and Mrs. Enebuske. There were about fifty members and guests present.

The meeting was called to order at 8:15 o'clock.

The President announced that the Garden Party would be held on Tuesday afternoon, June 13, 1939, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road, at four o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator reported a number of interesting gifts, including portraits of Charles Eliot Norton and his family and photographs of Norton's Woods.

Miss Howe then introduced Mrs. SARAH FOLSOM ENEBUSKE, who read an interesting and delightful paper on Charles Folsom and the McKeans, her grandparents.[1] A number of interesting objects associated with Mr. Charles Folsom, particularly a silver pitcher given him by Admiral Farragut, were exhibited.

After a vote of thanks to Mrs. Enebuske and Miss Howe, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

[1] See *post*, pp. 97–112.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH MEETING

THE GARDEN PARTY AND JUNE MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society were held on Tuesday, June 13, 1939, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road.

The meeting was called to order by the President shortly after 4 o'clock. There were about seventy members and guests present.

The President referred to the presence of a number of members of the Lexington Historical Society, and introduced two former Presidents of that Society, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Webster.

Dr. SAMUEL A. ELIOT then conducted an examination into Cambridge history after the manner of "Information, Please!" [1] The questions were interesting and amusing, and some of them received correct answers.

After this delightful and entertaining exercise, and after voting the thanks of the Society to Mrs. Tudor and to Dr. Eliot, the meeting adjourned for an inspection of the charming garden and for refreshments.

[1] See *post*, pp. 113–121.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met for its Autumn Meeting on October 31, 1939 at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Baker, Jr., 10 Coolidge Hill Road, the meeting having been postponed one week because of a conflict with the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Cambridge Social Dramatic Club, which was held on October 24, 1939.

Notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain, there were about forty members and guests present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President appointed the following as a Committee to nominate officers for the Society to serve during the next year and to report at the January meeting, 1940: Mr. Allyn Forbes, Chairman, Mr. Edward Ingraham, and Mr. Nathan Heard.

Miss LOIS LILLEY HOWE was introduced by the President. Miss Howe read a delightful account of the life of her father, Doctor Estes Howe, a Cambridge citizen.[1]

Mr. Briggs reported as the delegate of the Society to the recent meeting of the Bay State Historical League, held at Concord on October 21st.

As Curator, Mr. Briggs reported that he had received a number of interesting gifts, one from Miss Sarah Norton, consisting of manuscripts concerning the Misses Ashburner, one of which contained an unpublished introduction by William Dean Howells.

After votes of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Baker and to Miss Howe, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

[1] See *post*, pp. 122–141.

CHRONICLES OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

THE COMING OF LONGFELLOW

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana

ONE PLEASANT AFTERNOON in the month of May, 1837, a young Harvard professor, a newcomer to Cambridge, sets out in search of a secluded place to live.

Turning his back on the red brick buildings of the college and the thickly settled houses of the village, he makes his way westward along the winding curves of Brattle Street. There he finds a series of yellow and white Colonial houses, at that time still well separated from each other by wide stretches of green fields and trees and gardens. He is at once enchanted with these old houses and their pleasant surroundings.

About half a mile from the college along this curving road, he comes to a point where, looking across the meadows to the south, he can catch a glimpse of the River Charles, flooded by the high tide this May afternoon and glistening in the sunlight.

Opposite this spot and set well back to the north of the highway stands one of the most impressive of the old Cambridge houses. Pausing at the gateway, the newcomer looks across a green lawn between rows of elm trees and sees the yellow façade of the stately mansion, ornamented by four white pilasters with Ionic capitals. The quiet dignity and generous proportions of this house suggest the spacious Colonial days in which it was built by Major John Vassall, a British Tory. Later it was used by Washington as his Headquarters during the first ten months of the American Revolution. Still later it was bought and enlarged by the first Apothecary General of the United States, Andrew Craigie, who added a large ell at the back of the house and the two piazzas with

their rows of white columns which the stranger can see at each side of the house.

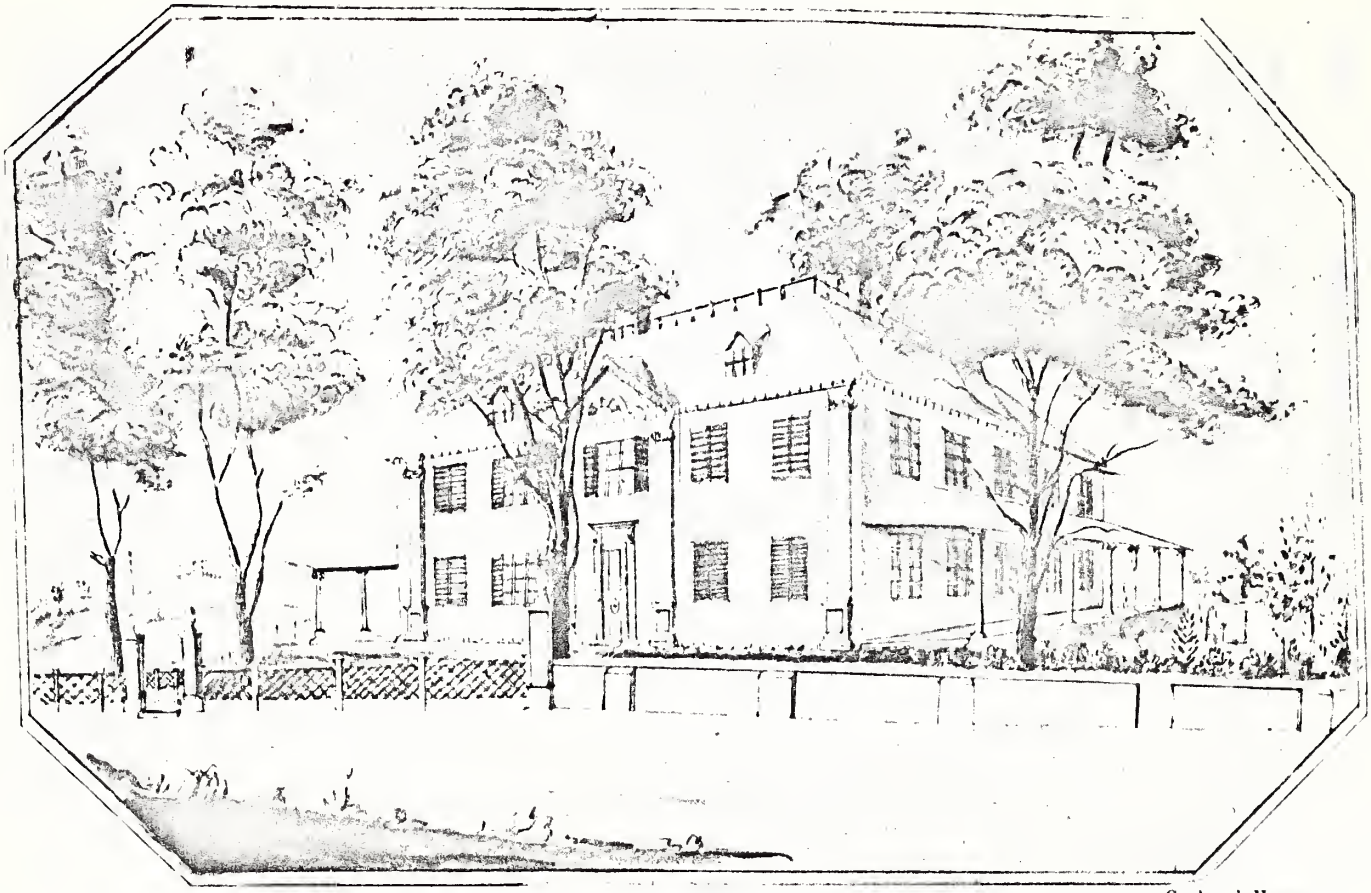
Behind the house to the left is to be seen the barn or stables and to the right the garden and the gardener's house. Farther off on a hill in the background can be seen Mr. Craigie's summer-house beside a spring from which drinking water is brought through an aqueduct of hollow logs to the main house. Beyond a grove of trees to the west is a little lake, with an island in the middle of it, on which classic statues have been placed. Near the lake is an ice-house. Near the garden on the other side of the mansion is a green-house. The good citizens of the town have marveled to see how Mr. Craigie was able to keep ice in his ice-house throughout the heat of Cambridge summers and keep flowers in the green-house throughout the cold of Cambridge winters.[1]

Mr. Craigie has died some eighteen years earlier, but his widow, the brilliant but eccentric Mrs. Craigie, clad in her slate-colored dress and her white turban, continues to rule over the Craigie House, or "Castle Craigie" as some of the villagers like to call it. To pay off the debts left by her husband at his death, she has been obliged to occupy rooms at the back of the house and rent the front upstairs rooms to various lodgers.[2] One of these, a law student, is still occupying the southeastern upper chamber, though he is soon going to leave Cambridge.

The Harvard professor, who has come to have a look at this student's room, passes through the gate and, making his way along the gravel path, approaches the old house, which is bathed in the warm afternoon sunshine, while the shadows of the elm trees slowly pass across it in solemn procession. Ascending the

[1] See the "Perspective Representation of Mr. Craigie's House" reproduced here. This was drawn by William A. Warner in 1815, as part of his thesis in mathematics at Harvard College, and is still preserved in the Harvard College Library. To the left of the house can be seen the summer house on the hill where now stands the Harvard Observatory. To the right is indicated the site of the gardener's house, now occupied by the garden. A fuller account of Andrew Craigie will be given in a paper now being prepared by H. W. L. Dana and Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt (a descendant of Mr. Craigie's sister).

[2] Among Mrs. Craigie's lodgers were three men who later became Presidents of Harvard College: Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, and Jared Sparks. A fuller account of Mrs. Craigie and her lodgers will be given in a later paper.



Summer House

Gardener's House

A Perspective Representation of Mr. Craigie's House

William A. Warner, 1815

terraces in front of the house by flights of steps and coming to the large white front door, the visitor knocks with the heavy brass knocker, and, when the door is opened, asks to be shown up to the student's room.

Of this first visit to the Craigie House, the professor later gives us the following account:

> The first time I was in the Craigie House was on a beautiful summer afternoon in the year 1837. I came to see Mr. McLean, a law-student, who occupied the south-eastern chamber. The window-blinds were closed, but through them came a pleasant breeze and I could see the waters of the Charles gleaming in the meadows.[3]

From the first the young professor has been delighted with the whole surroundings of the Craigie House. He sets his heart on getting rooms there, if possible that large front corner room with its two windows to the south and two windows to the east, where he had visited the law student, and also a large vacant chamber behind it to use as a bedroom. In these rooms he hopes to find a quiet haven of refuge, where he can pursue undisturbed his studies in modern European literatures and find a congenial atmosphere in which to write poetry of his own.

Accordingly he makes bold to present himself before the austere and somewhat terrifying Widow Craigie. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Craigie is a highly cultivated lady, herself fond of European literature, and has read one of the professor's books. Lying beside her is No. I, in its marbled wrappers, of the sketch book he has written, in which he has described his travels in her beloved France. She does not realize, however, that the author of this book is standing before her and mistakes this young-looking

[3] Nathaniel Collins McLean of Cincinnati, Ohio, an A.B. of Augusta College, Kentucky, and a student at the Harvard Law School, was living at Mrs. Craigie's according to the Harvard Catalogue for the academic year of 1836–1837. He did not die until 1905. Mr. Longfellow, who apparently did not know him very well and came primarily to have a look at his room in the Craigie House, inadvertently spelled his name "McLane." Mr. Longfellow's account of his visit to him is found on p. 17 of a leather-bound manuscript notebook on the Craigie House. Other quotations in this article, indicated as from the "Notebook on the Craigie House," are taken from this same unpublished manuscript.

stranger for a Harvard undergraduate. After long experience with Harvard students as lodgers, like many another good lady in Cambridge, she has decided not to let any more students have rooms in the Craigie House. Therefore, when he asks if he may engage rooms there, she says: "Young man, I do not take students"; to which he replies: "But I am not a student, I am Professor Longfellow." [4]

Of this strange encounter, Mr. Longfellow gives us the following account in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 17–18):

> At first Mrs. Craigie refused to let me have the rooms; I remember how she looked as she stood, in her white turban, with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes. She said she had resolved to take no more students into the house: but her manner changed when I told her who I was. She said she had read *Outre-Mer*, of which one number was lying on the side-board. She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it, saying as we went into each, that I could not have that one. But she finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above, on condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside.[4]

The young professor, while waiting till he can move into these more comfortable quarters, has temporarily taken a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Stearns on Professors' Row just across the Delta from the Harvard Yard.[5] There he has roomed just above his friend, Cornelius Conway Felton, the genial and congenial Professor of Greek, and a delightful companionship has grown up between these professors of ancient and modern languages, that makes Longfellow on that account reluctant to leave.

[4] This dialogue has been quoted in slightly different versions by various persons who heard Mr. Longfellow relate it. Among these are his daughter, Alice M. Longfellow (manuscript notes on the Craigie House, p. 35), whose account is followed here, and his friend, George William Curtis, who elaborates the story in *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, p. 268, and who, in turn, has been followed by later writers.

[5] This was the Foxcroft House on the corner of Kirkland Street and Oxford Street; it was moved in 1902 to make room for the New Lecture Hall. Mrs. Stearns was the wife of Asahel Stearns, who had been a Professor of Law at Harvard 1817–1829.

Yet he longs to get away from the congestion of boarding-house life so near the college and move to the greater seclusion that the more isolated Craigie House will give him.

It is accordingly with enthusiasm that on May 25, 1837, he writes to his father in Portland:

> I have found two large and beautiful rooms in the Craigie House, and thither I go at the close of this term. I shall be sorry to leave Mrs. Stearns on many accounts; but I cannot endure boarding houses. In the Craigie rooms, I shall be entirely my own master, and have my meals by myself at my own hours. So I form to myself a vision of independence.

At about this same time Professor Longfellow writes to his friend, George Washington Greene, on May 21, 1837:

> In Cambridge all is peace. Spring has come; bringing birds and blossoms. . . . I take long, solitary walks, through the green fields and woodlands of this fair neighborhood. Yesterday I was at Mount Auburn, and saw my own grave dug; that is, my own tomb. I assure you, I looked quietly down into it without one feeling of dread. It is a beautiful spot, this Mount Auburn.

There in his quiet lot at the top of Indian Ridge lies buried his young wife, Mary, who died while they were in Europe. Now that he has come to Cambridge and is looking for a house in which to live, he goes to visit her tomb and see the spot where he in turn will be buried.

Three months later, when the college year is over, the rooms at Mrs. Craigie's are at last available to Mr. Longfellow. As he writes in his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 17):

> McLean left Cambridge in August and I took possession of his room, making use of it as a Library and having the adjoining chamber for my bed-room.

In writing to his father on August 23, 1837, he says:

> I have already commenced moving. Carpets are taken up; — books taken down; and things turned topsy-turvy. The new rooms are above all praise — only they do want painting.

THE PROFESSOR'S ROOMS

From the summer of 1837, the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, Longfellow's stay at the Craigie House continues for forty-five years, down to his own death in the winter of 1882. At first he occupies only these two upper rooms on the eastern side. After three years, he adds a third room to his suite. Then after another three years, with his marriage, he comes to occupy half the house. And finally the entire Craigie House comes into his possession.

For the first three years, then, all the rest of the house except his two rooms is occupied by other persons. Beyond the carefully locked back door of his rear chamber, there is a landing approached by another staircase. Opening from that landing is the north-western chamber, occupied by Mrs. Craigie, with her dressing room beyond. In the ell, at the back of the house, lives a married couple: Mrs. Craigie's farmer, whom Mr. Longfellow describes as "a meek little man," and the farmer's domineering wife, the colossal Miriam, who supplies Mr. Longfellow's meals and looks after his rooms and to whom he refers as "Miriam the Giantess."

On August 23, 1837, he writes to his father:

> I have made arrangements for my breakfasts and dinners with Miriam, the giantess, of whom Mrs. Craigie says "Take her by and large, she is a good *crittur*." At the sound of a bell, she is to bring me my breakfast; — at the sound of the same bell, later in the day — namely at five o'clock — my dinner.

The Giantess likes to lord it not merely over her meek little husband but also over the young professor. She admonishes him loquaciously for his shortcomings, but has no hesitation in overcharging him for the food she brings him. Mr. Longfellow, in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 18–19), gives us the following somewhat scathing picture of this Miriam:

> She was a giantess, & very pious in words: and when she brought in my breakfast, frequently stopped to exhort me.

The exorbitant rate at which she charged my board was rather at variance with her preaching. Her name was Miriam & Felton used to call her "Miriam the *profit*-ess." [6]

THE POETESS

As the young professor looks out of his eastern windows each morning toward the college, the nearest house that he can see on the same side of the street is one, painted white with green blinds, at the corner of Mason Street. There lives the middle-aged poetess, Susanna Hill, whom Mr. Longfellow calls "one of the notabilities of Cambridge." [7] She likes to come and sit on the island in the little lake and compose poetry.[8] In a poem "On Mrs. Craigie's Mansion," Susanna Hill describes how she used to play as a child upon the "velvet covered lawn" of the Craigie House where her two sisters had lived. She reviews the pageant of historic figures — Washington, Everett, Sparks, and the others who had lived there — ending with this graceful tribute to the newcomer to the Craigie House, the young professor who is then known chiefly for his prose sketch-book of travels and legends beyond the sea:

> Here later on the stream of time,
> Dwells he whose classic care,
> Transplanted to his native clime
> Sweet flowers from *Outre mer*.[9]

[6] Felton was, of course, alluding to the Biblical figure of Miriam the Prophetess, mentioned in Exodus 15:20. In Paul Revere Frothingham's *Edward Everett*, Boston, 1925, pp. 76 and 478, by mistake the term "Miriam the Profitess" is applied to Mrs. Craigie rather than to her servant, and the Craigie House is spoken of as "Miriam Craigie's boarding-house."

[7] Susanna Hill (1799–1869) was the daughter of Dr. Aaron Hill. She later married a paymaster in the Navy, John P. Todd. Some of her letters and details about her can be found in "Some Letters from Tory Row," edited by Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society* for 1914, pp. 5–37.

[8] Mr. Longfellow has written the caption "Miss Hill on Craigie Island" under the picture of a sentimental lady seated on a bench under an arbor on an island. This is to be found in his Journal for 1840 and is reproduced herewith.

[9] Her verses were published anonymously in *The National Magazine and Republican Review*, Washington, D. C., January, 1839, Vol. I, No. 1, pp. 71–72. They were copied in full by Mr. Longfellow in his Notebook on the Craigie House, pp. 41–44. They are given in an Appendix at the end of this article.

THE COLLEGE

Each day, on his way to his college lectures, the young professor passes the house where this admiring poetess lives, separated from the street by a low wall, along the top of which is a row of lilac bushes. From there he makes his way along Mason Street to the Washington Elm near the Cambridge Common, from which he gets a distant prospect of Harvard College. He makes a rough sketch of this view in his notebook, showing one of the trees and the fence of the Common in the foreground, and in the background the various college buildings of that day: to the left Stoughton and Hollis; in the center, Harvard Hall with its bell tower; and to the right Dane Hall, which was then used for the Law School, and the First Parish Church where, a few months before Longfellow's arrival, had been celebrated the Two Hundredth Anniversary of Harvard College.[10]

Professor Longfellow is lecturing on Goethe's *Faust* and before long on Dante's *Divine Comedy* and has supervision of all the recitations in German, Italian, Spanish, and French languages. Returning home to his comfortable corner room in the Craigie House, he lists neatly in a large notebook the names of his students. There we can read the name of Thoreau, a Senior Sophister from Concord, who even before Longfellow came to Cambridge had copied into his notebook some thirteen pages of extracts from bits of Longfellow's prose and verse.[11] There, also, we find the name of a Junior Sophister, James Russell Lowell, a brilliant follower of Longfellow's footsteps in the study of Romance Languages. There, too, is the name of a Sophomore, Edward Everett Hale, who has given us a delightful account of Professor Longfellow's informal classroom gatherings.[12] Finally, we find that

[10] This rough sketch which is reproduced here is drawn by Longfellow on one of the blank pages of his Journal for 1837 and is labeled "Cambridge." It is interesting to compare it with the engraving made from the same point of view a few months earlier by G. G. Smith and entitled "Harvard University with a procession of the Alumni from the Church to the Pavillion, September 8, 1836."

[11] Thoreau manuscript of 23 pages, dated "1835," offered for sale at the Book Auction for German Refugees, New York City, December 8, 1938.

[12] See Edward Everett Hale's letter of February 5, 1881, printed in George Lowell

Stoughton Hall Hollis Hall Harvard Hall Dane Hall First Parish Church

SKETCH OF CAMBRIDGE BY LONGFELLOW, 1837

Professor Longfellow has included in the list of his students another Sophomore, Samuel Longfellow, his own younger brother, who has given us the following description of a visit to the Craigie House:

> The writer of this remembers very well visiting Mrs. Craigie, in his early college days, to beg some autograph letters of Revolutionary personages, of which she had a store. She sat in her south-eastern parlor, in white muslin turban and gray silk gown, with the sun shining among her window-plants and singing-birds; and as often as he took his leave she said, "Be good; I want you to be good." There was an awful whisper in Cambridge circles that she read Voltaire in the original.[13]

Apparently for the Cambridge of that day there is something intrinsically wicked in the French language itself. Of course the young author of *Outre-Mer*, who is teaching French at the University, has no such prejudices. With the knowledge of French and the love of literature which he and Mrs. Craigie have in common, there might be an agreeable friendly companionship between them, were it not for some mysterious sadness in her past which seems to cast a shadow across her life and keep her always somewhat cold and aloof.

THE LETTER TO HIS SISTER

While Mrs. Craigie, then, sits in her sunny parlor on the ground floor, Professor Longfellow sits apart in the room directly overhead, his equally sunny upstairs study. After he has been in the Craigie House for nearly a month and his habits there have become somewhat established, he gives to his younger sister in Portland the following lively account of his way of life at Mrs. Craigie's:

Austin, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1883, pp. 219–221, where it is said that Longfellow's classroom "had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion."

[13] Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 273.

Cambridge September 21. 1837

My dear little Annie, dear,

In my new abode I dwell like an Italian Prince in his villa. A flight of stone steps, with flower-pots on each hand, conducts you to the door, and then you pass up a vast stair-case and knock at the left hand door. You enter, and the first thing, that meets your admiring gaze is the author of *Outre-Mer* reclining on a sofa, in a striped calamanco morning gown: — slippers, red. It is morning; say, eight o'clock. The sun shining brightly in at one long window. In answer to the bell which was rung a few minutes before — enter a fat woman, bearing a tray, with tea and toast, and a plate of waffles. — This is breakfast. After breakfast begins the Massacre of the Innocents — namely, the *flies*. Bloody work. Thousands fall beneath the blows of a red silk handkerchief, used like a sling. Their poor souls depart to Beelzebub — King of flies. — Thus did the Emperor Domitian amuse himself in days gone by. Thus do I in September '37.

After this, a walk in the great gardens — appertaining to the domain. Then the day goes about its business, till five o'clock, when the same fat woman appears again, bearing in dinner.

Slowly and solemnly the dinner disappears; I sitting near the window, so as to behold all who pass to and fro from Mount Auburn, which is much frequented at this hour.

In the evening — visits till nine.

At nine — return home. Vast entry lighted. Read till twelve. Lights put out. Author sleeps.

THE APPLETONS

Later in the same letter, Henry Longfellow bursts into lines written as though they were verses beginning:

> The Appletons have returned.
> No other news to tell you.
> This looks like poetry.
> But it isn't. . . .

He had met the Appleton family in Switzerland a year before and taken a great fancy to them, especially to the youngest daughter, Fanny. Only a fortnight after his letter to his sister announcing so casually the return of the Appletons to Boston, he

composes his first poem written in the Craigie House. Filled with a softly romantic sentiment of golden leaves and autumn afternoons, he entitles it "Flowers," wrapping it in a folded paper, and addressing it: [14]

Miss Fanny E. Appleton
With many thanks and a few flowers.
H. W. L.

Of the writing of these verses he later gives the following account:

Flowers.

I wrote this poem on the 3rd of October 1837; to send to Fanny with a bouquet of Autumnal flowers. I still remember the great delight I took in its composition; and the bright sunshine that streamed in at the southern windows, as I walked to and fro, pausing ever and anon to note down my thoughts. The poem will always have a charm for me from these associations. It will always carry me back to that golden, beautiful Autumn of Fanny's return from Europe. Whenever I read it I live over again that season of love and restlessness, of hope and fear.[15]

Eagerly, during that first October in Cambridge, the young professor, when he can get away from his college duties, walks across the bridge over the Charles River into Boston, carrying flowers or manuscript poems or books of German poetry, to the imposing Appleton house at 39 Beacon Street, with its curved

[14] Some three months later, Miss Fanny Appleton sent a bouquet of flowers to an older poet, Richard Henry Dana (1st), living near her on Beacon Hill. He wrote her a letter of thanks on January 16, 1838, which makes it clear that it is to this which he refers in his poem "On Receiving Flowers During Illness, From a Lady." *Poems and Prose Writings* by Richard Henry Dana, New York, 1850, Vol. I, pp. 135–136. A little later Miss Appleton encouraged a young poet who was one of Professor Longfellow's students, James Russell Lowell, by praising some of his earliest verses. See Lowell's letter to Longfellow, August 14, 1845, in which he says that Miss Fanny Appleton "was the first stranger that ever said a kind word to me about my poems." Herself the possessor of a sensitive literary style, she seems to have felt a natural sympathetic interest in poets young or old.

[15] See Longfellow's notebook entitled "Manuscript Gleanings and Literary Scrapbook," pp. 27–28. In this notebook Mr. Longfellow gives an account of the writing of each poem in the *Voices of the Night*. This manuscript notebook he wrote at the request of his wife and, adding the title "Book of Vanity," presented it to her with the inscription "To Fanny the Beloved. October 6, 1846."

front facing south on Boston Common. There, in the bright parlor, with the October sunlight streaming in through the pale purple tinted window-panes of the bow window, he and Miss Fanny Appleton sit together chatting and reading and translating books of poetry, much as they had when he had first met her in Switzerland the year before. She was then only sixteen years old, little more than half his age. It is thought that she is still too young; it is better for her to wait before making up her mind; and so the visits of the young professor for the time being are not encouraged.[16]

When these visits are ended and winter comes on, Mr. Longfellow writes on December 10, 1837, to Fanny's older sister, Mary Appleton, who is more nearly his own age. He takes her into his confidence, telling her wistfully of how he misses those happy hours "in the bright parlor." "Shall I sit there no more," he asks, "and read in pleasant books? Are those bright Autumnal mornings gone forever? —"

On that same day, December 10, 1837, he writes to his father, railing against "The Little-Pedlington community of Boston"[17] and adding:

> Boston is only a great village. The tyranny of public opinion there surpasses all belief.

During that first December, Professor Longfellow is conscious of the provincialism and snobbishness of Boston, in comparison with the cosmopolitan cities he has known in Europe. It is not merely his personal experience of being treated like an outsider by Bostonians, but the indifference and scorn shown by Beacon Street toward the Anti-Slavery movement and Abolitionists, which causes this outburst of his against Boston.

[16] Miss Appleton from the first looked upon Professor Longfellow as a much older man. Before she had seen him, when she heard that he had arrived at Interlaken, she had written in her diary for July 20, 1836: "Hope the venerable gentleman won't pop in upon us, though I did like his *Outre-Mer*." A few days later, after Professor Longfellow had been presented to her, she wrote on July 31st that he was "a young man after all." Her father, however, still thought that she was too young to marry the Harvard professor.

[17] Referring to the satire "Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians" which had just then been written by the English writer John Poole.

THE WIDOW IN HER CASTLE

With the approach of winter, comes the departure from the Craigie House of the last of those transient guests, whom Mr. Longfellow used to refer to as "Birds of Passage." In his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 18) he writes:

> Young Habersham of Savannah, a friend of Mrs. Craigie's, occupied, at that time, the other front chamber. He was a skilful performer on the flute. Like other piping birds, he took wing for the rice fields of the South, when the cold weather came; and I remained alone with the widow in her Castle.

As the widow is still rather silent and forbidding, the young professor's first winter in Castle Craigie is somewhat lonely and desolate. He writes in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 19–20):

> The Winter was rather a solitary one, & the house very still. I used to hear Mrs. Craigie go down to breakfast at nine or ten in the morning and go up to bed again at eleven at night. During the day she seldom left her parlor where she sat reading the magazines and newspapers, or occasionally a volume of Voltaire. She read also the English Annuals of which she had a large collection. Occasionally the sound of voices announced a visitor, and she sometimes enlivened the long evenings by a half-forgotten air upon an old piano-forte.[18]

[18] George William Curtis, hearing of this from Mr. Longfellow, could not resist the temptation of elaborating on this "half forgotten air" as follows:

"As at twilight the Poet sat musing in his darkening room — hearing the 'footsteps of angels' sounding, melodious and low, through all the other 'voices of the night,' he seemed to catch snatches of mournful music thrilling the deep silence with sorrow, and, listening more intently he heard distinctly the harpsichord in the old lady's parlor, and knew that she was sitting, turbaned and wrinkled, where she had sat in the glowing triumph of youth, and with wandering fingers was drawing in feeble and uncertain cadence from the keys, tunes she had once dashed from them in all the fulness of harmony."

"The young poet sat lost in the luxury of reverie, and hearing with intoxicating sadness the ghosts of tunes long since forgotten, which the turbaned and trembling widow of Andrew Craigie played upon the harpsichord."

From the chapter on "Henry W. Longfellow" in *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, pp. 271 and 286.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Directly over the parlor from which come the sounds of Mrs. Craigie's vague music is Mr. Longfellow's study, where he tries to make himself as comfortable as he can during that dreary winter. He ensconces himself at his little writing table in the cozy nest between the two corner windows, from which he can look at the wintry world outside. A year or so earlier he described those persons in Germany who lived "perched up in their Owl-Towers."[19] Now, on January 6, 1838, he writes to his friend, George Washington Greene, from the Craigie House saying:

> I have an Owl-Tower of my own.

From his window there, he sees the January snow covering the meadows that stretch towards the frozen Charles River and watches the sun setting early through the bare branches of the trees at Mount Auburn. When it is too dark to read any longer by the window and night comes on, he sits in the gloaming, listening to the sound of the old clock which, like the heart beats of the Craigie House itself, seems to be measuring with its slow "tick, tock; tick, tock" the silent passing of the centuries.

On February 27, 1838, his thirty-first birthday, he copies into his Journal the lines called "Evening Shadows" which he had written over a year ago in Europe at the time of his first wife's death. Once more the day seems to have died and he listens to "the soul-like voice of night." In the darkness, before the evening lamps are lighted, he sits watching the shadows from the firelight dancing on the walls like phantoms. "The forms of the departed" seem to gather around him in the dark and he imagines that he can hear "the footsteps of angels."[20]

[19] See *Hyperion*, Book II, Chapter III: "Owl-Towers."

[20] These verses, when they were originally written in Heidelberg on December 27, 1835, had no title. When Mr. Longfellow copied them in his Journal for February 27, 1838, he called them "Evening Shadows." Later he referred to them as "The Shadows of Twilight." When they were published in *Knickerbocker* for May, 1839, they were called "Voices of the Night: A Third Psalm of Life." Finally, when they were published in December, 1839, in *Voices of the Night*, they were called "Footsteps of Angels." See the article by H. W. L. Dana, "The Genesis of *Voices of the Night*," now in preparation.

On another occasion he sits at this corner window in his "Owl-Tower" and composes his poem, "The Light of Stars." As he writes later:

> The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind the groves of Mount Auburn, and the planet Mars blazing in the south-east. There was a singular light in the sky; and the air cool and still.[21]

From "the star of the unconquerable will" he learns to be resolute and calm and self-possessed, and gazes out into the darkness till there is no light left but "the cold light of stars."

With the coming of Mr. Longfellow's first Spring at the Craigie House, he sits after dark by the open window in this same corner. On May 17, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

> At night, the whole air full of fragrance from the fresh cherry-blossoms. Warm till midnight.

Again he writes:

> It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of the earth, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them; and hear only the chirp of crickets and the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night, sounding like a far-off waterfall, or the roaring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone.[22]

At a later time, sitting at his chamber window late on one of the balmiest nights of the year, he composes his "Hymn to the Night." His spirit drinks repose from "the cool cisterns of the midnight air" as he feels a calm majestic presence and listens to "the trailing garments of the night." [23]

[21] See Longfellow's account of his writing "The Light of Stars" given in his "Manuscript Gleanings," p. 21.

[22] Manuscript on sheets of green paper; later, with a few changes, used as an introduction to Book III of *Hyperion*.

[23] See Longfellow's account of his writing "Hymn to the Night" given in his "Manuscript Gleanings," p. 11.

Thus, at night, with the odor of flowers and the fragrance of white and purple lilacs about the Craigie House floating in through the open windows, Longfellow sits gazing out into the dark and listening to the breathing of the night air, gathering life and strength and peace and weaving Psalms of Life and Death out of the Voices of the Night.

THE PSALM OF LIFE

There are voices of day as well as voices of the night that Longfellow listens to at that same open window as he sits there on Spring mornings during that first year at the Craigie House.

On May 20, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

> How glorious these Spring mornings are! I sit by an open window, and inhale the pure morning air, and feel how delightful it is to live! Peach, pear, and cherry trees are all in blossom together in the garden.

Next month, on June 2, 1838, he writes to his father:

> Nothing can well surpass the beauty of Cambridge at this season. Every tree is heavy with blossoms and the whole air laden with perfume. My residence here in the old Craigie House is a paradise.

Finally on July 26, 1838, it is under similar circumstances, sitting in that upper room with the living warmth of sunlight streaming in through the open windows, that Longfellow writes a *Psalm of Life*. As he explains later in his Gleanings (p. 13):

> This poem was written on a bright Summer morning, at a small table in the corner of my chamber, between the windows.

In the exuberance of this mood, the "mournful numbers," the "empty dream," give place to what is real and what is earnest; the "dead past" yields to the "living present"; the voices of the night are replaced by the voices of day; and the thoughts of death give way to a psalm of life.

Again he writes:

> I sit here at my pleasant chamber window in the Craigie House, and enjoy the balmy air of this bright Summer morning, and watch the motions of the golden oriole, that sits on its swinging nest on the outermost pendulous branch of yonder elm. The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar; and beyond them rise magnificent snow-white clouds, piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian Fields; for it was this house, where I now sit and write, that in days long gone, the great Patriot made his headquarters.[24]

He goes on with the following burst of enthusiasm:

> Nothing can be more lovely than these Summer mornings; nor than the southern window at which I sit and write, in this old mansion.

To this he adds a warm tribute to what he calls:

> Leafy, blossoming, beautiful Cambridge.

With the coming, then, of that first Spring at the Craigie House, as the snow and ice has melted and given place to sunshine and flowers, so within the heart of the young scholar the streams of poetry seem to be running again and flowers of verse breaking into blossom. For more than ten years before his coming to Cambridge, from the age of nineteen to thirty, all through the impressionable twenties, usually the most fruitful years of a poet's life, Professor Longfellow had devoted himself so conscientiously to the studying and teaching of modern languages, that apart from translations of foreign poetry connected with those studies, he has hardly published any verses under his own name. Now, after these ten years of silence, with his coming to the Craigie House, begins that long stream of verse that continues almost unbroken through the remaining forty-five years there down to the moment of his death.

[24] This and the following two quotations are from manuscript sheets; later, without the specific references to the Craigie House or to Washington's Headquarters, they were used as an introduction of Book IV of *Hyperion*.

THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR

On August 6, 1838, as his first year at Mrs. Craigie's is drawing to a close, he writes to his friend Greene in Europe, summing up what his way of life has been during that year as follows:

> *Interesting items of intelligence, chiefly if not wholly, about myself.* I live in a great house, which looks like an Italian villa: have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once Gen. Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast: and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot, drinking at every pump on the way — six in number. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. If late, go to bed. For nearly two years I have not studied at night; — save now and then at intervals. Most of the time am alone — smoke a good deal. Wear a broad-brimmed black hat — black frock-coat — boots — trousers with straps — black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society.

Evidently his earlier prejudice against "the Little-Pedlington community of Boston" and the Boston ladies has now diminished. To complete this picture of the stylish young Harvard professor setting out from the Craigie House to take Boston fashionable society by storm, we must recall his tightly fitted Parisian trousers which the local tailors wish to borrow as a model of fashion,[25] his "Endymion waistcoat" of many colors,[26] and the "one dozen light-colored gloves" which he has ordered from Paris.[27] It is said: "Even Mrs. Craigie thought he had too gay a look." [28] It may well have been the Widow Craigie who used the remark that Longfellow quotes in his prose romance: "She says you have a rakish look because you carry a cane and your hair curls. Your gloves, also, are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man." [29]

[25] See letter of George S. Hillard to Longfellow, May 23, 1837.

[26] See Sam Ward's letter to Longfellow, June 20, 1840.

[27] See Longfellow's letter to Thomas Gold Appleton, January 23, 1837.

[28] Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 256.

[29] *Hyperion*, Book II, Chapter III, where Longfellow puts this remark, which

No wonder some of the young ladies of Cambridge, when they see this dashing figure making his way toward Boston in all his fine array, remember the phrase that Edward Everett had used of him, and call him the "Flashing Sickle." [30]

In Boston, the young professor likes to attend the balls at Papanti's and watch the slender young ladies in white crinolines, swaying to the music of the dancing, like fragile lilies bending to the breeze.

At the end of the whirl of this social season, alarmed at his own extravagance, he passes through what his friend Felton calls his "fit of retrospective economy" and momentarily entertains the idea of leaving Mrs. Craigie's and taking a less expensive room in one of the Harvard dormitories the following term. He finds, however, all the rooms for college officers in Holworthy already occupied and the only vacant rooms in other halls reserved for students of Theology and Law. Professor Felton writes him on August 10, 1838:

> You might easily get rooms at Divinity Hall or at Dane Hall — but I fear you are too ungodly for the one and too lawless for the other.

Accordingly Mr. Longfellow abandons the idea of change and all too gladly holds on to his suite of rooms in Castle Craigie.

---

may well have been originally that of old Mrs. Craigie, into the mouth of old Frau Himmelauen.

Some of the Harvard students, also, twitted him on the bright colors of his clothes and the chronicles of the Hasty Pudding Club contained these verses:

> Just twig the Professor dressed out in his best,
> Yellow kids and buff gaiters, green breeches, blue vest;
> With hat on one whisker and an air that says go it!
> Look here! the great North American poet.

See *Putnam's Monthly*, November, 1907, p. 167.

[30] Edward Everett, who, in 1833, gave the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Harvard just after Mr. Longfellow had given the Phi Beta Kappa Poem, said that his subject also was education and that he found himself but "a follower in the field where the flashing sickle had already passed." This was remembered, and when Longfellow came to live in Cambridge later, some of the young ladies used to call him "the Flashing Sickle."

AUNT SALLY LOWELL

At the end of Mr. Longfellow's first year at the Craigie House, while he is away on his Summer vacation in Maine, a new lodger has come in his absence to share the Craigie House with him and Mrs. Craigie. This is Miss Sarah Champney Lowell, the charming old aunt of James Russell Lowell, who is still studying Romance Languages with Professor Longfellow. In his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 21), Longfellow writes:

> On returning home at the close of the vacation in the Summer of 1838 I found that a new inmate had taken possession of the vacant portion of the house. This was Miss Sally Lowell, a lady already under the eaves of seventy but with the figure and vivacity of a girl of seventeen. She was full of the romance of youth and endowed with a most lively imagination & great powers of conversation. She was also remarkable for the neatness of her attire and the taste with which she furnished & decorated her rooms. She was sister of the clergyman; aunt of the poet. She was in a high degree aristocratic & pride of birth and family was one of her ruling passions. She was extremely affable & lady-like.

On August 28, 1838, he writes to his father:

> Aunt Sally Lowell is quietly in possession of about 2/3rds of the house. Some malicious person has told her that I was so much offended with her coming to the house, as to be on the point of leaving — in fact that I was going to leave. Funny folks — these Cambridge folks.

Far from objecting to the presence of Miss Lowell, he seems to have greatly relished her companionship and a week later, on September 3, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

> Made proposals to Aunt Sally — to board me. So we shall live together a while. Good old lady! Things appear more home-like. To go down to breakfast into a warm parlor is Christian. To go to dinner, not less so. No more solitary meals, then, with "*Silence*" written over my door, as in Monkish Refectories.

After another week, on September 11, 1838, he writes to his father again:

> I have made a new arrangement about my board — living with Miss Lowell in close communion. She is only seventy-two, and a good deal like a fly, brisk and buzzy. She is an excellent old lady; and everything is in the most genteel style. We breakfast at 8 and dine at 3; and I feel much more comfortable, than when I had to shoot my dinner on the wing, as it were. The arrangement is a mutual blessing — a mutual life-insurance company.

This mutual admiration society between old Aunt Sally and the young professor does not exist to the same extent between Aunt Sally and Mrs. Craigie, and often the two old ladies argue together. Very different from Miss Lowell's charitable nature and soft manners are the Widow Craigie's sharp prejudices and her angular way of expressing her opinion. Mr. Longfellow, in his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 13), gives us this amusing incident of the methods of arguing used by Mrs. Craigie: "She had a great hatred for the Jews: and when Miss Lowell said to her, 'Why, Mrs. Craigie, our Saviour was a Jew,' — she answered 'I can't help it Ma'am.' "

Longfellow clearly sympathizes with Miss Lowell; and between the young professor and Aunt Sally there is a harmony of kindred natures, which not merely makes them boon companions during the year and a half that she stays at the Craigie House, but makes her, even after she has left, his most devoted and faithful admirer to the end of her days.

October is Mr. Longfellow's favorite month and on October 1st of this year, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

> Oh what glorious, glorious moonlight nights! I never beheld even in Italy aught more passing fair! The river in the meadow in front of my house spreads out to a silver lake; and the black shadows lie upon the grass like engravings in a book. Autumn is here; and has written his rubric on the illuminated leaves of the forest! [31]

[31] Compare with this the entries for Longfellow's Journal on October 1, 1846: "I record with delight the name of October, 'season of mists and mellow fruitful-

THE YEAR 1839

The following year, 1839, is one of the most joyful and fruitful in the life of Longfellow.

In February he takes a trip to Washington, where he meets President Van Buren and listens to the debate of Clay and Calhoun on Abolition and is, as he says, "greatly moved." Yet the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has by this time become his favorite abode and on his return there he writes to his brother Stephen on March 5, 1839: "My Washington visit was exceedingly pleasant; — one of the pleasantest you can imagine. Yet I feel very glad to get back again, liking this neighborhood better than any other."

A few days later on March 11, 1839, he confirms this choice, by writing to Sam Ward in New York:

> After all, Sam, Cambridge delighteth my heart exceedingly.

He even reproaches himself for being almost too happily situated in Cambridge and a week later, on March 18, 1839, he writes to his father:

> I *like* it very well; and *am* very well, and very happy, — and have nothing in particular to annoy me. The season is opening beautifully and everything smiles.

He goes on to say:

> I am quite too comfortable in this *château* of a Craigie House. My domestic arrangements are very complete. Breakfast at seven in my own room; dinner at three, with Miss Lowell; tea at seven, with the same; a very remarkable old lady, with a heart full of goodness and some little peculiarities which do not trouble me. It is an excellent arrangement for my comfort.

---

ness, close-bosom friend of the maturing sun.'" October 1, 1847: "So — here is the lovely month of October. A few scarlet and yellow leaves herald his coming." October 1, 1848: "Welcome, O brown October! Like a monk with a drinking-horn; — like a pilgrim in russet! — Welcome, O beloved sun of the Year — 'thou Joseph, with coat of many colors!' A soft warm day; and the maple leaves changing to the brightest gold and crimson." October 1, 1849: "I always write the name of October with a special pleasure. There is a secret charm about it not to be defined. It is full of memories — it is full of dusky splendors — it is full of glorious poetry." Etc.

On the back of this pen-and-ink sketch is written in Longfellow's handwriting:

SKETCH OF THE VILLAGE SMITHY, CAMBRIDGE
By H. W. L., 1840

The next month, on April 7, 1839, he again writes to his father:

> We already sit with open windows, though we have not yet given up fires. I never knew such a Spring in America. It is quite Italian; and makes one almost believe with Mr. Amos, that the Millenium is coming.

With the Autumn of this same year Longfellow's delight in Cambridge extends from the Craigie House to include other Cambridge localities. In his Journal for September 19, 1839, he writes:

> At evening, bathed in the river — a magnificent bath, the sunset seeming to mingle with the water.

Three weeks later, he writes:

> Thursday. Oct. 3. A glorious day. Could not stay, stay at home.[32] Went alone to Fresh Pond. What a lovely lake it is! with the forests hanging round it. Like a mirror with a garland of oak-leaves. Took a boat and floated away, rocked in dreams.

Two days later, we read in his Journal:

> Saturday. Oct. 5. Wrote a new Psalm of Life — in a new metre. It is the "Village Blacksmith."

This poem, of course, is suggested by the Cambridge blacksmith, Dexter Pratt, whose smithy on the further side of Brattle Street about half way between the Craigie House and the Village of Cambridge, Mr. Longfellow passes so often. Indeed, a little later, Longfellow himself draws a pen and ink sketch, which is reproduced here, showing this picturesque Cambridge blacksmith-shop with the spreading chestnut tree in front of it. In the character of the blacksmith, he undoubtedly has in mind also his own great-great-grandfather, Stephen Longfellow, a blacksmith at Byfield Parish in Newbury over a hundred years earlier, of whose work in iron the Longfellow family have proudly preserved a pair of iron smoking tongs and other reminders. When "The Village Black-

[32] A reference to Longfellow's song beginning "Stay, stay at home," which was apparently already written in 1839, although it was not published until 1878.

smith" is about to be published a year later, Mr. Longfellow writes on October 25, 1840, to his father:

> There will be a kind of Ballad on a Blacksmith in the next Knickerbocker, which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor in Newbury.

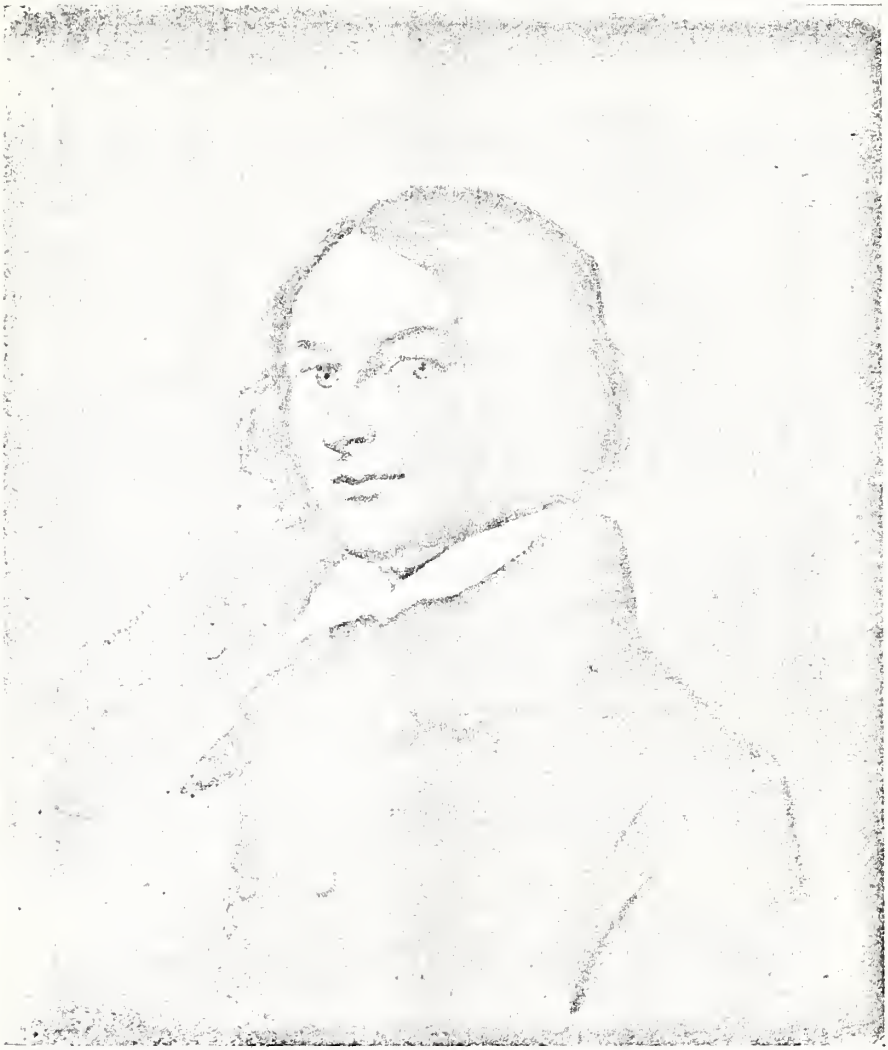
In November, 1839, there comes to the Craigie House a wandering Flemish painter. As Mr. Longfellow sees his strange greenish countenance and listens to his Flemish accent, he seems to see the antique gables and hear the drowsy carillons of Flanders. Of this eccentric painter Longfellow writes to his father on November 10, 1839:

> He is the ugliest man alive; but has great skill in painting. He took my face, for friendship's sake, in crayons: exceedingly like. He has since used it as a decoy-duck in Boston, and has his hands full so striking do they find my likeness. His name is Franquinet; a magnificent specimen of the Philosophic Vagabond.

This crayon portrait, showing Longfellow in 1839, with hair quite long, with a pleasant smile and a merry twinkle in the eyes, is reproduced here for the first time. On the last day of this year, December 31, 1839, his jovial New York friend, Sam Ward, sends a picture of himself by Franquinet which Longfellow from then on has always before him in his study.

It is during this exultant year, 1839, that Longfellow publishes his most important prose romance, *Hyperion*, and his first important collection of poems, *Voices of the Night*. In both of these he has emerged from a romantic melancholy into a more wholesome and cheerful state of mind. Of his *Hyperion* he says: "My mind was morbid. I have betrayed it all in the book; and how a man is to come out of it; not by shooting himself like Werther; but in a better way." He adds that his book might almost have been called "Heart's Ease, or the Cure of a Morbid Mind."[33] Similarly of the *Voices of the Night*, his friend Sam Ward writes: "The Psalm of Life was composed as an exorcism against all bad

[33] See Longfellow letter to Greene, January 2, 1840.



LONGFELLOW BY FRANQUINET, 1839

spirits, Blue devils & others — It was sung to cheer on the unhappy and not to chime in with their wailing." [34] In both Longfellow has shown the lesson of "suffering without complaining" and has learned "to labor and to wait." [35]

In that memorable year 1839, Longfellow devoted the Spring to finishing and publishing *Hyperion* and the Autumn to finishing and publishing *Voices of the Night.* This is what he has in mind when on December 31st he ends his Journal for 1839 by bidding that year farewell and saying that he has:

Sung thy Spring in Prose and thy Autumn in Song.

MISS LOWELL'S DEPARTURE

Toward the beginning of the following year, 1840, Miss Lowell is forced by straitened circumstances to give up her rooms in the Craigie House and to move into a little one-story cottage near by.[36] The southwest front chamber that she leaves vacant at Mrs. Craigie's house is taken over by Mr. Longfellow, so that he now has at his own disposal an enlarged suite of three connecting rooms and a hallway, as well as the use of a kitchen. His newly acquired front chamber he converts into a dining room and from now on he is able to entertain his friends there for regular meals. A week after Miss Lowell's departure he writes in his Journal:

> Saturday. March 7. Felton dined with me, on fried oysters, porter and Hock. This is pleasant; — a fine suite of rooms in the old castle here, — a good servant — a table of my own to sit down at — and the face of a friend opposite.

On the following day he writes to his father:

> I have made a good arrangement here with Mrs. Craigie. I take another chamber and a kitchen of her; — one of Miss Lowell's servants remains, and I thus have everything comfortable — dine in my own room, as well as breakfast — and in fine, am the most independent man in town. I, therefore, promise myself a delightful Summer.

[34] See Sam Ward letter to Longfellow, August 13, 1841.

[35] See *Hyperion*, Book IV, Chapter II, and "A Psalm of Life."

[36] Longfellow letter to his mother, February 27, 1840: "Miss Lowell is moving to-day. I am very sorry for her. She has lost seven thousand dollars by her

In his contented mood he seems to take each change for a change to the better — first glad to move from the confusion of a boarding house to the seclusion and solitude of the Craigie House; then in turn glad to have the companionship of Miss Lowell at meals; and now, after her departure, glad again of his independence.

Meanwhile poor Aunt Sally in her humble cottage clings to the memory of the happy eighteen months when she and the young professor were sharing meals together in the spacious rooms of the Craigie House. In her tiny parlor she places a portrait of him to remember him by and this picture, which she calls "Hyperion," becomes the "cherished object of her affection." [37] While the young lady that Longfellow loves in Boston seems so indifferent to him, his friends like to tease him about the devotion of this faithful and faded old lady in Cambridge. One of his friends writes of Aunt Sally's jealousy when Mr. Longfellow goes to have supper with some other elderly lady and adds:

> I really believe she thinks and hopes to descend to posterity with Mr Longfellow, just as Bettina has with Goethe, and probably imagines that future generations will visit her small cottage and gaze upon it with feelings of reverence as having belonged to the friend of Longfellow.[38]

THE FIRE

On April 15, 1840, a fire breaks out which burns up the Craigie barn and the gardener's house and threatens to destroy the Craigie House itself. Of this, Mr. Longfellow gives a graphic account in the following letter:

> My dear Father, Cambridge, April 19, 1840
> Since I last wrote you, we have been very near being burnt alive here in the Craigie house. About ten o'clock on Wednes-

---

nephew's failure. She is quite heroic about it now; but when there is no longer any glory attached to this heroism, and she finds herself alone in her *cottage* (*half* a one-story house) I think she will suffer very much." Longfellow letter to his father March 8, 1840: "She says: 'This is the first stain on the escutcheon of the Lowells!'"

[37] See letter of Sarah Champney Lowell to Miss Frances Appleton, May 14, 1843.

[38] See letter of Charles C. Perkins to Henry R. Cleveland, December 4, 1842.

day evening Mr. Rölker was sitting with me; when we heard an alarm of fire; but as the bell did not ring we went on with our conversation for five minutes or more. When finally Rölker grew uneasy, and looking out of the window said the fire must be very near. It was nothing more nor less than the Gardener's house on one side, and the barn on the other. Being both very old and dry they burst into a sheet of flame at once. Mrs. Craigie had not gone to bed. I knocked at her door, and told her what the matter was. She was quite calm and self-possessed notwithstanding an Irishwoman, who had penetrated into the house and set up a kind of funereal wail in the entry, which was responded to by the two Irish servants, upstairs in their night-caps. I then went out; and she locked all the outer doors, so as to protect the furniture from the exertions of indiscreet friends; a wise precaution, as the event proved; for not a thing was touched and no mud nor water brought into the house.

The fire burned magnificently; to the utter destruction of out-houses and the isolated gardener's cottage. No great damage was done; *though* there were fifteen engines present. Fortunately there was not a breath of wind and the flames and sparks and smoke rose up perpendicularly to a great height. Had there been a West wind, the spot where I sit writing, would now be some twenty feet up in the open air, without roof or floor. We could not have saved the house.

The scene was very splendid. The bright moon — the stars, and the red fire, and the crowd, made a fine show for those who were insured or indifferent. In the midst of all, I saw slowly riding under the elms on the green in front of the house, a figure on horse-back. It seemed like the ghost of Washington, directing the battle.

All the ladies in town (except Mary and Mrs. G.) were on the spot; as spectators and condolers; — and conspicuous among many, Aunt Sally, in thin shoes and a sky-blue cloak, with nothing on her head but a muslin cap. It was a curious scene. Judge Fay, buttoned up to his chin in a brown surtout, — growling, and muttering now and then "It is all owing to the d——d democracy!" — and Judge Story, gesticulating, shouting, and tramping this way and that; — mouth wide open, and the fire gleaming on his gold-spectacles; and ejaculating "We shall all have our houses burned down about our ears; and it is all because you won't hang the rascals, when you catch them!"

There is of course no doubt as to the origin of the fire. The only question is, *who* did the deed. As yet no suspicion has fixed itself upon any one; though it points to the late occupant of the garden house, who has lately been ejected; because he would not pay his rent.

Yours very truly
Henry W. Longfellow

In the *Daily Evening Transcript* for the next day appears the following announcement:

Mrs. Craigie offers her grateful acknowledgements to the Fire departments of Cambridge, Boston, Brighton, Charlestown, Malden, Medford, Watertown, & West Cambridge, & to the citizens of Cambridge & other towns, generally, for their successful exertions in saving her Mansion House from destruction by fire, last evening.

The Widow Craigie is grateful to all fifteen fire stations in general; but she feels a particular gratitude to the firemen from Engine House No. 1 in Brattle Square, who succeeded in rescuing one of her servants, a colored girl, from the burning gardener's house. To express her appreciation of this feat, she presents them with a large painting representing Joan of Arc, not being burnt at the stake to be sure, but looking through lurid fire and smoke at the Siege of Orléans. She has the picture mounted in a gilt frame with an inscription saying that this has been given in recognition of their past courtesies and as an inspiration to the courage and heroism of the Cambridge firemen in the future.[39]

THE ENLARGED SUITE

Soon, however, the Craigie House regains its placid calm and in his Journal for May 18, 1840, Longfellow writes:

[39] This picture was for years carefully cherished by the Cambridge firemen in their station at Brattle Square. In 1910, however, it was badly damaged by the bursting of a water main which flooded the cellar of the Engine House where the picture had been placed temporarily. Hearing of this, Mr. Richard Henry Dana (3rd), then President of the Cambridge Historical Society, had the painting restored and the frame repaired, and had an account of the picture printed, dated November, 1910. Finally, in 1927, this picture, which had been presented in honor of the Cambridge firemen's triumph over fire, was itself destroyed by fire.

> A cool, delicious night. The air embalmed with blossoms. The moon blazing red, among the clouds, like a balefire on the summit of a dark hill. Sat by the open window till midnight, weaving fond, foolish dreams of one who is far away, and not dreaming of me.

His devotion to the town of Cambridge continues and, on returning home from a visit to Portland, he writes in his Journal:

> Tuesday. May. 26. Once more in delightful Cambridge; — with blossoms, sunshine and singing birds all around me.

Two days later, May 28, 1840, he writes a letter to his friend Greene in Europe in which he draws a plan of the three rooms which he now has at his disposal and says:

> The situation is delightful, having fields, and trees, and flowers all about it. I will now draw you a plan of the interior; and if you will do the like in yr next letter, you will do me a pleasure you little dream of, but which I dream of in drawing this.
>
> [Mr. Longfellow here draws a plan of his rooms] [40]
>
> There you have a faithful picture of my whereabout — all chambers. Where you see the black +, I am now sitting, facing Felton who has just come in and sits in the easy chair by the window.

Tracing our way on this plan drawn by Mr. Longfellow, we can in imagination ascend the broad front staircase to a large landing where there is a table in front of the window and a sofa at the side. Passing through the door to the right, we enter the room which had been Miss Lowell's but which he has recently acquired and is using as a dining room. There are two windows facing the south and two western ones looking out upon the sunset. We see the large dining table in the center of the room, with smaller tables between the windows, a sofa in the corner of the room, and a stove by the fireplace wall. Turning back to the landing and crossing to the other side, we enter the door into Longfellow's study. In the center of the room is a large round table

[40] Mr. Longfellow's plan of his three rooms and the arrangement of the furniture in them is reproduced herewith.

with arm chairs at each end and a hanging lamp overhead. Against the entrance wall is a large mahogany bookcase in three parts, surmounted with a bust of Shakespeare. Another bookcase stands between the two front windows, and smaller bookcases on each side of the stove. Between the two eastern windows stands a sweet-toned piano-forte. In the southeast corner of the room, we can see the Owl-Tower. There stands the little round table where Longfellow is writing facing the window, and the easy chair opposite where Felton is sitting. To the left of the fireplace end of the room is a closet filled with still more books, while to the right we can pass through a small anteroom into Longfellow's large bedroom in the northeast corner of the house.

On June 22, 1840, Longfellow writes in his Journal:

> Sit by my window, in the warm ambrosial night.

From this window he looks out at the "stately elms" and "the leaves that gild the elm-tree's nodding crest" to where the "winding river flows" and "the freighted clouds at anchor lie" and once more learns

> The melting tenderness of night.[41]

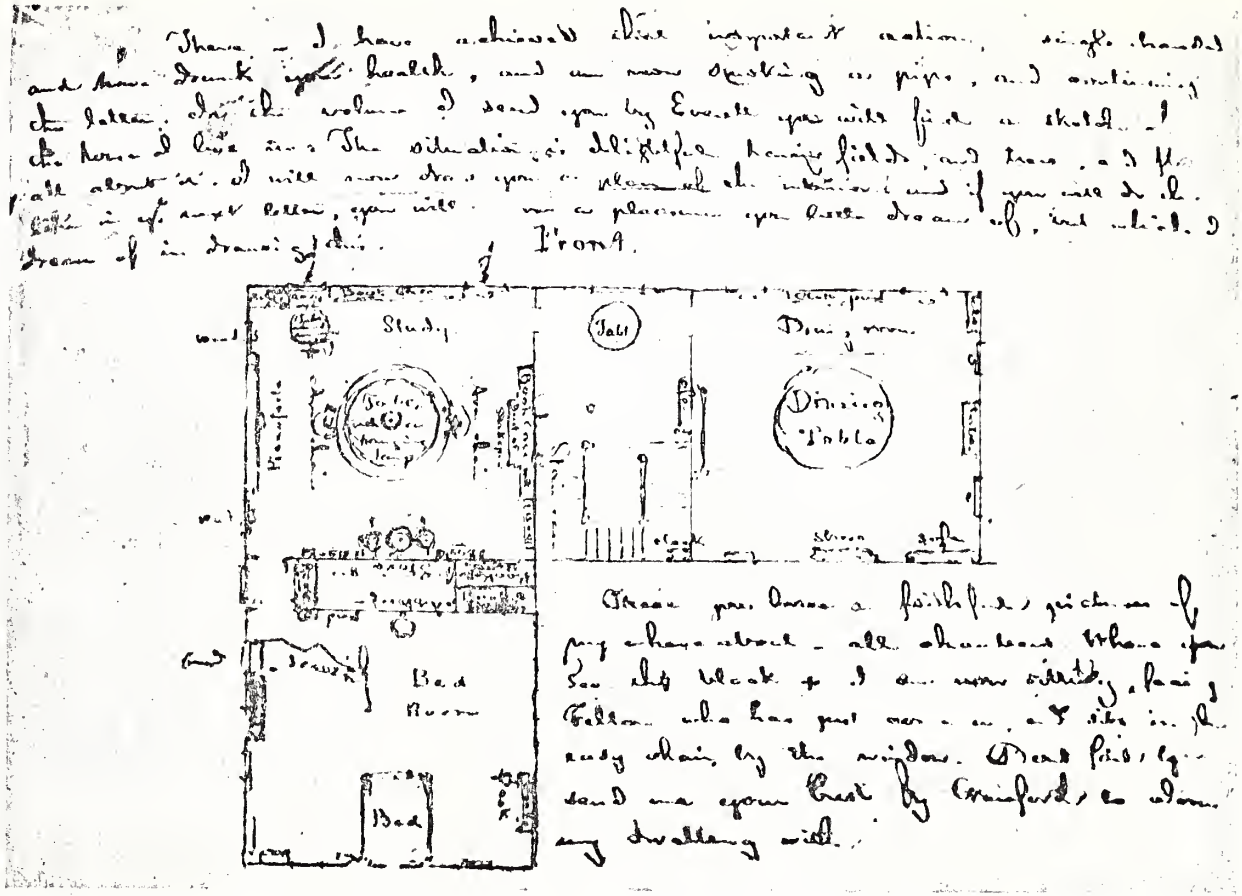
He sees the Charles River, winding in silence through the meadows, till it is hidden by the shadowy woodlands. For four years, now, he has seen its waters stealing onward, watching its gliding current, till "the beauty of its stillness" has overflowed him, like a tide.[42]

HIS MOTHER'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE

Toward the end of this beautiful month of June, Longfellow's mother comes to visit Cambridge, staying at the house of his sister. Mary Greenleaf, on the other side of Brattle Street somewhat

[41] Longfellow's verses beginning "The sun is bright, — the air is clear." These verses were originally introduced into the first draft of "The Student of Alcalá" in 1840, where they are sent by Victorian with a bouquet of flowers to Preciosa and suggest the possibility that Mr. Longfellow may at one time have intended to send them similarly to Miss Appleton. The verses were published later under the title "It is Not Always May" in *The Ladies Companion*, January, 1841, p. 118.

[42] Longfellow's poem "To the River Charles" written October 24, 1841.



LONGFELLOW'S PLAN OF HIS ROOMS
May 28, 1840

nearer Harvard Square. From Cambridge she writes to her husband in Portland on June 26, 1840:

> Here I am in the midst of trees & fruit & flowers. . . . Henry, who appears to be very well . . . dined with us; it is delightful to see him, he appears so cheerful & happy.

In a later letter to her husband on July 3, 1840, she gives us the following picture of her visit to the Craigie House:

> Made a very pleasant call on Henry, who was standing at the front door in his rich morning gown to receive us. His gracious airy rooms and fine cherries were very refreshing.

In the same letter, Longfellow's mother describes her calls both upon Aunt Sally Lowell and upon Mrs. Craigie:

> Miss Lowell has a likeness of H. which I thought quite good, therefore I could praise it; Mary told me beforehand that I must do so, at all events. Miss L. seems to prize it highly, "to be sure she should know his countenance, she sat opposite to him at table a year & a half." She is herself quite a curiosity.
>
> In the evening we walked to call on Mrs. Craigie, found her quite ladylike & much younger than I expected. She is suffering with a severe "rose cold" which she always has at this season.[43]

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ELMS

In the following year, on March 31, 1841, Longfellow writes to his father with the same enthusiasm for the coming of Spring in Cambridge that he expressed during his first months here four years earlier:

> We have such a celestial, delightfully pleasant day, that I am enjoying it by the open window. The blue river runs in front, and the wind roars loud in the trees, and it is all Spring-like.

[43] This seems to have been characteristic of Mrs. Craigie and, some years after her death, Mr. Longfellow in his Journal for June 27, 1849, speaks of "Mrs. Craigie with her 'Rose-cold' and her sneezing."

The stately elms in front of the Craigie House, however, have already been attacked by an affliction, which threatens to destroy them completely. Of this Mr. Longfellow writes to his father from time to time as follows:

> We have here a plague, which troubles us more than War, Pestilence, or Famine: namely Canker-worms, which devour the largest trees. — (I mean the leaves.) The fine elms round the Craigie house were entirely stripped last year, and the worms came swinging down on long threads, into all the windows. This year I am putting everything in operation to prevent their climbing. I have Lynch'd all the trees — that is tarred them, renewing it every night, and inspecting in the morning, to see that no rascally bug has escaped his impending doom. I hope next Summer to be able to sit in the shade, without being covered with creeping things, and brought daily like Martin Luther before a Diet of Worms.[44]

All his efforts, however, seem of no avail and he writes later:

> *Tarring* the trees did not succeed with the canker-worms. On the ten magnificent elms which stand in front of my window, not one leaf is to be seen. All is as bare as in Winter. We shall try again in Autumn. They are talking seriously here of forming a Society for the suppression of Canker Worms; and making a regular crusade against them.[45]

Apparently Mrs. Craigie believes in Rousseau's philosophy of leaving nature to take its own course and does not want anything to be done either to the trees or to the canker-worms; since she feels it is only man's interference that spoils the essential goodness of nature. Mr. Longfellow writes:

> The Spring is in full blossom around us; and that pest, the canker-worm, has begun its devastations, to my great dismay. I wish Mrs. Craigie would take care of her trees. It does not belong to me to defray the expenses, of keeping her grounds in order. She says; "Oh, Sir, it's because the world is so wicked! If people were more virtuous there would be no canker-worms!" — There, there's a specimen of her reason-

[44] Longfellow's letter to his father, April 7, 1839.
[45] Longfellow's letter to his father, June 16, 1839.

ing on the subject. Her head is full of such notions. Either she or I must be a great sinner (or both) to be visited annually by such a plague. My opinion, is that tar, would be a better remedy than virtue.[46]

Of Mrs. Craigie's declining years, Mr. Longfellow writes later on, in his Notebook on the Craigie House, as follows:

> She was eccentric to the last: rose late in the morning and sat up late at night. Her dress was a turban and usually a slate-colored gown. When at all excited, she had a habit of standing erect, with her hands behind her, and snapping her gray eyes. In matters of religion she was a free-thinker. Voltaire was one of her favorite authors. She used to say that she saw God in Nature, and wanted no mediator to come between him and her. She had a passion for flowers: and cats; and in general for all things living. When the canker-worms came spinning down from the elm-trees, she would sit by the open window & let them crawl over her white turban. She refused to have the trees protected against them & said, "Why, Sir, they have as good a right to live as we: they are our fellow worms." [47]

[46] Longfellow's letter to his father, May 16, 1840.

[47] Longfellow's Notebook on the Craigie House, p. 12. See also p. 20. James Russell Lowell, who used to visit his aunt, Miss Sally Lowell, at the Craigie House, gives an account of Mrs. Craigie's "refusing to molest the canker-worms that annually disleaved her elms, because we were all vermicular alike. She had been a famous beauty once, but the canker years had left her leafless, too; and I used to wonder, as I saw her sitting always alone at her accustomed window, whether she were ever visited by the reproachful shade of him who died broken-hearted for her in her radiant youth." "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" in *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, p. 73.

Still another version of Mrs. Craigie's remark about the canker-worms is given by Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the following poem:

DAME CRAIGIE

In childish Cambridge days, now long ago,
  When pacing schoolward in the morning hours,
I passed the stately homes of Tory Row
  And paused to see Dame Craigie tend her flowers.

Framed in elm-tree boughs before her door
  The old escutcheon of our town was seen, —
Canker-worms *pendant*, yellowing leaves in *or*,
  Schoolboy *regardant*, on a field grass-green.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S DEATH

By this time, Mrs. Craigie herself is ill, but with the same nature philosophy that she has applied to the elms — and, one is tempted to add, with the same obstinacy — she refuses to allow anything to be done in the case of her illness to stop what she calls "the course of nature." On March 28, 1841, Mr. Longfellow writes to his father:

> Mrs. Craigie . . . in all probability will not live long. Some days she is confined to her bed; then again rallies. She will have neither Doctor nor Nurse; — and has nobody to attend her but her cook, who is lame. She says her system is *not adapted to medicine*, and that it always makes her worse; and she is determined to die as she has lived, — pretty much in her own way, without regard to the opinions of others.

On April 29, 1841, Mrs. Craigie makes her "Last Will and Testament." [48] To Mr. Craigie's niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Haven, she leaves her late husband's miniature, which, Mr. Longfellow says, "Mrs. Craigie seemed to cherish more than she had done the original. A dull heavy face with powdered hair." [49] Her own miniature she leaves to her own cousin, the Hon. Lemuel Shaw of Boston.[50] Her two cabinets containing collections of

---

Dame Craigie, with Spinoza in her hand,
Was once heard murmuring to the insect crew,
"I will not harm you, little restless band!
For what are mortal men but worms like you?"

The trees are gone: Dame Craigie too is gone,
Her tongue long silent, and her turban furled;
Yet 'neath her roof thought's silkworms still spun on,
Whose sumptuous fabric clothed a barren world.

These lines were read at a Longfellow Memorial Reading in Cambridge on February 27, 1888, and were published in *The Afternoon Landscape*, New York, 1889, pp. 44–45. They were reprinted in *The Writings of Thomas Wentworth Higginson*, Boston, 1900, Vol. VI, pp. 355–356.

[48] Elizabeth Craigie's Will is preserved in the Probate Court in East Cambridge: No. 29928.

[49] Longfellow's Notebook on the Craigie House, p. 9. Andrew Craigie's miniature, probably painted by the Irish miniaturist, Walter Robertson, is now owned by Mrs. Haven's great-grandson, Edmund Bayfield Hilliard, and has been deposited by him at the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Mass.

[50] Mrs. Craigie's miniature is now owned by Lemuel Shaw's great-granddaugh-

Mrs. Craigie
1772–1841
From miniature owned by Mrs. E. B. Chapin

shells, "if they should be deemed worthy of acceptance," she bequeaths to Harvard College.[51]

Shortly before her death, Mr. Longfellow sees her burning some letters that she had hidden in the attic, and in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 11–12) he gives the following account of the secret romance of her youth which had saddened all her later days:

> In her youth she had been celebrated for her beauty, and tradition preserves a romantic love-tale of those days. She was the daughter of a clergyman of Nantucket and was engaged to a young man, who went away in search of fortune. During his absence, being on a visit to her friends in Beverly, Mr. Craigie appeared on the stage in a coach-and-four. He was old, but rich: and won her hand but not her heart. Soon after her marriage she received a letter from her lover informing her that by the death of a relative, he had become the heir to a considerable estate and should soon return. His disappointment proved his ruin. A few days before her death, she burned a large quantity of papers which she had stored away in an upper chamber, and among them the letters of her lover.[52]

Long afterwards, Mr. Longfellow comes upon another batch of letters, which Mr. Andrew Craigie long before had hidden away from his wife's penetrating eyes in a secret compartment over the cellar stairs. These prove to be letters of much devotion written to Mr. Craigie from a young ward, possibly an unacknowledged daughter of his.[53]

---

ter, Mrs. E. Barton Chapin of Andover, Mass., and is reproduced here with her permission. A copy of it hangs in the parlor of the Craigie House.

[51] See Harvard College: Corporation Records, Vol. VIII, pp. 139–140: May 29, 1841, Meeting of the President and Fellows: "The President further informed the Board the above mentioned beautiful and valuable collection of Shells and two mahagony cabinets had been received by Professor Webster and deposited in the Mineralogical cabinet of the College — Whereupon — Voted — That this Board receive with great respect and gratitude this evidence of the good will of the late Mrs. Craigie towards the University."

[52] A fuller account of Mrs. Craigie's early romance will be given in a later article by H. W. L. Dana.

[53] A fuller account of this daughter of Mr. Craigie's and some extracts from her letters will be given in a later article by Dr. F. H. Pratt and H. W. L. Dana.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he hears of these two sets of concealed letters, exclaims to Mr. Longfellow:

> What a household! Mrs. Craigie hiding her letters in the attic and Mr. Craigie hiding his letters in the cellar! [54]

For more than a month, Mrs. Craigie lingers on, suffering intense pain with great fortitude. In the northwest chamber, in the bed under the great gold ring attached to the ceiling, she lies dying — old and haggard — all that is left of the once beautiful Elizabeth Shaw. As she lies there, it seems to her that she can hear the dilapidated woodwork of the old house gradually disintegrating and crumbling into dust. Meanwhile, outside the house are slowly perishing the dear old dusty, musty, worm-eaten, moth-eaten Cambridge elms.[55]

From her sick bed she can turn her withered features toward the western windows and see dimly beyond them the yellowed leaves of the withering elms.[56] Stoically she watches the fading

[54] Miss A. M. Longfellow's manuscript notes on the history of the Craigie House.

[55] George William Curtis, not satisfied with the story of the decaying elms, adds this further detail: "A noble linden-tree in the garden, faded as she failed, and languished into decay after her death." *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, p. 286.

[56] Theo. Francis Rodenbaugh, *Autumn Leaves from Family Trees*, New York, 1892, p. 83, implies that the following verses by Bessie Chandler were written with Mrs. Craigie's death in mind. They first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, New York, March, 1888, p. 277.

THE YELLOW ELMS

She lay within her chamber, pale and ill,
  Bound to her bed by cruel bonds of pain;
Outside the leaves were falling — all was still
  Save for the dripping of the dull, sad rain.

The elms that year were yellow all the way
  From tops to those low boughs that fringe and grace
Their tall, straight trunks, like little curls that stray
  And cling, caressing, o'er a woman's face.

And through the leaves, as through a yellow pane,
  The light shone in, all golden, on her bed,
And every morn, unwitting of the rain,
  "Another sunny day," she smiling, said.

She never knew how gloomy, dark, and gray
  Those long days were. In time we came to bless
The elms, that gave her sunshine every day,
  And robbed the rain of all its dreariness.

and faded splendor of her own beauty and of all that had surrounded her life when she was first brought as a bride to the Craigie House nearly fifty years earlier.

On May 2, 1841, Mr. Longfellow writes to his father:

> Mrs. Craigie has grown worse and worse. She is now lying at the point of death; and I should not be surprized at any moment to hear she was dead. She is very calm and untroubled. The last time I saw her, she said in rather a gay manner; — "You will never be married again, for you see how ugly an old woman looks in bed." This is very characteristic.[57]

Four days later, on May 6, 1841, Mrs. Craigie's sad life comes to an end.

In a letter written to his father on May 9, 1841, Mr. Longfellow says:

> During the last week we have had rather a mournful time here. Mrs. Craigie's death makes the house gloomy; and renders the future rather uncertain. Her disease was supposed to be some complaint of the heart; but an examination after death discovered cancer in the breast, which was the cause of her death. She must have suffered great pain; but she died calmly.

Her funeral is on May 7, 1841, the day after her death. She is buried, not with the remains of her husband in the Vassall Tomb in the Old Burying Ground near Harvard Square, but in a lot that she has chosen for herself on Cedar Avenue in a beautiful part of the new Mount Auburn Cemetery. There, in the shade of a group of trees, stands her simple and dignified monument, a round Greek altar, with a carved festoon of drapery under the entablature, and on top of the altar, a fire of sculptured flames

[57] George William Curtis, hearing this from Mr. Longfellow, characteristically elaborates Longfellow's account as follows: "He entered her room, and advancing to her bedside, saw her lying stretched at length and clutching the clothes closely around her neck, so that only her sharply featured and shrunked face was visible, — the fading eye opened upon him for a moment and he heard from the withered lips this stern whisper of farewell, — 'Young man, never marry, for beauty comes to this!'" *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, p. 272.

ascending.[58] There is nothing to indicate her name or the dates of her birth and death. There is no cross, no religious inscription. On this classic altar, typical of her philosophical mind, are carved these words of her beloved Voltaire: [59]

AS FLAME ASCENDS
THE VITAL PRINCIPLE ASPIRES
TO GOD

After her death Mrs. Craigie's books and furniture are sold at auction in the Craigie House. The sale catalogue of her books contains some five hundred items including many French Classics.[60] Among her books is an edition of Voltaire in seventy-five volumes which Mr. Longfellow buys,[61] and her little copy of Longfellow's *Outre-Mer*, which had been lying on her sideboard when the young professor had first come to the Craigie House.

The sale of Mrs. Craigie's furniture is even more of an undertaking than the sale of her books. The eight parlor chairs of French design, Mr. Longfellow buys and keeps in the Craigie House.[62] There is great noise and hubbub as the rest of the furniture is moved away.

[58] The tomb of Elizabeth Craigie is at No. 93, Cedar Avenue, Mount Auburn. Carved in small letters is the sculptor's inscription: "A. Cary fecit." Alpheus Cary was the author of a small book on epitaphs and also carved the memorial for William Ellery Channing, following in that case (and possibly also in the case of Mrs. Craigie's monument) designs made by Washington Allston. It has been the custom of later occupants of the Craigie House to leave, each Memorial Day, flame colored flowers among the sculptured flames of this stone altar, in memory of Mrs. Craigie.

[59] A photograph of Mrs. Craigie's monument and its inscription is reproduced here.

[60] Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1902, pp. 120–121: "The sale catalogue of her books lies before me, a mass of perhaps five hundred odd volumes of worthy or worthless literature: Goethe's 'Werther' beside the American 'Frugal Housewife,' and Heath's 'Book of Beauty' beside 'Hannah More.' Yet it was doubtless the only house in Cambridge which then held complete sets of Voltaire and Diderot, of Molière, Crébillon, and Florian, Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Staël."

[61] *Oeuvres Complètes de Voltaire*, Paris, Baudouin Frères, 1828, 75 vols., still in the Craigie House.

[62] These carved walnut open-armed chairs of the period of Louis XVI, upholstered in flowered silk and wool tapestry, are still in the parlor of the Craigie House. The fact that they are not listed with the rest of the parlor furniture bought

Mrs. Craigie's Tomb in Mount Auburn Cemetery
"As flame ascends, the vital principle aspires to God."

Finally Mr. Longfellow writes:

Cambridge May 31. 1841.

My dear Father,

For the last week this house has been a scene of confusion and desolation such as I hope never to see again. The sale of Mrs. Craigie's furniture began on Tuesday and continued two days, and the delivery after the sale, and cleaning the house continued till Saturday. But at length all is quiet again.[63]

---

at the time of Mr. Longfellow's marriage in 1843 bears out the tradition that these are the chairs that belonged to Mrs. Craigie. A Chippendale chair, which the Craigies had in the Craigie House and which tradition claims had been there at the time of Washington, was returned to the Craigie House in 1938 as a joint gift from the Craigie and Longfellow descendants.

[63] The present paper covers only the four years, 1837–1841, from the coming of Professor Longfellow to the Craigie House down to the death of Mrs. Craigie. Other papers will continue the story of Longfellow's life in this house. This will be part of a book which will ultimately cover the whole history of the Craigie House in Cambridge. When completed, with prologue, connecting chapters, and epilogue, this book will consist of four main parts as follows:

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

Part I.	1759–1774	VASSALL
Part II.	1775–1776	WASHINGTON
Part III.	1791–1819	CRAIGIE
Part IV.	1837–1882	LONGFELLOW

The account of this house was undertaken some years ago by Miss Alice Longfellow. The present writer, in enlarging and carrying on the work which she began, wishes to express his deep indebtedness to her in every respect. He hopes that, if the readers should find here anything that pleases them, they will attribute it to her and not to him; and, if they find here something that does not please them, they will attribute that to him and not to her.

APPENDIX

LINES ON MRS. CRAIGIE'S MANSION

BY SUSANNA HILL

[From *The National Magazine*, January, 1839. See footnote No. 9 above. Since only two numbers of this periodical were published and it is now very rare and difficult to find, it seems worth while to reprint these verses on the Craigie House here, together with the following introductory remarks made by the editor at that time.]

The following copy of verses is from the pen of a lady, who has not publicly entered the lists as a competitor for fame, or the poet's wreath. She writes for the amusement and delight of a private circle, who know her worth and are proud of her genius, and it is through the instrumentality of one of these that the first number of our Magazine is enriched with so exquisite a gem.

The lines refer to the beautiful estate of Mrs. Craigie, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the immediate vicinity of Harvard University, which was occupied by General Washington, when his head-quarters were at Cambridge, early in the Revolutionary war. By a singular coincidence, it was subsequently the residence of Jared Sparks, the celebrated biographer of Washington, — and, later still, that of the present distinguished Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, Edward Everett. At present, Professor Longfellow, so deservedly celebrated in the literature of our country, is an inmate of the mansion, over which the venerable matron, already named, continues to preside, with the genuine hospitality of the olden time.

Sweet spot! thou'rt hallowed in my view,
  For from life's freshest morn
The springs of hope and mem'ry too,
  Their richest founts have drawn.

Upon thy velvet covered lawn,
  In infant glee I played,
And oft, in girlhood's early dawn,
  In sweeter sadness strayed.

For here the pride of womanhood,
  Found its first aliment,
And dreams of hope, half understood,
  And waking visions blent.

Whilst to the eye of young romance
  Came forth the shad'wy past,
He with the olive-circled lance,
  And trumpet's thrilling blast.[64]

[64] George Washington, who used this house as his Headquarters from July 15, 1775, to April 4, 1776.

In fancy floating on the breeze
  That stirred thy tiny lake,
While martial bands beneath thy trees
  The silence seemed to break.

Here Fame for him a chaplet wreathed,
  Preserved on his'try's page,
Here to his annalist bequeathed
  The laurels of our age.[65]

Hither for learned leisure too
  The poet-statesman came,
From hence the inspiration drew,
  That touched his lips with flame.[66]

Upon the past, the varied past,
  What mingled mem'ries wait,
What lights and shadows overcast
  Yon hospitable gate.

Here dwelt the blest, the sainted pair,
  Twin brides! how brief the date
Since lovely in your lives ye were,
  Nor could death separate.

United in affection's glow,
  And in maternal love,
How soon from Paradise below,
  Ye passed to one above.[67]

Here later on the stream of time,
  Dwells he whose classic care,
Transplanted to his native clime
  Sweet flowers from *Outre mer*.[68]

[65] Jared Sparks, who lived at the Craigie House from April, 1833, to July, 1835, while editing the letters of Washington, including those written here.

[66] Edward Everett, the orator, who lived at the Craigie House from 1822 to 1825.

[67] "Twin brides": Frances Anne Allen, the bride of Jared Sparks, and Hannah Brackett Hill, the bride of Willard Phillips. Both couples came to the Craigie House in 1833: the Sparks family occupying the western side of the house and the Phillips family the eastern side. Mrs. Sparks died only two years, and Mrs. Phillips only four years, after they had come to the house. Mrs. Phillips was the sister of Susanna Hill who wrote these verses.

[68] Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who had published *Outre-Mer* in two volumes in 1835, and came to live in the Craigie House in August, 1837.

And here still lives the best of friends
  "The lady of the land,"
With each and all her image blends
  Its welcome kind and bland.[60]

Sweet spot! still fresh and undecayed,
  Thy beauties cannot wane,
The future in the past portrayed,
  May yet new honors gain.

To coming years, and other days,
  Still may thy name go down,
And other minstrels sing in lays,
  More worthy its renown.

[60] Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw Craigie, who came to the Craigie House after her marriage to Andrew Craigie in 1793, and, after his death in 1819, continued to live there until her own death in 1841.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW ENGLAND TOWN

By Joseph Henry Beale

Summary of Address of April 26, 1938

THE GOVERNING of local territory is as old as the governing of countries, but much more obscure because the governing of a country seems more interesting than the government of a local body, and has more attention and study. Local government, however, shows all the kinds of government that there are. The autocratic government for the small local bodies is represented by France, where the *communes* are governed by *maires* appointed by the President of the Republic. They have one duty which is not usual in the heads of local units, in that they are the agents for marrying people, who must have a civil marriage and may, if they like, add to it a church marriage.

This monarchical form of government is much the most efficient, but not the strongest, for a democratic government shows far greater strength and tenacity. At any rate, France and Germany like the monarchical form of local government. Switzerland, on the other hand, prefers a republican form, and their local communities are governed by a committee of several members chosen by the voters. It is a Swiss characteristic to put their executive power in a commission, as they do their federal government; which, instead of being carried on by a single person, is in the hands of a federal council of seven. It seems, therefore, that a country chooses that kind of local government which it prefers for its national government.

The other kind of government is the democratic, and that in its perfect form is the New England town. The town is governed by a meeting of all its voters. They appoint an executive committee of so-called select men, who sit while the town meeting does not, and carry on the business.

The first land in America settled by the English was Virginia.

That was, however, without local government at first, and the smallest body that was entrusted with government was the county, governed by a small commission. The next English settlement was in Plymouth. That was a settlement made by the Pilgrims, who, in order to make it, had obtained a large loan of money from certain London merchants. The terms of the loan were that the merchants and the Pilgrims should be in partnership and that the Pilgrims, under the direction at all times of the governor, should send fish and furs to England to be used by the merchants in paying off the debt. This went on for the seven-year term agreed upon, no government being in existence except that of the governor who directed their work. Eventually, at the end of seven years, the debt of the Pilgrims to the merchants appeared to be the same that they started with. This was due to the tremendous interest that was charged by the merchants on their advances. The colony being unable to pay up the debt, three of the richest men in the colony, headed by Governor Bradford, raised the necessary sum to pay the debt, and took, in the name of William Bradford, the charter which had previously been held by the merchants to secure their advances.

Within a few years Bradford had convinced the colony that he and his fellows held the charter entirely as trustees for them; and then at last, about 1633, the Pilgrims felt themselves at liberty to function as a colony.

Up to this time all arrivals, and all children as they came of age and needed land, had been accommodated in Duxbury and as far as Scituate; and while each of these localities had finally secured a church and a constable, there had been no question of local division. Now for the first time local divisions were made. Duxbury and Scituate became separate towns, and the settlements on Cape Cod soon after made were also made as towns.

This word "town" had long been used in England to describe a village which had its own church. We must turn to Massachusetts Bay settlement to find the beginnings of the New England town in a method of settlement which made a division into towns natural and almost necessary.

When, in 1629, the members of the Massachusetts Bay Company decided to emigrate to Massachusetts and take their charter with them, they were accompanied by a rather large emigration of several thousand people. They went in several vessels, most of the vessels coming each from a single neighborhood in England, and including a minister; so that the whole body of passengers on the vessel, while traveling to the new country, formed a church. When they reached New England, they reached it separately; for the vessels had made no effort to keep together. One of them had a landfall in what is now the town of Dorchester, perhaps at Savin Hill. They landed, laid out their village, built their church as soon as possible, and went on with their life as it had been interrupted in England. Other vessels reached other ports and were assigned to other parts of the country. So, successively, the officers of the Company and those in their vessel founded Boston; another group was assigned to Roxbury; another to Watertown. And so the neighborhood which we now call Greater Boston was soon settled, each part of it by the Company of a single vessel. The towns were too close together to enable them permanently to live. Many of them were allowed a large stretch of land in the rear. Thus, Cambridge, beginning with Newton and Brighton, and having the present territory of Cambridge in the middle, extended upwards to Billerica. Thus the seeds were laid of our present difficulties about the local government of Greater Boston.

I have pointed out that these people, as they left the vessel and formed their village, had to go about life as they had left it in England. It was the only life they knew and they continued, therefore, their English customs. There was immediate need for local action. There were roads to build, arrangements to make for paying their ministers, and, before long, arrangements to make to support the poor. Almost immediately the necessity for schools made itself felt.

In their English life they seem to have had no local town or village government. The only local body they had was the vestry connected with the church, which took care of the poor and the roads, and therefore did just about what they now needed done. The

town meeting which they then invented to take care of their needs was in many ways like the English vestry meeting. It was a meeting of all the males for certain purposes, substantially those that now called for action. Some of the officers which were needed were also officers of the vestry, like the tithing man and the tax collector. At any rate, immediately out of their present needs the people of the town got together in the meeting house, elected town officers, and took necessary town action.

Within a year, probably, of the beginning of the town organization it was found that frontiersmen who needed to work long and hard to fit their land to support a family could not give the necessary time to frequent meetings, though they could easily attend to the infrequent vestry meeting of their old home. They therefore voted almost simultaneously in several towns to appoint a sort of executive committee, called at first Townsmen, but afterwards, everywhere, Selectmen. This committee was the seat of government when there was no town meeting, and was to carry on as long as possible before causing the entire town to be brought together; so that even in a large town like Boston there would be only two or three full town meetings in a year, the rest of the business being done by the Selectmen. The honor of inventing the Selectmen must be divided between Dorchester and Cambridge which, earliest of all the towns that have records, invented both the town meeting and the Selectmen.

This was the beginning of the New England town. Besides the invention of the Selectmen there was also a presiding officer who eventually was called a moderator. This was not a term used in English local government. It was, however, the common name for the president of a religious organization among the Presbyterians of Scotland. No investigation has been made, and it would be rather difficult to make it, into the history of its use in the New England towns. It may be conjectured, however, that it came in after the settlement of the Commonwealth and the introduction to England of the Presbyterian form of worship. I guess that it will be found to have come into use in America not earlier than 1640 or 1645.

THE PRESERVATION OF HISTORIC HOUSES

By Rev. Samuel A. Eliot

Summary of Address of June 8, 1938

THE SENTIMENT about the preservation of historic houses and places of natural beauty is a feeling of comparatively recent growth. Our forebears valued a house chiefly as a shelter, a brook for its fish, and a stand of pine more as timber than for its woodland charm. In my boyhood an old house was generally regarded as an eyesore, an archaic misfit among the brick blocks and Queen Anne villas of a modern town. A better taste has developed in the last half-century. We have learned how to prize our heritage. We have a better appreciation of the beauty of the New England landscape and the simple dignity of our old Colonial homesteads.

I suppose the earliest demonstrations of this growing sensitiveness were in the unsuccessful attempt to save the Hancock house in Boston and the happily successful effort of a group of patriotic women some eighty years ago to preserve Mount Vernon and maintain the house and grounds as a permanent memorial of George and Martha Washington. From that beginning, interest has spread far and wide, reaching its highest manifestation thus far in the skillful restoration, through the discerning goodwill of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, of a whole town — Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia. The movement is now represented and promoted by many organizations, both public and private, in all parts of the country — National, State, and local Planning Boards, Departments of Conservation, Antiquarian Societies, Patriotic Societies, Village Improvement Societies, Garden Clubs, and preeminently by the State and local Historical Societies such as the two that share their memories and hopes here today.

It must, however, be acknowledged that, in spite of this widespread interest, our existing means of securing and preserving scenes of natural beauty and places of historic concern are still

insufficient. The wealth of our heritage is all the time slipping away. Every year sees the irreparable destruction of some fine old house or the ruin of some lovely glen or the spoliation of our beaches and the vulgarizing of our roadsides. The lovers of nature and of history must be ever on the alert. The things we cherish are constantly threatened. Imagine the devastation of the Mount Holyoke range — which may happen at any moment if those hills and woods are not secured in public ownership — or the destruction of Old Deerfield Street, or an invasion of hot-dog stands on Duxbury Beach, or the manicuring of the wilderness trails in the hill country. We must spare no effort to acquire for public enjoyment more woodland areas, our hilltops, our river banks and gorges, the ocean beaches, the salt marshes and sand-dunes, the rocky headlands. We must be on the lookout to preserve our distinctive and characteristic buildings, the white meeting-houses, the old taverns, the covered bridges, the well-proportioned dwellings, and to keep them in their appropriate settings.

You perceive that I am linking together places of historic interest and scenic charm. Of course that is not essential. Each may have its own individual appeal. But for me, at least, the appeal is greatest when *human interest* and *natural beauty* are combined. The Longfellow house, in Cambridge, for instance, is invaluable for its patriotic and literary associations, but its dignity and attractiveness are enhanced by its setting — the noble elms on either side, the gardens behind, the open park in front with the view across the river to the hills beyond. How different and regrettably inferior is the setting of the old Adams homesteads in Quincy, crowded on what is now a noisy city corner, or of the Edward Devotion house in Brookline, interesting in itself, but with no better site than a schoolhouse yard. Surely the harmony of building and environment, of man's work and nature's gift, confers a pleasure of which the witness may not be distinctly conscious, but which adds substantially to enjoyment. The Swiss chalet fits the Alpine landscape, and the step-ladder gable-ends of the Dutch houses are suited to the surroundings. The distinctive church towers of Somersetshire somehow belong there just as

the characteristic church towers of Lincolnshire and Norfolk belong to the fen country. The design of a Spanish hacienda is appropriate in Southern California, but it's an anachronism in Vermont. It may be, then, as important to preserve the setting of a house as the house itself. We should rightly resent the intrusion of a gaudy filling-station on the grounds of Elmwood or on Petersham Common. We do well to remember and conserve the values of consistency and harmony.

I spoke of the need of constant vigilance about these matters, but we can, I am sure, take courage from the heartening record of the last quarter-century. As I came hither, I jotted down some of the happenings that have come under my own observation here in Massachusetts — a very incomplete enrollment, of course, but, so far as it goes, encouraging. I recall the organization forty-seven years ago, under the leadership of my brother, Charles Eliot, of the Trustees of Public Reservations; and I observe with peculiar pleasure that the President of the Cambridge Historical Society (Judge Walcott) is now the chief executive of that organization, and that our genial host, the President of the Lexington Historical Society (Mr. Greeley), is a potent influence in its Council. The Trustees hold for public use and enjoyment some sixteen properties of unique charm. The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities owns and administers some twenty-five historic houses, not all in Massachusetts, ranging from the Harrison Gray Otis mansion in Boston, which is the headquarters of the Society, to the humble Abraham Brown house in Watertown. The Essex Institute holds the Ship Rock in Danvers, the Old Colony Society owns Dighton Rock, and the Commonwealth owns Plymouth Rock and the Myles Standish Monument. Harvard College preserves the old President's house — Wadsworth House — and it ought to have saved the Holmes house. Our surviving literary landmarks, while not all in public ownership, are in good hands and are faithfully guarded — Elmwood and the Craigie House in Cambridge, the Old Manse and the Emerson house in Concord, the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Fruitlands in Harvard, and others you can think of. The Bryant Homestead in

Cummington is owned by the Trustees of Public Reservations, and the Whittier birthplace in Haverhill by a Memorial Association. In Boston, the Old State House, Faneuil Hall, the Old South Meeting-House, the Paul Revere house, are examples of old buildings held by or for the public. Especially the local Historical Societies have been watchful and diligent. The Lexington Society owns and operates the Hancock house. The Cambridge Society will ultimately occupy the Lee-Nichols house on Brattle Street — the second oldest house now standing in Cambridge and maintained in perfect condition. Of course I cannot, at the moment, undertake to name all the old houses that are thus appropriately preserved and utilized, but I remember the Royall house in Medford, the Lee house in Marblehead, the John Heard house in Ipswich, the Pettengill house in Newburyport, the Cabot house in Beverly, the Pierce-Nicholls house in Salem, the Harlow house in Plymouth, and the old Bristol Academy in Taunton. The Federal government is even now rebuilding Derby Wharf in Salem and creating it, with the Old Custom House and the Richard Derby house, into a National Monument. The Dedham, Weymouth, Deerfield, and Northampton Historical Societies have modern buildings, but they contain interesting collections. Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth houses the memorials of the Pilgrims; and Boston. Salem, Pittsfield, New Bedford, and Nantucket have historical museums of rare merit.

These are just illustrations of what has been done. Now what can we do to further this movement? We can be alert to sustain and invigorate the agencies of the public good that I have mentioned and follow their reports and plans with our sympathy and goodwill. We can encourage and coöperate with the public agencies like the Department of Conservation and the State and Town Planning Boards. By our contagious enthusiasm we can stimulate and guide the good intentions of private owners and possible benefactors. We can urge and support legislative action for the care and improvement of the roadsides and the elimination or control of billboards. We can promote the teaching of local history in the public schools and the increased use of practical

"School Projects" — the making by the children themselves of relief or zoning maps of the town and encouraging them to suggest and devise plans for the improvement of the town — provision for playgrounds, parking places, swimming facilities, town forests, and the like. We might even undertake a bit of education for ourselves. No towns in New England have a greater wealth of material for historical research and grateful commemoration than Cambridge and Lexington. Are we of the Historical Societies satisfied just to meet four or five times a year and listen to speeches? Can we not be more active in preserving our old landmarks, transcribing old records, collecting pictures and photographs of local scenes, streets, and houses, publishing monographs, commemorating our citizens of credit and renown? Some day I'd like to put the members of the Cambridge Historical Society through a catechism — a sort of "Information Please" test — and discover how much we really know — or don't know — about our own city.

May I, Mr. President?

COÖPERATION BETWEEN SCHOOLS AND LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

By Edwin B. Worthen

Read June 8, 1938

IT WAS a very happy thought that 225 years after this infant Lexington left the parental fireside you should come here with a fatherly eye and sit down and go over with us some of the happenings of these years.

Our departure from home wasn't exactly to your liking; you opposed it heartily, but years soften all wounds. Certainly in the first hundred years there were many ties which held, some pleasant, some not so pleasant. There was that excellent bone of contention, "the great bridge." To its maintenance Lexington grudgingly contributed for many years. The early records were in your hands and there was necessity for continual official visits to secure information on highway locations and the bounds of early grants. Then there was the "great hammer," probably an early form of pile-driver, in which we were presumed to have a part ownership; for when it was loaned to other communities, permission was secured from the Lexington Selectmen. Perhaps the home-tie was stronger than we now appreciate; for some fifty years after the separation, residents of what is now East Lexington made two attempts to be set off from Lexington and given back to Cambridge. I shall admit that Lexington made much of the encampments of Washington's army during the siege of Boston; for in addition to individual sales, the Town itself sold many hundreds of cords of wood for the use of the army. But probably the strongest ties in those early years were the usual ones of relatives and friends, each generation finding these ties lighter than the former generation.

So, to come down to the present, we find our ties with old Cam-

bridge, to say the ones which come quickly to mind, to be the subway, the court house, the colleges, and personal friends. I do not have to say what progress Lexington has made in these 225 years — just look about you!

It seems to me it is but fair, now that you are here with us today, that I should ask you some questions. Children, you know, are always asking questions, asking their parents to explain this or that. To many persons Cambridge means Harvard. The infant Lexington knew it well; for the college had been in existence three quarters of a century before we were set off. In the three hundred years of Harvard's existence an astonishing number of persons have looked to Cambridge for guidance, and got it. The influence was and is far beyond the gates. My question is: Granting this great influence in education, how did it happen that what now appear to be essentials were pretty much overlooked when my parents went to school and in my school days too?

My parents learned much and they learned it thoroughly too; for they could at sixty-five recite in unison pages of lessons from memory or sing the multiplication tables. And they could spell; and recite amazing lists of prepositions and adverbs. And I had the campaigns of the Civil War for weeks and weeks and weeks! And algebra and logarithms for terms; and I haven't met or even seen a logarithm since I left High School! You told me that algebra and logarithms would teach me to think clearly, to reason, to be logical. But no one ever suggested to my parents or to me that in 1938 this whole nation would be floundering around in a state of affairs we can't understand and if we do attempt to explain it we grow red and dumb in about two minutes. Would not this generation be far far wiser and better able to cope with present-day affairs, if in our high school days we had less algebra and logarithms and learned to think, weigh, and reason by a well-guided consideration of certain historical events? Would there be millions today whose reasoning is twisted or off at a tangent if it had been drilled into them at school that much that is suggested or attempted today has been tried before and proved not workable?

How many persons of my age, in the United States, know that

the first thing the Puritans did when they landed at Salem, was to fix wages for all mechanics? Under the most favorable circumstances it wouldn't work. How many have read Governor Bradford's lament that the basic idea of the Plymouth Colony — under the most ideal conditions — wouldn't work? Did the high school boys and girls in the Middle West have Shays's Rebellion explained to them? I wonder if any pupil in high school when I was there was ever told and impressed with the amazing fact that at the close of the Revolutionary War the citizens of every town in Massachusetts held town-meetings week after week to fix the price of every commodity, all to meet the calamity of worthless paper currency. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, faced with this problem of debased money, attempted to bolster it not with hard money but by legislation forbidding the circulation of sound money from outside sources. If the true record were disclosed, it would be found that very many of the Massachusetts heroes of the Revolution died as paupers because they were paid off in worthless paper money.

No, my generation was not drilled in these facts. You felt I would be better fitted for mature years if I could think by the way of algebra and logarithms. You suggested outside reading — Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens — and I ate it up. You never thought of whetting my boyish curiosity by suggesting the chapters from Lincoln's life dealing with the raid on his tomb, or what happened to Booth's body, or about the Mormon massacres. Most outside reading can become a burden, especially if the suggestion is to read an entire book. My suggestion is to recommend an interesting chapter and let that do its work in enticing the boy or girl to read on and get the whole story. History can be good reading but few want it in big doses. What high school pupil would read all of Winthrop's letters? But a selection of two or three as suggested reading would in many cases mean that more would be read. Such a practice would, I think, lead to a better appreciation of general reading in history and cease to make it a drudgery or little understood subject.

All this means much work and careful guidance in the subjects

selected, especially those relative to economic events; for much thereon is not available in the books usually referred to in history courses. And there will be examination of original sources like the Town Records, which contain much material never printed. No one ever suggested making history reading entertaining and instructive. We got the wars and little more. Try asking every person your own age if he or she ever read the Constitution of Massachusetts! I don't need to tell you it's worth reading!

No, I don't think you did right by me or my generation, and I personally feel that many of our troubles of these last ten years have been due to the fact that certain absolute essentials were not brought to our attention and dwelt upon in our formative years.

Happily today this is not so — at least in Lexington — and I presume what is happening here in improved educational methods is taking place in hundreds of communities throughout this country. High school pupils are getting wholesome lessons in what we missed. Fair-minded, keen, intelligent teachers are discussing events and interpreting them with a background of history which enables the boys and girls to understand the true import of what is going on. I can assure you that I have heard many high school boys and girls talk upon and explain complex present-day problems in a way to shame their elders. It is mighty encouraging. I look for clearer thinking and for better things from them in years to come than my generation has produced. And all honor to you from Cambridge who have sensed this need, and to the teachers who are so ably carrying on this work. You have now put sound reasoning in national and public affairs on a par with the "three r's."

And is there any reason on my part for this too long talk? My hope is that the next step will be for you and me to find a way to make all this easier for the teachers and for the high school pupils, to find a way to bring closer coöperation between the schools and the historical societies perhaps by personal talks, by indicating source material, by suggested reading, by exhibits, by visual education which so helps to fasten securely in the memory the lesson of the day; an offer of tools to work with brought to them rather

than an invitation to come and look at a collection of vaguely assorted relics and curios. If you can devise a way to bring this about, a way to help and encourage the teachers, future generations will thank us, and we shall have another and a better reason for our existence.

THE OBSERVATORY OF HARVARD COLLEGE AND ITS EARLY FOUNDERS

By Elizabeth L. Bond

Read October 25, 1938

WILLIAM CRANCH BOND

WILLIAM CRANCH BOND, youngest child of William and Hannah Cranch Bond of Plymouth, England, was born in Falmouth (Portland), Maine, September 9, 1789. His father had come to America with high hopes of making a large fortune; and buying extensive pine forests and a fleet of ships, started business as a lumber merchant, sending wood to Bristol, England. But disaster awaited him, and having twice lost everything he possessed, he finally threw up his venture, and, bringing his wife and children to Boston, opened a store on Washington Street for the sale of silverware and clocks and watches imported from Europe.

Times were hard, money was scarce, and having lost all they possessed, the family often suffered real privation. When a child only ten years old, William was taken from school to help his father; as he used to say, he "was apprenticed before he had learned his multiplication table." Nevertheless, though he was deprived of systematic training, his background was not one of ignorance; for his parents were persons of intelligence and education. Especially was this true of his mother, a woman of fine character and refined taste. Like the Cranches generally, she had a passionate love of beauty, and turned to the poets for its satisfaction. It might almost be said that poetry was the language of that simple home, the lines of the British poets household words.

William, a shy, gentle, sensitive boy, shrinking from notice, was a clever lad, noted among his comrades for skill in making traps, snares, and mechanical toys. At the age of ten he made a wooden clock which kept fairly good time, and a few years later

a quadrant, most beautifully carved from ebony. At the age of fifteen he studied French that he might learn from Perouse how to make a chronometer, which he constructed with weights, as he could not buy the springs.

In 1806 occurred a marvelous eclipse of the sun. Its unsurpassed grandeur and majesty first turned his mind definitely to the study of the heavens, and then and there he vowed to himself that he would be an astronomer. This eclipse occurred in the middle of June, at midday, with a cloudless sky, its duration five minutes. William, who had no instrument, viewed it from the top of Milton Hill where he was then living, and the memory of its weird beauty lasted all his life. From that day the study of the heavenly bodies became a passion second only to his uncompromising sense of duty.

The elder Bond was much broken in health and spirits, and not very successful in his business; so the real support of the family devolved upon his young son, who felt he must devote his life to building up and establishing the firm of Wm. Bond & Son, and supporting his parents, now dependent upon him. Only spare moments could be given to the stars. He had neither instruments nor books, nor could he buy them; but he had real inventive genius. His first transit instrument was a piece of brass with a hole in it, fastened to a bit of wood and nailed to a corner of his father's house in Dorchester. In the yard was a deep well. Standing beside it and gazing into its dark depths for at least ten minutes, his optic nerve became so stimulated that he acquired almost telescopic vision, and could see stars invisible to others. In this way he discerned the comet of 1811 several months before it was recognized by anyone else in America.

In 1812 he made the first sea-going chronometer constructed in this country, which was satisfactorily tested on a voyage to and from Sumatra.

In 1815 came a respite. William had long desired to visit the beloved home of his parents, and now came the news that his father's brother, a childless widower, and wealthy, had died. Plymouth lawyers wrote urging that some representative of the

American heirs come across to appear in the British courts. It was decided that William should go. But he had not money enough to defray the expense, being unwilling to leave his parents unprovided for. However, President Kirkland of Harvard and the Board of Overseers, hearing that the young clock maker and amateur astronomer, noted for his accuracy and scientific attainments, was thinking of going to England, offered to pay half the expense of his trip if he would visit Greenwich and other important Observatories, take careful measurements, and gain all possible information relative to erecting and equipping a first-class Observatory.

So with high hopes he started on his first holiday. It was an anxious time to sail, for Napoleon's ships were on the high seas. Off the coast of Ireland they learned that the battle of Waterloo had settled the fate of Europe, and that the proud conqueror was a prisoner on board a British man-of-war.

Arriving safely in Liverpool, William hastened south, to his mother's home in Kingsbridge, Devonshire. As he entered the walled garden of his uncle's place, he saw, standing among the roses and lilies, a lovely girl, his cousin, Selina Cranch, and at first sight impressionable William lost his heart to her. She was indeed charming, slender and graceful, with curling dark hair, deep blue eyes, and brilliant complexion, and as lovely in temper as in person.

After some delay in a futile effort to get his father's legacy, William went to London to meet the agent of Harvard College, who was to give him some money; but what was his dismay to find, on his arrival, that the gentleman had gone on a holiday trip, and no one knew his address or when he would return. This was indeed a catastrophe, for William had literally spent his last shilling and knew not where to turn. Hungry and discouraged, he wandered through the streets of London, and finally passed a sleepless night on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The next morning a letter from Kingsbridge told him that his older brother, Thomas, a sailor, was in London and his wants were soon supplied. He then visited Greenwich, obtained the informa-

tion desired by the President of Harvard College, and started for home, but stopped at Bath to visit his mother's brother, "Uncle John," an artist and archaeologist of some renown. "Uncle John," a man of deep sympathy, soon drew from his young nephew the story of his hopeless love for Selina; for how could he hope to marry, burdened as he was with responsibility? To the older man it did not seem so hopeless, and when William left he wrote to Mrs. Bond, his sister, in Boston telling her what he had learned. This letter, not spoken of to anyone, was put away carefully, but not forgotten. Four years later it was to bear fruit.

So William returned to the days of toil and the sleepless nights of watching the stars, but if a home of his own and a wife and children might not be his, there still remained the passionate love of science, with the inner assurance that some day he would surely attain his goal, and that goal a high one. In a letter to a friend written at this date he says, speaking of certain eminent astronomers he had met, "In time I mean to be one of these great men, and *second* to none." We may smile at the naive simplicity of this poor, self-educated young man, but it was the invincible determination to attain his ideal which brought at last its reward.

So with patience and courage, he devoted his energies for four years to his task. Meanwhile his anxious mother waited and watched in silence. One morning when he came down to breakfast he met his parents in the hall, who beckoned him into the living room. Then his mother spoke: "William, my dear son, your father and I are deeply troubled that you are spending all your youth in caring for us. You are no longer very young, and it is time you should have a wife and a home of your own. I have but one desire. Do not, I beg of you, choose one of these American girls. They are to me as the children of Heth, but go back to dear England and see if you cannot find there a wife you can love, who will be a real daughter to your father and me."

So William went back to "dear England," and in the lovely Devon land found again the fair cousin who four years earlier had won his heart. They were married and in time six children were born to them; but when the youngest was only a few days old,

Selina died, leaving them bereft indeed. Who now would care for the heart-broken husband and his six little ones? His mother was no longer living, his sisters were married. He bethought him of his wife's older sister, Mary, still living with her brother Joseph in Kingsbridge. To them he wrote, begging them to come to America.

The letter found Mary not unprepared. A few nights before she had dreamed she stood on a pier watching a ship sailing into port. In the prow stood William Bond holding in his outstretched arms a young infant and calling "Help!" So when the letter came telling of her sister's death it seemed a call from heaven, and she and Joseph made all haste to leave their native land.

In the course of time she and William were married, and though very different from the blithe and gentle Selina, she was a loyal wife and mother, eager and ambitious to make any sacrifice that might advance her husband's career. In early days she often worked with him, cleaning and repairing clocks and watches.

In time these efforts were crowned with success, for at length the day came when it was definitely decided that Harvard should have an Observatory, and who so fitted to take charge as William Cranch Bond? But modest William hung back and hesitated, feeling not yet worthy of the honor. It required all the determination and persuasiveness of President Quincy to induce him to leave his quiet home in Dorchester to assume the Directorship of the new institution.

The Dana house on the corner of Quincy Street, recently the residence of Professor Palmer, was purchased and somewhat enlarged by the addition of a transit room, and a cupola with a revolving roof for a dome. The equipment of the College was installed, and the new Director with his family and all his instruments, moved in, in December, 1839. No salary could be paid, which to simple William appeared a minor consideration. There they lived for about four years, and there died the oldest son, another William Cranch, a youth still in college, remarkable for rare talent and devotion to astronomy.

This makeshift Observatory proving inadequate for higher

research, a tract of high, waste land on the outskirts of Cambridge was bought. Mr. David Sears gave a sum sufficient for the erection of a central tower; money was raised for the other necessary buildings, including the Director's dwelling-house; and a fifteen-inch refractor, the companion of that in Poulkova, Russia, at that time the largest in the world, was ordered.

Edward Bromfield Phillips, a Harvard classmate of George Bond's, left at his death, which occurred at this time, the sum of $100,000 to the Observatory as a token of regard for his friend. In those days this was a munificent amount, and for the time solved the problem of salaries, part of the interest being used for that purpose.

On the arrival of the Great Equatorial it was quickly set up on a granite pier, which rested on a foundation of cement sixteen feet deep. The public waited in breathless suspense while one secret after another of the starry heavens was revealed. And the heavens themselves seemed to respond. Comets, brilliant auroras, giant sunspots, showers of meteors, the discovery of the Dusky Ring of Saturn and of Hyperion, followed in quick succession. Careful study of the nebulae of Orion and of Andromeda was undertaken, and collaboration with the United States Coast Survey in determining the exact boundaries of our Northwest and of Mexico, of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, of our great inland seas, and preparation for our transcontinental railroad. Then came the invention of the Spring Governor, a great improvement upon earlier chronographs, and the application of photography to the stars. It was an active and stimulating time at the Observatory. The Director's sons, George and Richard, both trained to work with him, were most helpful as assistants.

As the years passed on, honors came crowding upon the gentle, unobtrusive old man who never looked for personal rewards — a degree of A.M. from Harvard, flattering offers from the Government in Washington, membership in various scientific societies at home and abroad; but in January, 1859, he died of an attack of heart trouble, leaving an honorable name for high character and scientific attainment, an example to young men of what untiring

industry, singleness of purpose, and perseverance, may achieve in this land of opportunity.

GEORGE PHILLIPS BOND

May 20, 1825, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, to William Cranch and Selina Bond, their third son, George Phillips. Though inheriting marked qualities from his father, he was peculiarly his mother's child. From her came the slender grace of his figure, his waving dark hair, and deep blue eyes, and her eager enthusiasm and sense of humor, so evident in her pictures.

From early childhood he was ever docile and obedient, and the very soul of ingenuous truthfulness. Never was he guilty of an underhand or mean action, and he never quarreled with old or young. A quiet, shy, reserved boy, fearless and truthful, if not a popular leader because of his reserve, he was certainly trusted and respected by all.

It was a happy family, even though the beloved young mother was not with them. Their father always enlisted the interest and the assistance of his children. They grew up to work *with* and *for* him, as a matter of course, and quite naturally they lived among the stars, following the example of their oldest brother, William, an astronomer almost from his cradle.

In December, 1839, when George was in his fifteenth year and the family moved from Dorchester to Cambridge, he went to the then famous Hopkins Classical School to fit for college. There he made a few intimate friends, one of whom thus wrote of him: "George Bond impressed me as a lad with the same qualities which he showed through life — assiduity, modesty, gentleness, a high sense of honor, and a nameless charm, combined of all these, with an underlying sense that in him would always be found firmness and devotion to the right. He will always remain in my mind as one of the finest combinations of character, both gentle and noble, that I have ever known or known of."

And another classmate writes: "He was characterized by a peculiar sweetness of disposition. His smile and graciousness of manner I can never forget. He was uniformly gentle, courteous,

and affable, and under a calm exterior there was evidence of strength of character and firmness of purpose."

The death of his beloved brother William, always the leader in the family circle, was a heavy blow. That young man was very brilliant, really a genius. My father was wont to say that it would have been better if all the other children had been taken, could William have been left.

In 1844 the family moved into the dwelling-house of the new Observatory, and the following year, on his graduation from college, George was appointed first Assistant Observer with a salary of $600 per annum. From that date it is difficult to differentiate the work of the two astronomers, father and son, they worked together in such perfect unison.

The *prestige* of stellar photography belongs to the period of the elder Bond, but it was his son George who practically made it a success and brought it to the attention of astronomers all over the world. He it was who superintended the work of two skilful photographers, Whipple and Black, who most generously gave their services without charge. It was George Bond who foresaw its wonderful future, and wrote of it, suggesting to astronomers that on some mountain top, in a clearer atmosphere, with more powerful telescopes, they should follow up his early experiments.

In a letter to Maria Mitchell, William Bond thus writes: "George is, and for months has been, almost hidden from the ken of us mortals in the clouds of photography. I think he has been astonishingly successful in developing stellar photography. You must come and see for yourself."

In those days a trip to Europe was a serious affair, and the more so because often followed by typhoid fever. George Bond's first trip abroad was of great import to him. It was in 1851, the year of the great Jubilee held in London, and the first international exhibition was held in the famous Crystal Palace. The two sons of the Director went over to exhibit the new chronograph and daguerreotypes of the moon. This proved a wonderful opportunity for meeting eminent scientists from all over the world, and many personal friendships were made. George then went to

Sweden to view an eclipse of the sun, and in his journal has left a vivid and interesting description of the spectacle. He then visited Poulkova in Russia, and the most important observatories on the Continent. Returning to Cambridge, he was stricken with typhoid and for some time lay at the point of death. It was possibly the beginning of the end.

In 1853 he married Harriet, the daughter of Dr. T. W. Harris, the Librarian of Harvard. Their married life was very happy, though saddened by her ill health. She died in December, 1858, a few weeks before William Cranch Bond, who in January, 1859, succumbed to a violent heart attack. On his father's death George Bond was unanimously elected Director of the Observatory. It was only then that the insufficiency of the funds of the institution became evident. The elder Bond was able to meet any deficiency from his own purse, but his son had no private resources to draw upon. Also it must be remembered that his directorship covered very nearly the period of the Civil War, when money everywhere was scarce. It was a time of intense anxiety and most rigid economy for the young Director and his household. Personal expenses were cut to the minimum. My father in those stirring war days felt he could not afford a daily newspaper, and even his morning cup of coffee was given up as too costly a luxury. All comforts, and I fear most necessities, as we now view them, were quietly relinquished while he strove with all his might to keep the work of the Observatory up to its proper level. Only the devoted loyalty of a few old friends kept the work alive, such friends as J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Robert Treat Paine, Hon. Josiah Quincy, and a few others.

George Bond died February 17, 1865, a few weeks before the end of the Civil War.

Much of his work was, of course, mathematical. Among other topics of this class may be mentioned his papers on

1. Method of Mechanical Quadratures
2. Use of Equivalent Factors in the Method of Least Squares
3. Cometary Calculations
4. Observations of Zones of Small Stars, etc.

His first independent work not purely mathematical was on Donati's Comet, that magnificent visitor from cosmic space which unexpectedly came sweeping toward our solar system, appearing first in August, 1858, and visible to the naked eye until December, telescopically visible until the following March. "Its motions were such as to present it a splendid object, and it was so bright that the processes going on in its head, and the surrounding envelopes could be readily followed." To quote his biographer, Dr. Holden: "The opportunity was unique. The comet was studied the world over, but no memoir approaches Bond's in completeness." It was a magnificent work and was generally so regarded, winning for him recognition from the most eminent Europeans, and the Gold Medals of the Royal Astronomical Society, the first time that medal had been awarded to an American astronomer.

After the completion of this work George Bond turned to the nebula of Orion. In early days at the Observatory his father had studied this nebula and his conclusions had been sharply criticized by Otto Struve of Poulkova, and this criticism had been widely published in American newspapers. To the younger Bond it seemed a reflection not merely on the accuracy of his father, but also on the reputation of the Observatory of Harvard College. He determined to review the whole subject thoroughly, but did not live to complete the work. His drawing is exquisitely beautiful, but he died before the text was finished, though he worked on it until a few hours before his death, dictating to an amanuensis when too weak to hold a pen.

My father came of an artist race, the Cranches of Devonshire. For several hundred years there has been at least one artist of note in every generation of the family. As has been said, "There was never a Cranch who could not draw and paint." His passionate love of beauty was his birthright. His intense feeling for all beautiful things was an absorbing delight, as poetical as it was artistic.

His friends have so much to say of his gentleness that a mistaken idea of his character might easily be formed. Gentle he was, but he was not lacking in manly tastes and attributes. Physically

and morally he was fearless, and delighted in active sports and out-of-door life. Until his health failed he went every year to the woods of Maine or the shores of Cape Cod to hunt and shoot. He delighted in mountain climbing and in horseback riding, and had he lived in these present days he would have been deeply interested in aviation.

It is impossible to speak of George Bond and pass over in silence the impelling motive of his life — the deeply religious bent of his mind, coloring every word and act and thought. He lived consciously in the very presence of the Eternal. His thoughts were keyed habitually to that high pitch. This intimate consciousness of the spiritual life may have been partly due to the precarious state of his health, bringing before him constantly "the shortness and uncertainty of human life." Almost from the beginning of his directorship he was slowly dying of tuberculosis, then a scourge in Cambridge, and he lived and worked at a feverish pace. He had much to accomplish and the time was short.

In closing I quote a few passages from the report of the Committee of the Overseers drawn up shortly after his death:

"The Committee willingly bears witness to the ability and fidelity with which he constantly performed all the duties of his office, enlarging, strengthening, and perfecting the admirable work of his father, giving to the Observatory a high rank among kindred institutions in this country and in Europe, and contributing in no trifling degree to the elevation and honor of Harvard University.

"Although it is strictly the province of the Committee to speak of Professor Bond in reference to his official character only, we feel bound to allude to his private life and to those qualities of the heart that specially endeared him to all who had the happiness of knowing him. With the name of George Phillips Bond will always be associated *goodness* as well as *greatness*, and we freely say that he was an ornament to the moral and a shining light to the scientific world.

"Within the brief period of six years have terminated the useful lives of two devoted Directors, the senior and the junior Bond, martyrs both, father and son, to Science and to a scrupulous sense of duty."

THE FAYERWEATHER HOUSE

By Mrs. James Lowell Moore

Read January 24, 1939

IT SEEMS rather presumptuous for me, a somewhat unhistorically-minded person, to address a learned society on an historical matter; and I would ask you to remember that I am going to speak, not of any remote impersonal subject, but of Grandmother's house, the earthly paradise of my childhood, impossible to treat without the personal touch.

In the days of my childhood it stood surrounded by five acres of land. The picture on the wall [1] is exactly as I remember it in those early days except that the ell which was the schoolroom had been taken away. This change must have been made in the early sixties because I can still remember a long room with tables down the centre covered with preserves and jellies. But this recollection is extremely shadowy and my clear remembrance is of my beautiful Grandmother, sitting in the library window netting the lovely tidies she was famed for making. From this window one could look down into the garden which, to my dazzled recollection, contained every kind of fruit, apples and pears, cherries and peaches, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and many beautiful flowers. In front of the house was a horse-chestnut tree with hanging branches by which I could climb into the tree and look over the roof of the house. The tree must have been more than fifty years old then and this was more than seventy years ago. It gave me a pang to see it after the storm [2] with a large top branch snapped short off and hanging in the tree.

Mrs. deGozzaldi gives the best account of the house, in her *Historic Guide to Cambridge*. She makes a mistake in this account, however, in that she gives the name of the builder of the house

[1] Referring to an oil-painting exhibited at the meeting.
[2] The hurricane of September 21, 1938.

as Amos Marrett. In a later work, a pamphlet written for your Society, she says, "I am glad that the opportunity has come to me to speak of this house that I may correct a mistake unfortunately printed in the *Historic Guide to Cambridge*, which I edited for the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is there stated that Amos Marrett built this house. Land-poor Marrett could never have erected so fine a mansion. He owned the land, which he sold in 1764 to Cap't George Ruggles of Boston, the builder of this house."

She does not mention her authority for the date of 1764. Mr. James Russell Lowell told me that his grandfather told him that both the Fayerweather House and Elmwood were built during his freshman year at Harvard, which would be 1760–61. Mrs. deGozzaldi gives the date of Elmwood as 1760. Drake in his *Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex* says it has been often stated that the house was built in 1760. This is the date that I have believed was the right one.

Mr. Daniel Merriman, who bought the place from us in 1907, made extensive alterations, among other changes making the fireplaces smaller. In two of the rooms iron fire-backs were discovered behind the bricks, representing the siege of Quebec and showing the British arms. The date of Wolfe's siege was 1759, which would make it probable that 1760 was the right date.

Captain Ruggles married Susanna Vassall, sister of the first John Vassall, sister-in-law of Mrs. Lechmere and Mrs. Lee, and aunt of Mrs. Oliver of Elmwood.

We have a charming picture of the society of these houses of Tory Row with their beautiful estates, fronting on Brattle Street and extending back into the country. The relationships of the inhabitants of the houses, at least of six of them connected with the Vassalls, are bewildering, as they had intermarried largely and constituted a sort of semi-detached society among themselves.

The Baroness Riedesel, who was detained in the Lechmere House, on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets, with her husband, a captive from Burgoyne's army, was enchanted with their society and gives the following account of them in her memoirs:

"Never had I chanced on such an agreeable situation. Seven families who were connected with each other, partly by the ties of relationship and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens and magnificent houses and not far off plantations of fruit. The owners of these are in the habit of daily meeting each other in the afternoons now at the house of one and now at another and making themselves merry with music and the dance, living in prosperity, united and happy, until alas! this ruinous war severed them and left all their houses desolate, except two."

Captain Ruggles sold the house October 31st, 1774 to Thomas Fayerweather, who was a patriot and gave up part of his house for a hospital. I was always told that it was a hospital for the officers; and my uncle, Kirk Wells, told me that when he was a boy and climbed to the top of the house he saw the names of British officers scrawled on the lead at the bottom of the chimneys. The only thing I have found concerning it is in Paige's *History of Cambridge*, thus: "Ordered . . . a sergeant and nine men to mount guard to-morrow morning at Mr. Fairweather's house, converted into a hospital." Thomas Fayerweather died in the house in 1805, and from that time I find no reference to it till it was purchased in 1827 by William Wells.

Before beginning on his biography, I will speak of the interesting construction of the house and the changes which to my knowledge have been made therein.

The cellar looks as if it had been built for a fort, having originally two great brick arches, only one of which remains, the other having been taken away to make room for a furnace. The beams are of heart of oak. When we had some changes made in the house, the wood turned the tools of the workmen so that they had great difficulty in cutting the beams and it took them much longer to do the work than in a modern house. The walls are thick enough to hold comfortable window seats.

One of the things that especially interested me was the old tiles in many of the fireplaces, especially the red tiles in my grandmother's room, which are quite rare, one expert telling me that he knew of only one other set. One day when Mr. Lowell was

visiting my mother after his return from England, he remarked that his tenant had broken two or three of the tiles in his bedroom. We had some odd ones in the attic and I had the pleasure of taking them to Elmwood and going again, at Mr. Lowell's suggestion, to view them in their places.

Evidently after the ruinous war the place was allowed to run down. I read the following note in a blank book of my aunt Elizabeth entitled "Records of my Father." "In 1827 my father purchased the Fayerweather Place for the sum of $8000, house and 60 acres of land, a miserable-looking place, so that Mr. P. C. Brooks who advanced money on it advised my father not to let Mother see it till it was put in repair — my father had everything done in a liberal and handsome manner."

Then, of course, it was like other houses of its time, without plumbing. This, I feel sure, was put in by my uncle, Kirk Boott Wells, of Philadelphia, the youngest son of William Wells. I have been told that during the Civil War Mr. Wells found in his warehouse a large quantity of cotton, which was then at an almost prohibitive price. He sold it for a large sum and put the proceeds into repairing the old house to make it more comfortable for his mother. A bathroom was installed in the ell, the schoolroom taken away, and a long window substituted in the library opening out on an unroofed piazza. It is in this window that I have the picture of my grandmother netting her tidies.

The next changes in the house were made soon after the fall of 1884 when my mother, my brother, William Wells Newell, founder of the American Folk-Lore Society, and myself came to live in the house, which had been rented for a number of years after the deaths of my grandmother and aunts.

The kitchen, a very large room, was at the end of a long entry and beyond it was a wash room (we did not speak of laundries in those days), opening out into a shed at right angles with the house, leading to a small auxiliary cottage. These outbuildings were taken away and the kitchen brought nearer to the dining-room. This necessitated destroying the brick oven in which my sister's wedding cake had been baked. It interested me very much

that the Merrimans, to whom we sold the house in 1907, had, either by accident or design, almost duplicated the original set-up by adding a shed and a garage. Our sale was for the house and a half-acre of land, to which they have since added a piece of land on the east side of the house which we had sold to Mr. Gannett. The present mansion is a stately building which will outlast any house built to-day, I believe.

To return to William Wells, who came to Cambridge in 1827. He was the eldest son of William Wells, a dissenting minister in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, England. He was born in 1773 and had his early training in England, having been a pupil of Dr. Priestley, Mr. Belsham, and other distinguished men until he came to America with his father, landing in Boston in June, 1793.

William Wells, the elder, settled in Brattleboro, where he preached as a Unitarian for twenty years, universally admired and respected. A fountain in the centre of Brattleboro commemorates him. Two miniatures, by the well-known English miniature painter, Hargreaves, were painted when he was on a visit to his native land. One is in my possession, the other is owned by another descendant. He married Jane Hancox, the great-grandmother for whom I was named. Her father was James Hancox, also a dissenting minister at Dudley, five miles from Bromsgrove and a suburb of Birmingham.

There is an amusing story about Mr. Hancox in my aunt's diary which I think is historically worth recording because it illustrates so vividly the conditions during the Birmingham riots which caused the expatriation of several distinguished men, Dr. Priestley among them.

"James Hancox was riding out one day during the riots when he met 300 of the mob. Riding up to them he asked them where they were going. 'We are going to Birmingham.' 'What are you going to do there?' 'To burn Mr. Hancox house.' 'Do you know Mr. Hancox?' 'No, we don't know him.' 'Well I know him and he is a good sort of man, enough, only he is a presbyterian, a little cracked in his upper story but good enough. I wouldn't meddle with him. I'll go to Birmingham with you.' And away he rode at

the head of the men. He took the leaders to the two principal inns, the Crown and the Cross, and told the innkeepers to shut the gates and let no one in or out and to give them plenty to drink. So they all got tipsy, and early in the morning he put one or two together on any stage that happened to be going away and when the people came in the morning they found them all gone."

My grandfather was twenty years old when the family came to America. In 1795 he entered Harvard College and graduated with high honors in 1796. After leaving college he engaged in teaching, and in 1798 was appointed a Latin tutor. About 1805 he entered the publishing business with Mr. Robert Lilly and, under the name of Wells and Lilly, published the first American classics. They had a book shop on Court Street which was the resort of all the literary people in Boston. They also published the first American edition of Walter Scott. In 1808 he married Frances Boott, eldest daughter of Kirk Boott, a well known merchant of Boston, whose private house became the Revere House after his death, and was destroyed by fire some years since.

I am fortunate in possessing six manuscript volumes of extracts from the letters of Kirk Boott to his sister, full of charming details of his life and incidentally of the life of Boston in the 1780's and 90's. He was a great admirer of Washington. One mention of him is so interesting that I will take the liberty of quoting it here. Speaking of some newspapers that he had sent to his sister he says, "But these papers will give you a faint idea of the opposition made to our supreme powers with the great and good Washington at the head. The abuse daily offered to this inestimable man, twice the savior of his country, in the field and cabinet, exceeds what anyone in England could possibly suppose. But he is a Colossus, he cannot be moved from the rock on which he stands — the base of which is integrity, prudence, public good, and all the train of the mild and amiable virtues aiding his support. But so supported he has but barely escaped the vortex of French politics and the country anarchy. The weight of his character alone I truly believe has saved the country from plunging into

those wild mad transactions from which France bleeds at every pore."

In 1827 the store and all the stock were burned in a disastrous fire. By the carelessness of a clerk the insurance was invalidated and he lost everything and gave up the business. His daughter, from whose account I have taken these facts, quotes him as saying he would not have taken $100,000 for his share of it, but this calamity left him destitute with a family of seven children.

After the fire Mr. Wells purchased the Fayerweather estate with the assistance of friends and set up a boys' school there. According to my aunt's account, he paid for the house and sixty acres of land $8000. My mother has told me $7700. I do not know which is the correct figure.

Soon after my grandfather purchased the place, he sold all the land except five acres, which remained intact down to the time of my childhood and constituted the Paradise which I have mentioned.

There has been a great deal of caustic criticism of the school in various biographies, but it seems to me unjustified, at least as it relates to my grandfather. Mr. Wells was an Englishman with English ideals and practices, and corporal punishment was the tradition of English schools. He was a perfect Latin scholar and no doubt the teaching of his cherished classics to a set of unlicked barbarians, as American boys no doubt were and are to this day, was a trial to him. It is noteworthy that the men who became real scholars, as James Russell Lowell and Col. Higginson, were much lighter in their condemnation than others. Col. Higginson has quite a long account of the school in his book, *Cheerful Yesterdays*.

Mr. Lowell always had the greatest affection for the house and my grandmother, as evinced by a little note written with the presentation of the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, as follows:

Elmwood, 29th Nov. 1866

My dear Mrs. Wells,

Will you please me by accepting this little book in memory of your constant kindness to a naughty little cub of a

schoolboy more than thirty years ago. I hope you will forget his ill deserts as faithfully as he remembers how much he owes you.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. Lowell

My grandfather seen through the eyes of his schoolboys and of his daughter in my aunt's book is a strange contrast. Here is a picture of his latter years in his daughter's loving words.

> He sat in his great chair in the parlor, occupied and interested in the noblest works of literature entirely undisturbed by anything that was going on and yet ever ready to be interrupted by a question addressed to him, whether the reply demanded only a few words or whether it involved discussion was the same to him, and never any discomposure was visible in word or look. His book was frequently laid on the table by his side, open and ready to be resumed when he gave himself to what was interesting those about him and his gentle remarks and sweet, affectionate smile gladdened the scene and sent a glow of love through all hearts.

He enjoyed his grandchildren very much and Jeanie's loveliness when she sat on the arm of his chair to kiss Grandpapa always brought a sweet loving smile to brighten that token of affection. Her having his mother's name was a delight to him.

This sitting on the arm of his chair, the same chair that now holds my husband and his grandchildren, must be my earliest recollection, for my grandfather died when I was two years, nine months old.

It may be proper for me in closing to speak of my father, the Rev. Wm. Newell, who married the fourth daughter of William Wells and Frances Boott, and had a long and peaceful ministry of the First Parish Church from 1830 to 1868. It seems strange to think that next May it will be 109 years since his settlement in Cambridge and of the changes since that time. He was a very welcome son in the old house and I have numerous little notes and poems addressed to the grandmother and aunts. Here is one entitled

AN EROTIC ODE
AFTER THE GREEK OF ANACREON

The right glove
Holds my love
And the left glove
My wife's love
And both the gloves
Both our loves
Lovely gloves.

This was to the aunt who used to do mending for the family.

And I have a little note to Grandmother, dated 1841, which makes me think of the way history repeats itself.

My dear Madam,

After all the talk that the Whigs have made about the restoration of general prosperity under Harrison and his new cabinet, eggs are only 16 cents a dozen!!!!!! I am afraid the Farmer of the North Bend is no great things after all. How are the Hens to get a living at this rate? The 4th of March is past and eggs only a shilling a dozen!!!!! I thought all classes were to feel the benefit of new order of things. But the Hens I suppose are neglected because they can't vote. If this is suffered I hope there will be no more crowing for the Whigs.

Fanny will hand you this and a silver egg.

(signed) W. N.

Sometimes we must all sigh for simpler living and a more peaceful day and perhaps it does us all good to spend a quiet hour with the past.

55 GARDEN STREET

Remarks by Miss Lois Lilley Howe

April 25, 1939

THIS HOUSE was built by Mrs. Enebuske's grandfather, Uriah Tracy Howe. He was the second child and first son of Samuel Howe, afterwards Judge Samuel Howe of the Court of Common Pleas, and Susan Tracy, the daughter of Uriah Tracy of Litchfield, the first Senator from Connecticut to Washington. Susan Tracy Howe died in giving birth to her son, and later Samuel Howe married Sarah Lydia Robbins of Milton. Their first child, named for his father's father, was Estes Howe, my father. My father and his brother both married very young and I came at the end of a long line of cousins, sisters, and brothers. I really belong by age to another generation, as my sister and some of my cousins had children who are my contemporaries.

The first thing that I remember about this house is being brought here to see three little girls, children of my cousin William Greene Howe. They, with their parents, were refugees from the Chicago Fire of October, 1871. This was of course exciting but disappointing, as not only were their dresses intact but I could discover no holes burned in their shoes and stockings.

My next memory is of Mrs. Enebuske's mother's wedding, in this room. She was my cousin, Elizabeth Howe, and married Dr. Norton Folsom. Her sister Katherine was married to Henry Nathan Wheeler here; and here were Mrs. Enebuske's own wedding and the wedding reception of her cousin Mabel Howe, one of the Chicago refugees, who had been married to Dr. Philip D. Kerrison in St. John's church.

My cousin Katie Howe, afterward Mrs. Wheeler, was an extremely active and interesting woman. She had a successful school for girls in this house for some years, giving it up at the time of her marriage. She was one of the ringleaders of a group of young

people who were much addicted to private theatricals. Their enthusiasm did not lead to public performances, until some years later when the Cambridge Dramatic Club opened the Arsenal Theatre. They gave their plays in private houses which had parlors opening into each other by folding doors, making uncomfortably small stage openings. So this room was built for theatricals as you see it. I was too young and unimportant to see any of the plays, but I do remember a wonderful Christmas party when the family gave scenes from Dickens, and my Uncle Tracy bore off the palm as Mr. Pickwick and also as Tony Weller. This was the first of many Christmas parties. Now Mrs. Enebuske's grandchildren celebrate the holidays here, making the fifth generation continuing to use this house. Having justified my presence here and told you about Mrs. Enebuske's Howe relations, I will let her give you some account of her Folsom forebears.

CHARLES FOLSOM AND THE McKEANS

By Sarah McKean Folsom Enebuske

Read April 25, 1939

THE FOLSOMS in this part of the world are descended from John Folsom and Mary Gilman, who left Hingham, England, in 1615, and accompanied by some hundred neighbors and friends, sailed on the ship "Diligence of Ipswich" to join a colony in Hingham, Massachusetts. After fifteen years of life in Hingham, John Folsom moved with his family to Exeter, New Hampshire. He and his sons built homesteads in different parts of Exeter, and settled down to live there.

It was in 1789 that General Washington started out in a stage-coach to visit New Hampshire, and drove from Portsmouth through the forests to Exeter, and was royally entertained at the Folsom house on the corner of Water and Spring Streets.

My grandfather, Charles Folsom, the son of James Folsom and Sarah Gilman, was born in Exeter the 24th December, 1794. He prepared for Harvard at the Phillips Exeter Academy, and among the friends he made here Jared Sparks, Samuel Dana, and John Gorham Palfrey remained his friends for the rest of his life.

In 1813 Charles Folsom graduated from Harvard College with a part at Commencement, and was considered one of the best scholars of his class. During the long vacations he had taught school at Sudbury, Massachusetts, where his pupils were his own age and older, and were generally known as a rough lot. A friend, Mr. Hildreth, said, "If young Folsom can please Sudbury folk, he can do anything he likes." After graduation he took charge of the Academy at Hallowell, Maine, but the following year he returned to Harvard to enter the Divinity School. During these years of study he was acting as Proctor and Regent, as well as giving private lessons.

In 1816 President Kirkland was asked to recommend a young

man to serve as chaplain and instructor in mathematics on the flag ship "Washington," which was being sent to the Mediterranean. Mr. Folsom was chosen, and he proved very successful in teaching the young officers, and was liked and respected by them. His literary habits and conversation gave a variety to the monotony of sea life.

The Mediterranean trip he described in a letter to his brother:

Bay of Naples — July 16th, 1816

My dear brother:

Naples in all its beauty and splendor rises before and extends around me. We left Cape Henry, June 9th, and after a very pleasant passage of twenty-five days arrived at Gibralter on the eve of July 1st, where we remained a week in viewing and examining the wonders of nature and art which that place affords. We left on the eve of July 8th, and proceeded up the Mediterranean most of the time in sight of land, beholding now the snow-crowned summits of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of Spain and now the distant Coast of Barbary on the opposite side. On the 12th we sailed close along the Southern shore of the Island of Sardinia.

On the next night we came to anchor in our present situation, thirty-four days after we left America, during which time we experienced not one cloudy day, and but one shower of rain. We lie at present about a mile from the City of Naples, and command what is usually called the finest view in the world.

To the West, Ischia, a large Island, once a volcano under which the giant Typhocus was said to be placed. Then the Promontory of Misenus which takes its name from the Trumpeter of Aeneas who was buried there, and the Promontory of Pausilypus formed by the termination of the mountain of that name on which is a famous grotto, and on which is Virgil's tomb. Then the Promontory of Minerva where once stood a temple of this goddess, but now a castle; next the Island of Capri, rendered infamous by residence of Tiberius; then the little islands called Syracusae, which Virgil describes as "Scopulos Sirenum difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos."

The town of Portici lies along the shore at the foot of Vesuvius. Beneath this town is Herculaneum, and on the other side of the Mountain is Pompeii, two towns which you

will know were buried by an eruption of ashes and lava from Vesuvius in A.D. 79. The best account of this eruption you will find in an Epistle of Pliny whose father Pliny the elder perished in it.

The whole coast from the Promontory of Misenus to that of Minerva is lined by continuous and immense views of white edifices which are built of stone or brick and are covered with a sort of plaster which in this climate becomes as hard as stone itself. All the hills around are covered by vineyards and orange groves, and amongst them innumerable villas beautifully contrasting their whiteness with the verdure by which they are half concealed.

Vesuvius rises like a truncated cone. At its base and indeed far up its side are spread towns and villages; its top is dark and naked while the intermediate space is covered with verdure. But the mountain from its summit to its foot is traced with deep irregular furrows and dark broad streaks which were the channels of lava during eruptions. From the Southern side of its summit ascends constantly one column of thick white smoke; but sometimes it rises from a hundred at a time, and according to the state of the atmosphere either mounts far above the summit, and is suspended in the form of a cloud, or rolls down and curtains the side of the mountain. No flame is visible by day, but at night a small red unvarying blaze resembling the light of a common light-house, but not quite so brilliant on account of the smoke which envelops it. Words cannot adequately describe the spectacle it presents during eruption, when bellowing and quaking it hurls red hot stones into the air, covers the surrounding country with ashes, and pours down its sides torrents of liquid fire, overwhelming and consuming towns and villages in its way to the sea.

Mr. Folsom was on the flag ship two years, and then acted as chargé d'affairs at Tunis for three years more. Among his pupils was the young David Glasgow Farragut, then in his teens, who had been enrolled in the navy almost in his childhood and had already served with credit in the capture of the "Essex." Mr. Folsom grew very fond of Farragut and wrote later,

I became deeply interested in him and when I was about to leave the ship to take charge of a consular post at Tunis, I

found it had been arranged that Farragut should receive a furlough, and accompany me. I was to act as his guide, philosopher and friend; officially accountable for him as his superior officer. I do not remember that I ever issued an order, or had an occasion to make a suggestion that amounted to a reproof. All needed control was that of an elder brother over an affectionate younger brother.

He was now introduced to new scenes and had social advantages which compensated for his former too exclusive sea life. He found a home on shore, and every type of European civilization and manners in the families of the Consuls of different nations. In all of them my young countryman was the delight of old and young. Here he settled his definition of true glory; — glory the idol of his profession — if not in the exact words of Cicero, at least in his own clear thought. Our familiar walks and rides were so many lessons in ancient history; and the lover of historical parallels will be gratified to know that we may have stood on the very spot where the boy Hannibal took the oath that consecrated him to the defence of his country.

Mr. Folsom's affection for the young man was reciprocated and Farragut never lost an opportunity to speak of his obligations to this "young Yankee pastor." The Hon. R. C. Winthrop said, "Farragut never met me without the most eager and affectionate inquiries as to his cherished friend Mr. Folsom, and never hesitated to say that he owed him the deepest debt of gratitude for his early and devoted care and instruction. 'He made me almost all I am' was the substance of his emphatic acknowledgment, and when we remember what Farragut was, and what he did and dared for his country, we can appreciate the full value of such a tribute."

While in the Mediterranean Mr. Folsom made journeys into the interior, visiting libraries, meeting interesting scholars, and taking part in antiquarian researches at Carthage. He brought home tear-jars, coins, and other relics.

After Tunis he served as secretary to Commodore Bainbridge on a diplomatic mission to Turkey. Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody alludes to this in his *Harvard Reminiscences*, "Mr. Folsom, in all these offices displayed the ability and diligence which would have

insured his continuance and promotion in the public service, but for his preference for literary labor."

He sailed to Boston as chaplain on the U. S. Ship "Columbus," and found on it a letter from Farragut, who had been returned to duty in Norfolk, Virginia.

My dear Sir,

I have just been looking over all our former correspondence which brings to mind the many happy hours spent in a place where our sole dependence for comfort and amusement was on each other; and also the fraternal or paternal affection you have always shown for me; it has convinced me of my want of character (not of affection) in remaining so long silent to a man which a multiplicity of circumstances has convinced me of his being my second best friend on earth.

However from the knowledge I have of your character, I feel confident you will think as I do at present "That it is never too late to do good." I shall, therefore, congratulate you on your safe arrival in the U. S., to the welcome embrace of your relations and friends in Cambridge, where I have no doubt you will prove a comfort to the former and a worthy instructor to the latter; should [you] think proper to resume your former situation.

At present my prospects are very gloomy, it is my misfortune to be once more in a pleaguy country. The yellow fever broke out here the other day, but the reports vary so much that it is impossible to say how many have died, but I do not believe that more than 20 persons have died since its appearance.

I am more of a philosopher than when I left you. Neither the troubles of this or the other world affect me much; to be sure I am not as good as I wish to appear before my maker. But still I believe my acquaintances will allow my character to stand for above mediocrity. I flatter myself that I still retain those good principles I embibed under your tuition.

I live on board the Frigate Guerière about a mile from town, which owing to my studies I do not visit oftener than once a month. But must not think by my style of writing that I have become a misanthrope; no, still retain my former vivacity, but have learned myself too well to let everyone know my feelings at all times. I have a little more stability of character, find my most pleasant moments spent with my

messmates, and have a little turn for reading, although my time is most precious to me as my whole time should be devoted to my professional studies.

For the future my correspondence shall be more regular, and should you think proper to recommend any particular work to my attention, nothing will give me more pleasure than a ready complaisance. Remember me to all my old friends on board.

I remain your affectionate young friend,

D. G. Farragut.

Mr. Folsom returned to Harvard as Instructor in Italian and Latin and for three years served as Librarian of Harvard University.

In 1824 he married Susanne Sarah McKean, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Joseph McKean. As the McKeans were well known at that time in Cambridge, I will give some particulars of her family. Her grandfather, William McKean, came to Boston from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1763. He is said to have been imprisoned as a Tory. He removed to Ipswich, Massachusetts, on account of the Revolutionary War, which occasioned a general interruption of business. In Ipswich he married Sarah Manning, the daughter of Dr. Joseph Manning. It appears from the records of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Free Masons, organized by Gen. Joseph Warren, that William McKean and Thomas Dodge were permitted to hold a lodge at Ipswich, and on September 3, 1770, Mr. McKean presided as Master of Unity Lodge of Ipswich. Also at one time he was High Priest of St. Andrews Royal Arch Chapter. His dinner set, bearing his name in the center of each piece, has around the outside the letters I–M–T–I–M, which are thought to have some Masonic significance.[1]

He returned to Boston in 1783, and as a merchant of tobacco and by other mercantile business he acquired considerable property. He had a house with a garden on Fish Street (now North Street) with a tobacco warehouse and wharf on the opposite side of the street. Here he lived until his death in 1820. He was a

[1] After the meeting Dean Pound interpreted the letters as meaning "Imperial Master; Thrice Imperial Master."

member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association.

His son Joseph, born in Ipswich in 1776, was remarkable for his activity and vivacity. He prepared for college at Andover Academy, and entered Harvard at fourteen. As an undergraduate he is said to have jumped from a window in Hollis Hall to one in Stoughton to escape a proctor, and this was known for years as McKean's Leap. He founded the Porcellian Club, and was the first President, and in his honor the club later erected the McKean Gate in the fence around Harvard Yard. In 1794 he graduated with high rank in mathematics and the Classics, and studied for the ministry under the Rev. Dr. Joseph Dana and the Rev. John Eliot with whom he had an uninterrupted friendship. After his ordination in 1794, he was called to the Congregational Church in Milton. Mr. James Murray Robbins [2] said he had a fine command of language and natural eloquence, and was much esteemed as a preacher.

In the Milton church the Rev. Dr. Joseph McKean was preceded by the Rev. Nathaniel Robbins, whose granddaughter Sarah Lydia Robbins married my other great-grandfather Judge Samuel Howe in 1813. I received the legacy of a set of china from my great-aunt Sara Howe because it had been used to entertain Dr. McKean at supper, and I was the only descendant then of both Judge Howe and Dr. McKean.

A growing reputation abroad and an increasing attachment in his parish marked the early years of Dr. McKean's ministry and great hopes were entertained that a long and useful career was in reserve for him. In 1800 he married Amy Swasey, daughter of Major Joseph Swasey of Ipswich, renowned for his bravery at Bunker Hill. The town of Milton erected a house for Dr. McKean upon the church lands. Suddenly he was struck by a serious illness, and in 1804 he felt obliged to resign from the church. At this time his parishioners presented him with a Paul Revere pitcher.

After several years of rest and travel in the South, he accepted a seat in the legislature of the Commonwealth, and was invited to

[2] Mr. James Murray Robbins, in an address to the inhabitants of the Town of Milton at its 200 Anniversary, June 11, 1862.

the Hollis Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Harvard, but this he felt obliged to refuse. Two years later he was elected to succeed the Hon. John Quincy Adams as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, and this position he held until his death in 1818. During these years he frequently preached at the First Church in Boston and at other places. In 1814 he received the degree of LL.D., at the College of New Jersey, and in 1817 the degree of S.T.D., at Alleghany.

He and his family occupied the house on Garden Street, Cambridge, now known as the Fay House, Radcliffe College, and there they entertained many distinguished guests. Across the Common stood the house of the Rev. Abiel Holmes. The young Holmes boys, Oliver Wendell and John, probably came across to play with the McKean children, three boys and three girls. Dr. Holmes, when telling his reminiscences of Fay House, said to me that he well remembered going there to see the "beautiful Miss McKeans."

The McKean boys all graduated from Harvard, and the second son, Henry Swasey McKean, became a teacher at Harvard, and then as a civil engineer he was engaged in bringing the Cochituate water to Boston, and in building a bridge across the Charles River and an embankment over which the aqueduct was carried. He had many friends in Cambridge. One of them, George Stillman Hillard, said of him:

> His personal appearance was striking; he was a tall man thin and angular in figure; his hair black and straight; his complexion dark, his face narrow in proportion to its length. As he moved about the streets with the air of one whose thoughts are not with his eyes, he often reminded us of the portraits and statues of Dante. He was a man of excellent capacity and had many intellectual pleasures and took ever fresh delight in literature, books and reading. He was a man of strong affection, and as is not infrequently the case with men of melancholy temperament, he had a vein of peculiar humor, and a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a hearty appreciation of everything that was laughter moving.

Henry McKean died in 1857. In his short life of 47 years he gained the reputation of being a witty conversationalist in Cam-

bridge circles. One of his friends was Charles Folsom, who married his sister Sarah. It was after her marriage that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes presented her with a copy of his poem "The Last Leaf," with a note of thanks for a suggestion she had made about a rhyme.

(I can remember Mr. John Holmes coming to call on my grandmother on New Year's Day, with a bottle of wine under each arm for her, and a gold dollar for each grand-daughter, for which he was too shy to receive thanks.)

Mr. Folsom at the time of his marriage and for some years after was in charge of the University Press, and his duty was proof reading. Many authors were grateful for the accurate aid he rendered, and William H. Prescott, in the preface to his *Conquest of Peru*, says: "I must not omit to mention my obligation to my friend Charles Folsom, Esq., whose minute acquaintance with the grammatical structure and true idiom of our English language has enabled me to correct many inaccuracies into which I had fallen in the composition of both this and my former works."

Dr. John Gorham Palfrey, in the preface to his *History of New England*, says: "It only remains for me to avow my obligations to my almost life long friend, Mr. Charles Folsom, for the very important favor of a careful revisal of the sheets of this volume as they have passed through the press. At every step his critical sagacity and practiced judgement have stood me in good stead."

About his work at the University Press Dr. Palfrey further said:

> In respect to the literary character of whatever was to bear the imprint of this house, Mr. Folsom was too punctilious for his own pecuniary advantage. While he was only engaged and paid for typographical correction, he would be using his valuable time without stint in making up the author's deficiencies and correcting his mistakes. He would receive, for instance, the clumsily prepared copy of an edition of a minor classic to be put into type. He would see at once that the text was ignorantly chosen, and he would substitute the results of the latest criticism; that the notes were all wrong, and he would make them over; and in the upshot a book would appear, attracting a reputation for scholarship to a name on the

> title page, to which in only an imperfect sense it belonged. Mr. Folsom delighted in this sort of miscellaneous study, so profitable to his employers, so little lucrative to himself.

Apropos of this Professor Peabody said: "Mr. Folsom's only error was an excess of thoroughness. He would consult scores of authorities on the use of a particle; and there was a current myth, not without verisimilitude, that he at one time kept the press idle for several days, because he could not satisfy himself whether a comma should be retained, or a semi-colon substituted."

For some years Mr. Folsom printed the *North American Review*. His recorded comments were acute and brilliant. He was joint editor with Mr. William Cullen Bryant of the *United States Literary Gazette*, and 1833–4 was associated with Professor Andrews Norton in conducting the *Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature*.

In the old Burying Ground opposite Harvard College are the graves of three Presidents: Dunster, Willard, and Webber. The Latin inscriptions for their tomb-stones were written by Charles Folsom, at the request of the Corporation.

He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The President of the latter, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, wrote of him:

> Few more accurate and learned linguists and classical scholars have lived in our day and land, and certainly there has been no one more ready and eager to devote all the ripe fruit of his careful and critical studies to the service of his friends, in utter disregard of his own fame. He edited and published several volumes of the Latin classics, the Select Orations of Cicero and the Select Books of Livy, and many others. He was a modest and retiring person, distrustful of himself almost to a fault, and seemed hardly conscious of his own rich and rare accomplishments.

In 1846 he became librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, and this congenial position he held for eleven years. Dr. Palfrey said of this:

> To him a great library was a sort of natural home, the shelves of books were so many familiar friends. One promi-

nent qualification for such a place he possessed in an extraordinary degree. He knew what and where were the treasures of which he had the custody, and precisely how to bring them into use. The inquirer had only to mention the subject of his curiosity, and immediately the best books upon it were spread before his eyes. The librarian could tell promptly where lay the results of all his study old and new, on all subjects, and not only was his courtesy patient and unfailing, but his sympathetic zeal in helping the labors of a student was as earnest as if the investigation was his own.

In 1855 Mr. Folsom built a house at 19 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, and in this pleasant neighborhood his family grew up. All of us who know Miss Alice Allyn's "History of Berkeley Street" will realize what interesting people have lived there, with Allyns at one end and at the other end the Vaughans, Abbots, and Everetts with their taste for music and theatricals.

Mrs. Folsom was a woman of great balance and resource, who was called upon when anyone was sick or in trouble. She was interested in the Female Humane Society, which took the place of our visiting nurse. Her sister, Elizabeth McKean, had married Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, and they lived for some time with Mrs. Craigie on Brattle Street, where the young poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow also roomed.

I want here to express my thanks to Mr. Henry W. L. Dana for the great help he has given me by lending me his own notes on the friendship between his grandfather Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and mine, with his permission to use any of it I needed. I learned from it that they met some five years before Mr. Longfellow came to live in Cambridge, when he was Professor at Bowdoin College and came with his young wife to Cambridge to confer with Mr. Folsom about some text books of modern languages which he was publishing at the University Press. Mr. and Mrs. Folsom entertained the Longfellows in their Cambridge home and introduced them to interesting people like Professor Willard and Professor Felton.

From Bowdoin Mr. Longfellow wrote Mr. Folsom many letters of questions, and Mr. Folsom took endless pains in looking up

the answers, consulting libraries and scholars of foreign languages and literature, and sending innumerable books to him in Maine.

Mr. Folsom was then Secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and was a member of the Committee to choose an orator and a poet for the following year. He knew that Longfellow had read a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Bowdoin, and used his influence to have him invited as poet for the next year at Harvard. The records show that on August 29, 1833 the Society listened to an eloquent oration by Brother Edward Everett and a highly finished poem by Brother H. W. Longfellow.

The poem was never published in full, but is referred to in some verses written by Mrs. Charles Folsom, "The Lament of the Weathercock," when the old Meeting House was taken down:

And my old friend the Phi Beta! I can scarce restrain my tears
For the music of thy last sweet song is ringing in my ears.

When Mr. Folsom started the *Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature*, he asked Longfellow to write an article for the first number, and introduced it with a very complimentary Prefatory Note.

When Longfellow was preparing *Evangeline* for the press in 1847, he recorded in his journal: "Proof sheets of Evangeline *all tattooed* with Folsom's marks. How severe he is! But so much the better."

Mr. Dana says, "Longfellow never failed to appreciate the severity and accuracy of Mr. Folsom's criticism, and indeed no poet ever had so cruel and so kind a critic. It was this passion for working out the details to the last comma, that made these editions approach the perfection of the Aldine Editions of Renaissance Venice and that won for Charles Folsom the title of being 'The Cambridge Aldus.' "

Mr. Dana says: "Mr. Longfellow always appreciated the learned lexicographer Worcester, and the learned librarian Folsom, who had married the two learned daughters of the learned Professor McKean."

Longfellow came to Harvard as Smith Professor of Belles

Lettres in 1836, and Mr. Folsom got him immediately to join a little club of friends. When he moved to Craigie House, Folsom was constantly welcome there. A few years later, when Longfellow married, he occupied the east half of the house and the Worcesters the west half, and a pleasant friendship grew up between the families.

Charles Folsom, Charles Sumner, and Charles Amory were for Mr. Longfellow "The Three Charles" whose names were linked for him with the "River Charles."

> . . . thy name reminds me
> Of three friends, all true and tried,
> And that name, like magic binds me
> Closer, closer to thy side.

When Mr. Longfellow bought Craigie House, Mr. Worcester built a large house next door on Brattle Street, where Mr. Stoughton Bell now lives. In the early days there was a small pond beside the house, and the pond was fed by Craigie Brook, which flowed across Berkeley Street and was inclined to flood the cellars in the spring time. To guard against this Mr. Folsom's house was banked up on a hill.

On the opposite side of the street stood the Newell house, and next to that the open pastures extended through to Brattle Street; and here Miss Allyn said she often saw the sisters, Mrs. Folsom and Mrs. Worcester, walking in a stately manner 'cross lots' to visit each other. She also remembered Mr. Folsom stopping to speak to her as she played in the brook with other children, saying, "The French for water is *l'eau; l'eau.*" They all knew he was very learned.

Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody, writing of Mr. Folsom at this time, said: "These years were a period of literary leisure and enjoyment among Cambridge friends who were enriched and instructed by his conversation, and whom he was always ready and happy to aid in their researches, and to serve by his unerring and kindly criticism."

Another dear friend of the Folsom's was Dr. Thaddeus William

Harris, the Librarian of Harvard College, a noted entymologist. His daughter Elizabeth, now living on Sparks Street, Cambridge, says that she remembers going to walk with her father and Mr. Folsom in the Harvard Yard on a Sunday afternoon when Mr. Folsom stopped to pick some yellow moneywort flowers and weave them into a wreath for her little bonnet.

Mr. Folsom was one of the charter members of the Cambridge Book Club among such friends as John F. Ashmun, C. C. Felton, Mrs. Sarah L. Howe, Benjamin Peirce, Susan Channing, Francis J. Higginson, S. W. Story, Stephen Higginson, E. Channing, William Newell, E. L. Cushing, H. Ware, Jr., J. G. Palfrey, H. Ware, Dr. Charles Beck, James Hayward, Mrs. Parks, Andrews Norton, and Henry S. McKean.

Mr. and Mrs. Folsom made visits to Exeter, New Hampshire, and to the Isles of the Shoals, to stay with Mrs. Celia Thaxter. She and Mrs. Folsom were very fond of each other, and sent each other notes and poems when they could not meet.

In 1865 Farragut, now Rear Admiral, came to Cambridge to see his old teacher, and sent him a silver vase engraved with pictures of ships that he himself designed, with the inscription — "C. Folsom from his old friend and pupil, D. G. Farragut, Rear Admiral."

The following note accompanied the vase:

Brooklyn Navy Yard

My dear friend,

I sent you by express a token of my respect and affection, which I beg you to accept as such; it will I hope be a pleasant remembrance of our early association as it sets forth two great epochs of our connection as well as my poor brain could suggest and the skill of an artist could execute (from such rough sketches as I could make) to indicate the desire of my heart, which is to recall to your mind the beginning and end of our association; and although an artist does not think a picture should require its name to be written over it, still I fear in many instances as in this, the lack of genius in my sketches makes an explanation necessary. I have endeavored to portray our landing at Tunis, in the U. S. ship Erie, you as U. S. Consul, receiving the salute due your rank. You are accompanied in the boat by Midshipman Farragut, your

humble servant. On the right can be seen Lidi Boussaid and the ruins of Carthage. In the sequel the old Hartford lying at anchor, bearing the flag of the Vice Admiral.

I surmounted the inscription to yourself with the crest which your research and devoted friendship exhumed from Spanish history as belonging to the name of Farragut.

Mrs. Farragut joins me most heartily in the kindest rememberances to Mrs. Folsom and your daughter.

Believe me dear sir to be now as ever —

Your sincere friend

D. G. Farragut.

My grandfather died in 1872, before I was born, so I have had to depend on what other people have written about him. The Boston *Traveller* said, "Charles Folsom was a solid scholar and a sound critic; one of the most learned men of the 19th Century." His friend Dr. John Gorham Palfrey wrote:

In Exeter Academy I contracted a friendship with him which was never interrupted. He was already singularly like what his friends of later time have known him, with the same perfect sweetness of temper, the same sunny cheerfulness, the same thirst for knowledge, and especially that delight in the amenities and curiosities and (if I may so say) oddities of learning, which coming out in conversations as freely as it did, might have exposed him to be thought pedantic, had it not been evident that he had not a particle of self conceit, but on the contrary was as diffident of himself as he was remarkably knowing and accomplished for his years.

Even more than he loved his books, he loved to close them to do a favor for a friend. It was not possible for him to be envious or jealous, to hold resentment, scarcely to take offence. He had the invariable generous confidence in others which springs from the consciousness of wishing well to all. With quick sensibility he drew pleasure from all forms of beauty in nature and art, and took a happy interest in the simplest things. The public cares which sooner or later molested most of us, never disturbed his placid studies and contemplation; though he took his side on public questions with deliberation and manliness, and had a reason to give for the political faith that was in him. He did not live so long a life without the experience of trouble, but except under the present pressure of sorrow, he carried with him the buoyancy and gayety which

> are commonly only spring flowers; and under that pressure he was steadily self-collected and serene, as one who has a sustaining faith and hope not to be shaken by earthly changes.

Consulting Mr. Dana's notes again I find this beautiful tribute to my grandfather. In Mr. Longfellow's Journal of October 13, 1867 this entry appears: "Had good Mr. Folsom to dine with us. He grows old; it is like a summer sunset."

A year or two later Mr. Folsom was seized with paralysis but lingered on until November 8, 1872 when he quietly passed away. Mr. Longfellow wrote in his Journal for that day: "See in the paper the death of Chs. Folsom, my old friend who has been so long suffering." Two days later comes this entry: "A soft Indian-summer day; went to the funeral of my old friend Charles Folsom. in the chapel of Mount Auburn." In a letter written a day or two later he makes a similar mention of Charles Folsom's funeral and adds, "All peaceful at last."

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

An Inquiry by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot

June 13, 1939

Following the pattern of a popular broadcasting hour, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot conducted an "Information, Please!" session. The President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Judge Walcott; the President of the Lexington Historical Society, Mr. W. Roger Greeley; Mr. Walter B. Briggs; and Miss Lois L. Howe, were named as the "jury of experts." Dr. Eliot said:

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE used to say that the coat of arms of this generation might well be "a question mark rampant over three Bishops dormant." Certainly the question mark is a major weapon in every profession. The lawyers cross-examine us. The priests catechize us. The doctors inquire about the condition of our various organs. The psychoanalysts want to know what we dreamed about last night. My mail is heavy with questionnaires, and the telephone buzzes with whats and whys. In the schoolroom the gentle craft of questioning has displaced the memorized lesson or the lecture; and do not the examination papers bristle with the little barbed hook of the question mark?

The ingenious question is a great help to the politician. You remember that when Daniel Webster was at a loss to identify a zealous supporter, he would find a clue — and a grateful and copious response — by asking, "My dear friend, how is the old complaint?"

You can use an adroit question to suggest a compliment. "Do your eyes bother you?" asks the young man of his dancing partner. "No!" says the indignant damsel, "why do you ask that?" "Because they bother me," is the apt reply.

Even our commonest forms of speech are queries. Do I not read on the subway advertising cards that our customary form of

greeting is "How do you do?" while a German asks, "How do you find yourself?" a Frenchman, "How do you carry yourself?" and an Egyptian, "How do you perspire?"

I shall proceed, then, to ask these four distinguished and learned historical scholars about some facts of Cambridge history. I shall explore their ample stores of information as the dentist explores my teeth, and trust that I shall not find as many cavities as he does. My questions will be elementary and suited to the primary grade; they must be at that level, for I can hardly venture to propound queries to which I do not myself know the answers — and my knowledge is very limited. If these experts are, perchance, stumped, any member of this friendly gathering may suggest a correct answer. This is an unrehearsed and entirely spontaneous programme, genuinely informal. There is nothing tricky or catchy or pedantic about these questions. We shall have no scoring and no forfeits. I'm just wondering out loud. In good New England phrase, "I want to know." I'm seeking information

By asking just a thing or two
About the good old times I knew,
Here's what I want to know.

THE QUESTIONS

The answers will be found on page 117

1. What well-known Cambridge people were the subjects of these verses, and by whom were they written?

   (a) The waiter roared it through the hall
   We don't give bread with one fishball.

   (b) New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew
   Her soil, her speech, her people through and through,
   And loved them ever with a love that holds
   All sweet fond memories in its fragrant folds.

   (c) She always keeps asking if I don't observe a
   Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva.

   (d) His are the mind and heart that rest in doing.
   His are the sword and shield that know not rust.
   Through four score years and ten the foe pursuing,
   Champion of freedom, passionately just!

2. Name three especially characteristic and famous products of Cambridge contemporary industry.

3. (a) Where was "Captain's Island"?
   (b) What was "The Great Bridge"?
   (c) Locate the route of the original "highway from Charlestown to Watertown."

4. Where stood (a) the first meeting house in Cambridge, (b) the first college building or "Old College", (c) the Whitefield Elm, (d) the Phips-Winthrop house?

5. Where did the following well-known citizens of Cambridge live: (a) Elbridge Gerry, (b) Joseph E. Worcester, (c) Henry James, Sr., (d) John Holmes, (e) William E. Russell, (f) Jared Sparks, (g) John Bartlett?

6. When the West Boston Bridge was built in 1793, what houses or buildings were standing along the road from the bridge to Dana Street?

7. Name four Soldiers' Memorials in Cambridge.

8. For what are the following citizens of Cambridge to be remembered: (a) Stephen Daye, (b) Francis Dana, (c) Nathaniel J. Wyeth, (d) Alvan Clark, (e) Washington Allston?

9. What are the origin and significance of the names of Magazine Street, Arsenal Square, Reservoir Street, Linnaean Street?

10. What were the names of the College celebrities familiarly known as (a) Stubby, (b) Old Pop, (c) Fanny, (d) Billy the Postman, (e) I am not aware?

11. What Cambridge poet wrote, and for what occasion, the poem containing the following verses?

> And who was on the Catalogue
> When College was begun?
> Two nephews of the President
> And the Professor's son.
> Lord! how the seniors knocked about
> The Freshman class of one.

12. Name the buildings that have stood on the sites now occupied by (a) Lehman Hall, (b) the Littauer Building, (c) the Harvard Co-operative Society.

13. To whom did William James refer when he spoke of the "Venus de Medicine"?

14. For whom and by whom was the Charles River named?

15. What is meant by the direction on the old milestone at the corner of Garden Street and Massachusetts Avenue, which reads "8 Miles to Boston"?

16. Name at least ten Cambridge streets named for (a) Presidents of the College; at least three streets named for (b) ministers of the First Church; at least six streets named for (c) signers of the Declaration of Independence or for officers in the Revolutionary army; at least ten streets named for (d) distinguished professors.

17. Of the following ten American authors what five had a *domicile* — not just a residence while in College — in Cambridge: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edgar Allan Poe, Richard H. Dana, John G. Whittier, Anne Bradstreet, John Fiske, Edward Everett Hale, John Eliot, Frederick H. Hedge, William Dean Howells?

18. What have the following names in common: Ramsays, Hubbards, Bartletts?

19. What special association had these well-known Cambridge citizens: Alexander Agassiz, William A. Bancroft, Charles W. Eliot?

20. Who were the architects of (a) University Hall, (b) Memorial Hall, (c) the Soldiers Monument, (d) Christ Church, (e) Austin and Sever Halls?

21. Name (a) the seven houses of "Tory Row," and (b) at least four other buildings — not College dormitories — built before the Revolution and still standing in Cambridge.

22. What distinguished Cambridge couple were married in King's Chapel on April 25, 1850? "Lizzie," it was written of the bride, "looked lovely in green silk, white camel's hair shawl, straw bonnet trimmed with white and feathers on each side."

23. And finally some queries from the real "Information, Please!" to which I shall venture to give the answers without waiting for your response.

What apt and informal remark *might* have been made, at certain crises, by each of the following:

Sir Walter Raleigh — "Step on it, Lizzie!"
Samson — "I brought down the house."
Jonah — "You can't keep a good man down."

Or what might Mrs. Tudor [the hostess] say now — "Come into the garden, Maud."

ANSWERS

1. (a) From a ballad written by Prof. George M. Lane about an alleged experience of Prof. Joseph Lovering's.
   (b) From Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem "To James Russell Lowell."
   (c) From Lowell's "Fable for Critics," referring to Margaret Fuller.
   (d) From LeBaron R. Briggs's ode to Charles W. Eliot on his ninetieth birthday.

2. Books, soap, and candy. [Others named crackers, ink, paper boxes, flowers pots, reversible collars].

3. (a) A hillock in the marsh at the foot of Magazine Street, originally granted to Captain Daniel Patrick. It is where the bathhouse now stands.
   (b) The first wooden bridge across the Charles, built in 1662, where the Anderson Bridge now is.

(c) Along the general line of Kirkland Street, across the Common, and then by Mason Street, Brattle Street, Elmwood Avenue, and Mt. Auburn Street.

4. (a) On the southwest corner of what are now Dunster and Mt. Auburn Streets.
   (b) In the College Yard, a little north of where Gray's Hall stands.
   (c) On the west side of Garden Street, near the corner of Phillips Place.
   (d) At Arrow and Bow Streets, where St. Paul's church now stands.

5. (a) On the "Elmwood" estate.
   (b) At 121 Brattle Street, the house now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton Bell.
   (c) In a house on Quincy Street, where the Faculty Club now is.
   (d) At 5 Appian Way.
   (e) In the house he built at the corner of Brattle and Channing Streets.
   (f) At the corner of Quincy and Kirkland Streets, the house now occupied by the New Church Theological School.
   (g) In the house at 165 Brattle Street.

6. Only the Dana house on Dana Hill and the Inman house, where the City Hall now stands. Holmes mentions two "other buildings"; but I cannot locate them.

7. The monument in the Old Burying Ground to the Cambridge Minutemen who were killed in the fighting of April 19, 1775; the Soldiers Monument on the Common; Memorial Hall; and the Memorial Church in the College Yard.

8. (a) Stephen Daye was the first printer and established the press in Cambridge in 1639.

(b) Francis Dana, who died in 1811, was an outstanding citizen of Cambridge, member of the Continental Congress, U. S. Minister to Russia, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

(c) Nathaniel J. Wyeth was the leader in 1832 of the famous exploring and trading expedition to the Northwest Coast; a pioneer of the "Oregon Trail."

(d) Alvan Clark was man of science and an astronomer who made, at his place near the foot of Brookline Street, the lenses for the great telescopes for American observatories.

(e) Washington Allston was the most popular and admired painter in New England in the first half of the nineteenth century. His studio was on Auburn Street.

9. (a) From the State powder magazine, which was established on "Captain's Island" in 1818.

(b) From the State arsenal, which long occupied the site of the Continental Hotel and adjoining buildings.

(c) From the city reservoir which stood until recent years at the corner of Reservoir and Highland Streets, where the Sortwell residence now stands.

(d) From the great botanist Linnaeus, and because the street borders the Botanic Garden.

10. (a) Professor Francis James Child

(b) Professor John Snelling Popkin

(c) Professor Francis Bowen

(d) Theodore Prentiss

(e) Professor Henry Ware, of whom Lowell wrote "See mild, benignant, cautious, learned Ware."

11. From Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem for the 200th anniversary of Harvard College, 1836.

12. (a) The Watch house hill signal pole and possibly a small block house; the second Meeting House, 1652; the third

Meeting House, 1706; the fourth Meeting House, 1756; Dane Hall (the Law School), 1834.

(b) First the Ox Pasture or Cow Common; then, at the rear, the site of the famous old "Holmes House," which was the headquarters of General Ward at the siege of Boston, the parsonage of Dr. Abiel Holmes, and the birthplace of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; and on the front of the lot the site of the Baptist Church, a building which was moved in 1867 up Massachusetts Avenue and is now occupied by the North Cambridge Congregational Church; and then (1878) by the Hemenway Gymnasium.

(c) At first the Town Creek oozed through the lot; then a simple Court House, also used as a Town House, was built there. A later Court House was occupied from 1757 to 1816 and as a Town House until 1832. Lyceum Hall followed, and then the Coop.

13. To Mrs. Lydia Pinkham.

14. When Capt. John Smith made his map of New England in 1614, he depicted the stream flowing into the head of Massachusetts Bay as the largest river in the whole territory. He submitted the map to Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles the First, and asked him to affix names to the capes, bays, rivers, etc. Prince Charles gave his own name to what he supposed to be the chief river of New England.

15. The route to Boston in 1734, when the milestone was set up, was over the Great Bridge, through Muddy River village (Brookline) and Roxbury, and over the neck to Boston. The distance was shortened to three miles when the West Boston Bridge was built in 1793.

16. (a) Dunster, Chauncey, Holyoke, Willard, Langdon, Kirkland, Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Felton, and Walker.

(b) Shepherd, Hilliard, and Appleton.

(c) Hancock, Ellery, Gerry, Washington, Prescott, Putnam.

(d) Agassiz, Bond, Channing, Follen, Francis, Frisbie, Gurney, Gray, Peabody, Ware.

17. Dana, Bradstreet, Fiske, Hedge, and Howells.

18. The three apothecary shops in Harvard Square in the last quarter of the 19th century.

19. They rowed on Harvard University crews.

20. (a) Charles Bulfinch

(b) Ware and Van Brunt

(c) Cyrus and Darius Cobb

(d) Peter Harrison

(e) H. H. Richardson

21. (a) The houses best known by the names of the Brattle house, the Vassall house, the Craigie house, the Riedesel house, the Lee-Nichols house, the Fayerweather house, and Elmwood.

(b) The Austin-Cooper house on Linnaean Street, Wadsworth House in the College Yard, the Apthorp House (Bishop's Palace), and Christ Church.

22. Louis Agassiz and Elizabeth Cary, a marriage that meant much in Cambridge history.

DR. ESTES HOWE: A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIDGE

By Lois Lilley Howe

Read October 31, 1939

MY FATHER, Estes Howe, was not born a citizen of Cambridge but was born in Worthington, Massachusetts. His father, Samuel Howe, died at the age of forty-two, and his mother wrote a life of her husband for the benefit of his children. My facts about the early history of the family are drawn from this biography.

My father was named for his grandfather, Dr. Estes Howe of Belchertown, Massachusetts. The latter had been a drummer boy in the French and Indian War, studied medicine under a local doctor, and served as a surgeon during the Revolution in the army of General Horatio Gates. He was offered the Order of the Cincinnati after the Revolution but declined on the ground that General Washington had said it might develop an aristocracy. In his last illness, Lafayette, who was travelling through the country, heard that there was a soldier of the Revolution dying at Belchertown and came to see him. His wife, Susanna Dwight, died when her sixth child, Samuel Howe, my grandfather, was three months old.

Dr. Howe gave his three sons good educations. Samuel graduated at Williams College, then read law in Stockbridge, and at last went to Litchfield, Connecticut, the first law school in the country. There he met and became engaged to Susan Tracy, whose father, Uriah Tracy, was the first Senator from Connecticut. They were married in 1807, and in 1808 he began the practice of law in Worthington.

Nothing could show more clearly the difference between the first quarter of the nineteenth century and the present day than that a sensible man should consider the possibility of starting to earn his living as a lawyer in so small and remote a town as Worthington. Yet he has left a memorandum of his earnings in

the first nine months of his practice, to the effect that they had amounted to eight hundred and eight dollars and ninety-two cents. This encouraged him to go on.

Susan Tracy Howe's first child, Susan Tracy Dwight Howe, was born in July 1808. Her second child, Uriah Tracy, was born June 25, 1811. She survived his birth but a few hours.

Worthington was on the Boston Post Road, about twenty miles from Northampton where lived Samuel's second cousin, Judge Joseph Lyman. Much older than he and the father of a family of children in their "teens," he had recently married as his second wife Anne Jean Robbins, the brilliant and entertaining daughter of Edward Hutchinson Robbins of Milton, Lieutenant Governor of the State. This couple were very kind to the lonely young widower — he was but twenty-six years old — and had him constantly at their house. There he met Mrs. Lyman's sister, Sarah Lydia Robbins, a very interesting and intellectual woman, and they were married on the eleventh of October, 1813. He brought her home to Worthington, where they lived for a number of years, and there on July 13, 1814 their first child, my father, Estes Howe, was born. Then came Mary Eleanor, born June 1817, and James Murray, named for his mother's brother, in 1819.

One of their nearest neighbors was the family physician, Dr. Bryant, twenty miles away in Cummington. His son, William Cullen Bryant, read law with Samuel Howe and poetry to his wife. He is said to have read "Thanatopsis" to her when he had just written it, and of course she burst into tears — the proper thing for a young female of that time to do. In 1820 Dr. Bryant died, the only doctor in the neighborhood, and this at last made it seem best for the Howes to move to some place nearer civilization.

At this juncture, Mr. E. H. Mills, a lawyer in Northampton, who had just been elected to the United States Senate, proposed to Samuel Howe that they should go into partnership. So to Northampton the Howes went for their new home.

In 1821 Samuel Howe was made Judge of the Court of Com-

mon Pleas. He told his wife that he could undoubtedly make more money out of a practice than out of the salary of $1800 which he received but that he had so much worry collecting bills that a salary would be a great relief. Some things have not changed in these hundred years even if $1800 does not seem to us a magnificent salary. Judge Howe, however, had always taken pupils, and now he established a Law School, which added to his income.

Tracy and Estes were sent to the Round Hill School in Northampton. This school was destined to be very distinguished both from its teachers and from the scholars who later became well known in many ways. It proved, however, to be a great disappointment to the Howes. Neither of the boys was happy there, and Estes so very unhappy that they took him away.

In 1825, the Howes built a house in Northampton which was a delight to them both and remained in my grandmother's mind as the most beautiful house in the world with its Greek revival portico. In this new house they had a tutor, Charles P. Huntington. Estes, however, fell into a bad state of health and in September 1826 when the rest of the family went to Milton, he was sent to Castine, Maine, with an aunt and uncle for a visit. His mother writes, "Estes returned well. His grandfather Robbins was charmed with him, said he knew more about the State of Maine than most men would have learned in that time."

This is very characteristic of his eager and inquiring mind and retentive memory. Born a country boy, he loved everything in nature. He thought people very ignorant who did not know trees by their bark in the winter as well as by their leaves. I have his herbarium. I never heard him say anything about birds but he probably knew a great deal about them.

In 1828 his Aunt Eliza Robbins writes to her friend, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the authoress, that "she has seen Estes and shall see him again often" and that he is "as sweet a fellow as ever lived."

In 1827, he was sent to Andover to be fitted for college by Mr. Putnam. In the fall of that year, Judge Howe was far from well; he had developed some serious throat trouble, beyond the help of

the best of physicians at that time. He kept on with his work until he was so ill when in Court in Worcester that his brother-in-law, Dr. Edward Robbins, drove up and brought him down to his house (we know it as the Ticknor House) on Park Street, in Boston. Here he died on the nineteenth of January, 1828. Although but forty-two years old, he was considered a very remarkable lawyer and had written a book, "Howe's Practice."

My grandmother was naturally very much straitened. She had a baby only two years old, Sara Robbins Howe, and the other five children to bring up. Eventually she sold the house in Northampton and came down to Cambridge to take boarders for the sake of educating the children. At first she lived on Dunster Street. Then she bought the house now owned by Dr. Preble on Appian Way. In 1832 she built Number 2 Garden Street, next but one to the church, and there she lived for the rest of her life, renting the Appian Way house and the house on the corner which she built later.

Number 2 Garden Street was and is a pleasant house. It has a circular staircase from top to bottom. One of her old friends came to see the new house and his only comment was, "Very awkward staircase to get a coffin down, Mrs. Howe." Dr. and Mrs. Norris live there now. They took out the cooking stove from the kitchen and found behind it a fireplace with a crane and a brick oven. Even in 1832 that was the way cooking was done.

My grandmother was a practical woman and I have always wondered why she planned such a small and inadequate dining room in a house which was built to take boarders in. But I have been told that the conversation around her table was on a very high plane and she had many desirable boarders. One was Charles Sumner, who became a life-long friend of my father. Another was Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet. She rented one of her parlors to Mrs. Phineas Spelman of Boston, who came with her daughter, Harriet, to stay in Cambridge while her son Israel Munson was in College.

Estes came to Harvard College in 1828, when he was fourteen years old, and graduated in the Class of 1832. His room was in

Stoughton Hall where he could look across and see the new house a-building. There was no fence around the Common then, and there was a stone wall around the graveyard. The present meeting house of the First Church Unitarian was not built until 1833. In the small college class of seventy-two boys Estes Howe sat for four years next to John Holmes and formed a life-long friendship with the younger brother of the distinguished Oliver Wendell Holmes. From College, he went to the Medical School where he studied under Dr. James Jackson, taking his degree of M.D. in 1835.

Meanwhile he had become engaged to Harriet Maria Spelman, though we have no record of the date, and he started to the West to carve out his career. The West was located in Ohio then, and he first went to Cincinnati where his brother Tracy was practising law. Soon they both went up the river to a little town called Pomeroy which has been described as nine miles long and half a yard wide, between the river and high cliffs. At some time in his travels he was on a river steamboat with Andrew Jackson and he was always delighted to describe Jackson's watch guard, presumably made by an admirer, of black beads bearing in white letters the inscription, Andrew Jackson, P. U. S. (President of the United States).

Tracy had given up the law and engaged in various businesses, sawmills and flour mills, etc. Estes was interested in all of them. His practice in that rough new country must have been as onerous as was his grandfather's in Massachusetts fifty years before. The roads were bad and I always imagine him going his rounds on horseback with his medicines in saddle bags; there were no drug stores then. I have his scales and weights, his microscope, and two pairs of his surgical scissors, which Dr. Edmund Stevens once told me are better than any modern scissors. I do remember seeing once a horrible thing between a key and a corkscrew with which teeth were pulled out, but this has disappeared.

In 1838 he came back to marry Harriet and take her out to Ohio by train, canal boat, and river boat. Primitive though life there may have been, there was a very agreeable group of young

married couples, among them Tracy and his wife, Sarah Templeman Coolidge, whom he had married in 1835, and their small son Tracy, Jr. They shared their house with Estes and Harriet until a new one could be built. This took so long that the first little daughter, Elizabeth Spelman Howe, came before the house was ready. Two years later came another daughter named for her grandmother, Sarah Lydia.

In August 1843, just five years after her marriage, Harriet Spelman Howe died of a fever. Estes' sister, Susan, Mrs. George Stillman Hillard, went out as soon as she heard of it and brought back the two little girls; and "The Children," as they were always called, divided their time between grandmother's house and Aunt Susan's in Boston. In July 1844, while they were staying with the latter, five-year-old Lizzie was naughty and was punished by being shut up in the hall bedroom on the third floor. She managed to throw open the blinds and fall out of the window. I never go over Pinckney Street without looking at Number 62, which must look just as it used to that day when a stranger found an apparently lifeless child on the granite front steps, rang the doorbell, and handed her in! She lived to see her grandchildren, but no one thought to see her live a day.

We have no record of the date when Estes Howe decided to come back to the East, but it seems as if this incident or accident must have influenced his decision. It must have been in the autumn of 1844 that he returned. He started to practice in Boston but soon came out to Cambridge, where he lived with his mother and sisters.

Always interested in politics, he came back to New England when the excitement about the abolition of slavery was just beginning. His mother was a keen abolitionist and he seems to have plunged at once into activity in this cause. Here he soon met James Russell Lowell fighting with tongue and pen for the slaves. Lowell had married Maria White of Watertown, and they were living at Elmwood. Maria's whole family, especially her brother William, who had been Lowell's classmate in college, were equally interested in the cause, and Estes Howe was taken up to Water-

town to meet the White family. Abijah White, Maria's father, whom Lowell speaks of as "the most perfect specimen of a bluff, honest, hospitable country squire you can possibly imagine," had died in September 1844. His widow continued to live with her unmarried daughters in the square red brick house still standing on Main Street in Watertown. There Estes met Maria's sister, Lois Lilly White, whom he married, December 28, 1848.

Of a certain cousin of hers, my mother once said, "She was what I call a steadfast person," and it has always seemed to me that that adjective described her own self. She was ten years younger than her husband. Their wedding journey on that cold winter's night was the drive from Watertown to the house on Mason Street, now an apartment house, numbered 11.

There was no church then at either end of the street. On the northwest corner was the Jennison House, with a low wall around it; near where the Rectory now stands, was the old Aaron Hill House. Across the street stood another old house and next it at the corner, in what is now Radcliffe's Fay House, lived Judge Fay, whose wife was Lois White's aunt and whose daughter, Maria, was an intimate cousin.

The two little daughters, Lizzie and Sally, "The Children" as they were still called, lived with them, of course, and in November 1849 Estes Howe's first son was born and named Samuel after his grandfather. He was a delicate child, but his sister Clara, who came two years later, was as rugged as a pine knot.

In 1849, Mrs. Abijah White died. The home in Watertown was broken up, the house sold, and the family scattered. Lois' sisters, Mary Greene White and Agnes Howard White, came to live with her and Estes. Mary was the nearest in age to Lois and was very intimate with her cousin Maria Fay. Agnes, a little younger, was the most sprightly and witty of the family. There must have been many gay doings in the Mason Street house, but it was probably not very convenient, and I know it was not well-heated. Were any houses at that time? Often in the winters the water was frozen in the pitchers in the morning, and after the second baby came it must have begun to be crowded.

At any rate they began while Clara was still a baby to consider moving. One of the houses they looked at was the Loring Austin house [1] in which we are meeting tonight, opposite the end of Elmwood Avenue. Maria Lowell writes from Italy that she is hoping they will decide on that as it is near Elmwood. But the house on the corner of Kirkland and Oxford Streets was nearer to Grandmother Howe and that was finally decided on. Maria Fay writes from England in 1852, "I suppose you are now living under the elms at ——. What are you going to call it?" Agnes Howard White married Arthur Lithgow Devens in July 1852. She probably was married in this house.

There was about an acre of land, apple trees at the far end, an old box parterre, pear trees and two large vegetable plots, and a group of pine trees which became "the playground" nearer the house. It never had any other name than Number One Oxford Street.

Across Oxford Street where the New Lecture Hall now stands was a fine old building of the Federal Period, three storeys high, with swell front bay windows on the first floor and a handsome hall and staircase. Here Miss Catherine Upham and her sister, Mrs. Wood, kept a well-known and comfortable boarding-house. On Kirkland Street, on the other side of One Oxford Street, stood and still stands the house built by Stephen Higginson, in which his son, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, had been born. It had been sold in 1836 to Charles C. Foster and there he lived with his daughters Catharine and Sarah, friends of the White sisters. To that house his daughter Susan, who married Francis Batchelder, came back in her widowhood with her children. Opposite all these three houses was "The Delta," then a large open piece of land.

There is no record of the date when Estes Howe gave up his practice. His profession had not been a satisfaction to him. It seems possible that if his father had lived he would have realized that his son had a legal mind, and would have dissuaded him from

[1] This was afterwards bought by Mr. John Lord Hayes, and has been known for many years as the Hayes house.

following his grandfather's profession. At any rate he did give it up, but he never lost his title; he was always known as "Dr. Howe." This retirement seems to coincide with the change of base. He is spoken of in the deeds concerning the house as "Estes Howe, a physician," but the records show that he became Treasurer of the Gas Light Company in 1852. Like his father with his judgeship, he probably felt the definite salary was the better choice.

It is from this date we may count him a Citizen of Cambridge, which had become a city in 1846 embracing Cambridgeport, East Cambridge, and North Cambridge, as well as Old Cambridge. As a city it had begun to feel the need of what we now call Public Utilities.

In that valuable book called *The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six* I find an article by Mr. Frederick T. Stevens, Treasurer of the Union Railway, in which he speaks of Gardiner Greene Hubbard, Judge Willard Phillips, Herbert H. Stimpson, Charles C. Little, Estes Howe, and John Livermore. He says, "These men believed that the time would come when the pumps would get rusty and the wells go dry; that whales would become scarce and candle dips would not afford the light needed; and that omnibuses would not accommodate the requirements of the generations to come, and hence we have today, as the results of this foresight, the Cambridge Water-Works, the Gas Light Company, and . . . the West End Company." "Let no one suppose for one instant," he continues, "that the originators of these works were any more philanthropic than some of the railway kings of the present day." These men did, however, work for the great needs of the Community.

Just where and how Gardiner Greene Hubbard came into association with Estes Howe I cannot tell. He never was one of the intimate house-friends like James Lowell, Robert Carter, or John Holmes, and yet there is a story that some one once said to my great-aunt, Miss Katherine Robbins, "Can you explain to me the relationships of the Blatchford, Hubbard, and Scudder families?" and her answer was, "If you will give me your undivided atten-

tion for twenty-four hours, I will try to make a beginning!" So there must have been some family acquaintance at least!

At any rate, Gardiner Greene Hubbard and Estes Howe were closely connected in business for many years, in many ventures. Mr. Hubbard must have done the financing. Whether the ideas were his or not, I cannot tell. He was a Boston man who came out to Cambridge about 1846. A lawyer by profession, he was a man of great initiative, with a keen and active interest in movements for the public welfare.

The three great utilities that he and Estes Howe and others founded and shaped, all began about the same time. In 1837 the need of a public water supply had begun to be felt, and the Cambridge Aqueduct Company had been given a charter to take water from Spring Hill in wooden log pipes to the Lower Port. Old Cambridge was still supplied by wells. In 1852, our friends formed the Cambridge Water Works and in 1856, a corporation, authorized to take water from Fresh Pond. In this same year of 1852, the Cambridge Gas Light Company was incorporated, and it was of this that Estes Howe was made Treasurer, holding that office until his death. The works were south of Mount Auburn Street at the foot of Ash Street; later they were moved to East Cambridge.

Meanwhile, there was the ever-present question of transportation to Boston. The average Cambridge citizen could not keep a horse and carriage, and only the young and active could walk the three miles from Harvard Square to Bowdoin Square. In 1826 there was an hourly stage, afterwards a four-horse omnibus. In a letter of my grandmother's (unfortunately undated) she writes as a postscript, "Morse has driven a new omnibus today with six white horses. Latest news from Cambridge."

Gardiner Greene Hubbard, Estes Howe, *et al.* had organized and built the Harvard or Cambridge Branch of the Fitchburg Rail Road. It came out from the Fitchburg Station (where the North Station now is) in Boston to a station whose site was in front of Austin Hall, the Harvard Law School. This road died an early death. Its old station became "Commons," the eating place

of the students until Memorial Hall was built, and I remember that its old embankment formed a feature in the "Ditch," a swampy spot near the corner of Oxford and Jarvis Streets.

Before the Cambridge Branch really died, there came to the fore a new idea, that of an omnibus or car, horse-drawn but on rails, and in 1853 some of these same citizens started the Cambridge Railroad. This was incorporated in May 1853, and in 1855 was leased to the Union Railway Company.

I am indebted again to Mr. Frederick T. Stevens in his article in *The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six* for much information on this subject.

It was hard at first to find anyone to take stock in any such concern as the Street Railway; omnibus proprietors were consulted with reference to the purchase of their property. At last after many delays, on the 27th of October 1855, it was voted to buy five cars, the first purchased by any street railway company in the city of Boston. Mr. Stevens continues: "Speaking of these cars recalls to my memory that the late Abel Willard, one of the proprietors of the omnibus line, once told me that he, with many others, rode into Boston (not in a car, however) to view the spectacle of one of these same cars coming down Cambridge Street hill. They did not believe that there was power enough in the brakes to hold the car, but that it would run upon and injure the horses, and finally land somewhere in the vicinity of Charles River. A great change came over the party when they saw how nicely everything operated, and 'Uncle Abel' said that from that time he was satisfied that his omnibus line had got to go under."

The next vote was: "That the president be authorized to contract with E. Tucker for twenty (20) harnesses, provided he will take one share of stock in part payment of the same."

"On the 19th of December, 1855, the following rates were established for the omnibuses: to Mount Auburn, Old Cambridge, and Brattle Street, 15 cents; to Porter's Station, 10 cents; to Cambridgeport, 8 cents; 12 tickets to Old Cambridge, $1; 15 tickets to Cambridgeport, $1; 13 packages of $1 tickets for $12.

"It was at this time that Dana Street was established as the

dividing line between Cambridgeport and Old Cambridge, and that conductors were obliged to furnish bonds in the sum of five hundred dollars, with two sureties, for the faithful performance of their duties.

"The following action of the directors was highly appreciated by many of the passengers, and was the cause of great rejoicing among those who derived a benefit from it, even if they did have to pay for it: 'That the one-horse hack be kept at the Port to call for and take passengers, and that ten (10) cents be charged for a single passage, and five cents each for two if deposited at the same point, and that a suitable vehicle be kept at Old Cambridge to run at the same rates. For all distances over half a mile from the respective offices double fares to be charged; tickets to be issued for all the omnibuses and hacks.'

"At this time the way-fare was established at five cents, and children between the ages of four and fourteen were charged the way-fare instead of the fares heretofore fixed upon for adult passengers. On the first day of March, 1856, the fares were reduced, being fixed at ten cents, and twelve tickets for one dollar, and to Old Cambridge, thirteen cents, and ten tickets for one dollar.

"Now comes the question of the removal of snow from the street in Boston, — nothing being said about snow in the streets of this city. March 12, 1856, it was voted by the board of directors: 'That Mr. Hubbard be a committee with power to make arrangements with the city of Boston for the removal of the snow and ice from Cambridge Street, from the Revere House to the bridge, provided the same can be done at a cost of not over one hundred dollars to the company.' Comments upon the action of the company relative to the removal of snow at that time are unnecessary, but of one thing we are assured: there were no 'snow fights'; they knew their business and considered their money well invested." A big snow storm always meant "four horse time."

The cars ran straight up Cambridge Street to Bowdoin Square. Shoppers usually left them at Temple Street and climbed up that street, now blocked by the State House, and past a huge reservoir there, to Park Street and so down. The cars swung through Bow-

doin Square around through Green Street and Chambers Street back. An extra horse was always waiting to hitch onto the car and pull it up the last part of the hill. Its driver went with it and returned for the next.

Meanwhile the Howe family, Estes and Lois with their four children and Mary Greene White, were happily settled in 1 Oxford Street. There were three wells on the place, but as Estes had become affiliated with the Cambridge Water Works, of course there was city water and plumbing, somewhat primitive and not at all adequate according to modern ideas but probably far ahead of that at 11 Mason Street, where I imagine there was nothing more than a kitchen pump and a tea kettle on the hob. There was no sewer. The house always had an inadequate furnace but there were open fire-places everywhere, mostly arranged with iron grates for coal. Of course, there must have been gas, undoubtedly a great luxury. What would any of us do now if we had to work by any of those primitive lights!

The years of the 50's and 60's were pleasant years in Old Cambridge. Mrs. Ruth Huntington Sessions describes it as "a country-like suburb, connected with the city of Boston by a long bridge, and its inhabitants a rare company; a concentration of the best minds of the time. . . . Their fine old houses and their gracious and ready hospitality and informal courtesy made for a rare neighborhood." The College was still pre-eminent, and professors might be said to belong to the House of Peers; but lawyers and business men like Gardiner Greene Hubbard and Estes Howe had begun to have their business offices in Boston, which was one of the reasons why transportation was important.

The house at Oxford Street was handsome and convenient. Dr. and Mrs. Howe entertained agreeably and not too formally. My father was a remarkable talker and a raconteur of note. His early experiences in the country in Massachusetts and Ohio had given him many a good story. To hear him, his sister Susan, and his brother Tracy match stories was a great show. More than these, his powers of observation, his intense interest in everything, his thorough study of all that interested him, aside from his reading

and his having met all sorts and conditions of men, and his retentive memory, gave him a mine of general information, which he had the ability to impart in the most charming manner.

In 1855 Mary White married Charles Wyllys Elliott and went to New Haven to live. Maria Lowell had died in 1853 after a long illness. In 1855 her husband was appointed to the chair of Belles Lettres at Harvard. He went abroad to prepare for this. He had found for his motherless daughter, Mabel, an unusual and remarkable governess, Miss Frances Dunlap of Portland, Maine, and he installed her and Mabel at "Number One" under the care of "Aunt Lois," the sister-in-law to whom he had always been devoted.

Lois Lilly Howe's house was always open to all her relatives and her husband's relatives. Her sisters were all far away or changed their residences from time to time. Lois's house was always stable, and her husband, like herself, always ready with a welcome, with sympathy or advice. Nieces and nephews came there as to a grandmother's home.

In 1857, Lowell returned from Europe. He shortly afterward married Miss Dunlap but they continued to live in the Howes' house. A study was built for him at the end of the ell, with an outside door so that his students and friends could come to him at any time. It must have been about this time that the Whist Club flourished, the picture of which has been so often published: James Russell Lowell, John Holmes, Estes Howe, and Robert Carter. The latter was brought into the group by Lowell, who called him "The Don."

In 1861, Estes joined the famous Saturday Club of Boston, which is still in existence. With members of this he had been on summer trips to a camp in the Adirondacks which he particularly enjoyed. He travelled much, but these camping trips seem to be the only times he went for pleasure. W. J. Stillman, the leader of these excursions to the Adirondacks, painted a picture of the company. Bliss Perry in *The Early Years of the Saturday Club* describes it: "There are two groups; on one side, Agassiz and Dr. Jeffries Wyman, dissecting a fish on a stump, with John

Holmes, doubtless with humorous comment, and Dr. Estes Howe, as spectators; on the other, Lowell, Judge Hoar, Dr. Amos Binney, and Woodman trying their marksmanship with rifles, under the instruction of the tall Don-Quixote-like Stillman; between the groups, interested but apart stands Emerson, pleased with the gifts of all." (This picture is in the Concord Public Library.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote poetical notes about this camping trip. This is what he said of Estes Howe.

Not in vain did Fate dispense
Generous heart and solid sense,
Force to build a leader sage,
Staff on which the orphan leans
(On such stuff as he Society
Stands from age to age.)
In honour and self-honouring
Where thou art, Society
Still will live and best will be;
Who does easily and well
What costs the rest expense of brain,
Ancestral merits richly dwell,
And the last remain,
And in thy life the honoured sire
Will fill the stinted chalice higher
And Fate repair
The world's mishap
And fill the gap
By the completed virtues of the heir.

These years were important in the life of the nation too. The friction between the interests of North and South was steadily increasing. Estes Howe's interest in politics was always keen. Already in 1848, just before his marriage to Lois White, he had joined the Free Soil party and had marched up Beacon Street in a campaign torchlight procession when lights in the houses were put out and curtains drawn in disapproval. Now the Free Soilers had become the Republican Party. The demand for abolition of slavery was growing stronger. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had come out in 1851. Sarah Lydia Howe and her daughters were as eager as Estes. Susan, I believe, was working with the Underground Rail-

road, which was helping runaway slaves to freedom; and James Lowell was writing the Biglow papers. Charles Sumner was fighting in the Senate.

In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. It may surprise many of you to know that my sister Clara Howe told me that she was the only girl in school whose father voted for him, and that the other girls used to sing,

> Clara's mad and I am glad
> And I know what will please her,
> Put her in a pudding bag
> And have a Nigger squeeze her.

In 1860 James Russell Lowell took his wife and daughter back to Elmwood, the house he so dearly loved.

In that year a new son was born to Lois and Estes and named James Robbins after his great-uncle. He was always called Robb.

In 1862 Lizzie was married to Edwin Johnson Horton, the son of one of the old Pomeroy friends. She had met him when he came to college in the Class of 1860. On June 17, four months before the wedding, Grandmother Howe died after a long illness. So she never knew about her first great-grandchild, Elizabeth Spelman Horton, nor of her youngest grandchild, born thirteen months after her niece and named by her father Lois Lilley.

The Civil War was raging in these last years. Estes Howe was too old to be called to the colors but he paid for a substitute. His sister worked on the Sanitary Commission, the nearest equivalent to our Red Cross. Sally and Clara joined the Sewing Clubs which were formed to sew, knit, or "scrape lint" for the soldiers and which became a social feature of Cambridge.

Meanwhile Estes Howe was not satisfied to sit down and merely be a Treasurer. He has been accused of being a speculator. I wonder if it was not really the love of organization, the creative instinct, the interest in the business itself. In the western part of Massachusetts lie the Berkshire Hills cutting it off from the Hudson Valley. The easiest pass through this is the valley of the Westfield River through which General Henry Knox brought down the cannon from Ticonderoga for the American Army. (My

father always said he didn't but I believe the story has lately been proved true.) The Boston and Albany Railroad ran up this valley and there seemed to be no other way for a rival road to get across the hills unless the Hoosac Mountain could be crossed or pierced. This last extraordinary idea was promulgated in 1851 and actual boring for the tunnel began in 1856. No one thought it would ever be finished. Oliver Wendell Holmes said,

> When the first locomotive's scream
> Sounds through the Hoosac tunnel's bore
> . . . . . .
> Then order your ascension robes.

But it *was* finished in 1873 and the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, and Western Railway Company was ready for it, with Estes Howe as Treasurer.

Nor was he wanting in his civic duties. He was a member of the Cambridge Common Council in 1848, a Director of the Harvard Bank founded in 1860, Director of the Cambridge Humane Society. In 1869 he sat in the State Senate as Senator from the Third Middlesex District, and while there was made a Commissioner of Prisons. It was not until after he had ceased to be on this board that the Concord Reformatory was built, but I can remember his great interest in it; the movement to build it must have been begun while he was Commissioner. It was meant to replace the State's Prison at Charlestown and the prisoners were moved there in 1878. Six years later all were returned to Charlestown, and the Concord building became what it still is, the Reformatory.

Always a Low Tariff man, he seems to have had a good deal to do in the later 60's with David Ames Wells, the economist. and by him to have been easily converted to Free Trade, for which he worked the rest of his life. He was much in Washington in '69 and '70 and was probably working with Wells and James Abram Garfield, afterwards President Garfield, on Tariff Reform.

Two of his business ventures have always interested me because I came more or less in contact with them. He, with Gardiner

Hubbard and Mr. Thomas Emery and afterward his son, and my good friend and neighbor, Woodward Emery, and others, formed the Caledonian Mines Company owning coal mines at Glace Bay, near Cape Breton in Nova Scotia. This must have been about 1865, and from that time until about two years before his death he went, as my great-grandfather's family used to say, "down to the Eastward" every summer. Wives and daughters of directors often went with them, and I remember an interesting account my sisters gave of one such trip which included a side excursion to Louisburg.

Mr. Woodward Emery once told me that my father was a delightful travelling companion. He met people so easily, he knew so much about the places they went through, and he had such interesting stories to tell about them and their inhabitants.

The officials of the mines frequently came to Boston in the winters to make reports, and were entertained at our house usually at Sunday dinner. Chief among them in my memory was a huge Scotchman, David McKean, destined to become a big man in the Dominion Government later. At our table he met his first banana. He bravely finished it and remarked in his good Scotch brogue, "I think one might learn to like them."

The other business venture was the East Cambridge Land Company. After Cambridge became a City, some of the merchants undertook to improve the overflowed marsh lands in East Cambridge and organized the Cambridge Wharf Company in 1847. This company accomplished little and sold out in 1890.

Meanwhile, Gardiner Greene Hubbard, of course, with Estes Howe and Charles W. Munroe of East Cambridge, had faith in the value of this partially submerged land and in 1861 formed a corporation under the name of the East Cambridge Land Company to reclaim the vacant lands lying between Third and Portland Streets, Broad Canal and Charles Streets in East Cambridge, about seventy-five acres. Here they laid out and built streets adapted for manufacturing and mercantile enterprises. The region is, or was, served by the Grand Junction Branch which to most of us older people merely represents that nuisance of a track that

used to hold up surface cars when we were in a hurry to get to Boston, before the days of the subway.

When the last returns were made and the company closed up about 1916, Woodward Emery told us it had paid cent per cent. Not an ideal investment to be sure, because dividends were only paid when land was sold and no one could tell when that would be, and also a great part of it always had to be re-invested, but the unexpected checks were very pleasant to receive and at least they bore out the faith in our parents' judgment.

The late seventies and early eighties were years of trouble: financial disaster first, which meant that Estes' son, Samuel, who had graduated from Harvard in 1871 and from the Medical School in 1875, had to be recalled from Europe where he was studying in the foreign hospitals; and that the younger son put himself through College on a scholarship, the two elder daughters began to support themselves, and the youngest went to the Cambridge High School.

The year 1879 was full of bitterness. In one month his sister Susan Hillard, his brother James Murray Howe, and his son Samuel, died. Four years later his son James Robbins Howe, the most brilliant of the family, died of a long and painful illness just two years after his graduation from Harvard.

So the last years of my father's life were saddened but his spirit was as fine as ever. Still interested in Free Trade and in politics, he was of those who deserted the G.O.P., the Republican Party, in 1884, became a Mugwump and voted for Cleveland.

During the last two years of his life, he was suffering from what he knew was an incurable disease, which he faced like every other trouble with a beautiful serenity.

He died on January 12, 1887 at the age of seventy-two and a half. I thought him a very old man.

Time fails me to tell of the interesting and well-known men whom he knew but I should like to read to you a notice, author unknown, which came out in, probably, the *Transcript* at that time.

"There died at Cambridge last week a man of rare worth and

of great equipment in point of knowledge and good sense, whose modesty was such that he had hardly made the impression upon the world about him that might have been expected. This was Dr. Estes Howe, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and one greatly esteemed by those who knew him. He had been a physician, but had a taste for business and public affairs which had diverted his attention from his profession. He was one of the original free-soilers of the state, and was the intimate friend of Sumner, Wilson, Andrew and the rest of the early leaders. There were few men better fitted to hold office, but somehow Dr. Howe never filled office, except for two terms in the state senate. He had much practical knowledge of the railroad and the manufacturing systems of the state, was interested in public charities, and studied social science with thoroughness. In politics he was the best informed man I ever knew, and his knowledge of political history extended from its beginning in this country. He was a low tariff man from conviction always, and was a pioneer in opinion on this subject years before it had attracted the attention it now occupies here. Dr. Howe of course was much dissatisfied with the republican position on this point, but he stuck to the old party until two years ago, when he cast his first vote against it. He used to say: 'Well, thank God, we have free trade between the states. They can't take that from us; there is enough in it to make us one of the greatest free trade nations of the world.' He was a club man all his life, and twenty years ago was as handsome a man as I ever saw."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1937

FOUR REGULAR meetings and two special meetings of the Society were held during the year. The four regular meetings were the Annual Meeting, January 26, 1937, at which Mr. G. Frederick Robinson, President of the Watertown Historical Society, read a paper entitled "How the First Parish in Cambridge Got a New Meeting House"; the Spring Meeting, April 27, 1937, at which Professor Henry J. Cadbury spoke on "Quaker Visitors to Cambridge, with Some Consideration of the Prelude and Sequel to the Boston Hangings"; the afternoon Garden Party, May 25, 1937, which was addressed by Professor Glover M. Allen on "William Brewster, A Cambridge Naturalist, 1851–1919"; the Autumn Meeting, October 26, 1937, at which Stoughton Bell, Esq., read excerpts from letters written by Miss Louise Stoughton from Russia, describing bits of Russian court life in the seventies.

The two special meetings of the Society, the first held at the residence of the late Miss Maria Bowen, 9 Follen Street, on the afternoon of November 13, 1937, and the second at Christ Church on the afternoon of December 18, 1937, were called by the Council to consider gifts to the Society of her house and land at 9 Follen Street, and one-half of the residue of her estate, contained in Miss Bowen's will.

To all of the speakers and to the hosts at the various meetings the Society is greatly indebted.

The following deaths of members are with sorrow reported:

Miss Mary W. Allen
Mr. Warren K. Blodgett
Miss Maria Bowen
Mr. Frank W. Hastings
Mrs. William B. Lambert
Miss Emma F. Munroe

An additional word must be said with regard to Miss Maria Bowen. Miss Bowen, after a membership in the Society of many years, died July 21, 1937. In her will, dated March 19, 1935, Miss Bowen generously gave to the Society her house and land at 9 Follen Street, Cambridge, without restriction other than that no apartment house was ever to be erected on said land. Miss Bowen also gave to the Society one-half of the residue of her estate to be held as a permanent fund, the income to be used so far as needed for the maintenance of her house and land, and any balance to be used for the general purposes of the Society. The deep appreciation of the Society for Miss Bowen's generous benefaction was warmly expressed at various meetings of the Society.

There have been eight meetings of the Council. The principal matters of business before the Council and the Society were in connection with Miss Bowen's generous gifts, to which reference has been made. The sale of the house and land at 9 Follen Street was authorized, and it was directed that the proceeds of such sale were to be erected into the Maria Bowen Fund, the income from which is to be added to the principal for ten years or until a permanent home for the Society is secured and that thereafter the income only of the said fund is to be spent for the purposes of the Society. It was also voted that when the house and land are sold, the amount received from the residue of Miss Bowen's estate is to be returned to the legatees who would have received it under Miss Bowen's will had the Society declined the gift.

Mr. and Mrs. William Emerson notified the Society that it was their present intention to leave their house and land at 159 Brattle Street, including the garage, to the Society, when they had both finished with it. The Society is deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Emerson for this expression of their intention.

The following resignations were accepted with regret: Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, Professor George Grafton Wilson, and Miss Gertrude Weld Peabody.

The following have been elected to membership in the Society: Miss Mary Almy, Professor and Mrs. C. O. Ruggles, Mrs. H. G. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Williston Lincoln, Rev. and Mrs. Leslie T.

Pennington, Miss Jeannette Hart, Mrs. David T. Pottinger, Mr. and Mrs. Glover M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Payson, Mrs. Charles P. Lincoln, Professor and Mrs. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Professor and Mrs. George P. Baker, Rev. Harold B. Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Philip P. Sharples, Mr. Charles Lane Hanson, Miss Martha Thacher Brown, Mr. J. Frank Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn.

There are 206 regular members of the Society, 5 life members, and 7 associate members.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

Secretary

January 25, 1938

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1938

THERE HAVE been during the year four regular meetings of the Society. The Annual Meeting was held at the Craigie House, January 25, 1938; Mr. H. W. L. Dana read an account of Longfellow at the Craigie House. The Spring Meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder, 164 Brattle Street, on April 26, 1938; Professor Joseph H. Beale addressed the Society upon "The Origin of the New England Town." The Society, at the invitation of the Lexington Historical Society, met with that Society on the afternoon of June 8, 1938, at the Cary Memorial Building in Lexington; Mr. W. R. Greeley, the President of the Lexington Historical Society, presided, and he and Mr. Edwin B. Worthen of that Society spoke interestingly on subjects of interest to both Societies. Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the Cambridge Historical Society spoke on "Our Common Concern for the Preservation of Historic Sites and Buildings." President Walcott also spoke briefly. The October Meeting of the Society was held at the Harvard Observatory, upon the invitation of Professor and Mrs. Harlow Shapley, on October 25, 1938; Miss Elizabeth L. Bond read a delightful paper on "The Observatory of Harvard College and Its Early Founders."

To all of the speakers and to the hosts at these meetings the Society is greatly indebted.

The following deaths of members of the Society have taken place during the year:

Mr. Sumner A. Brooks
Mrs. Charles P. Lincoln
Miss Carolyn H. Saunders
Miss Edith M. Coe
Professor Edwin H. Hall
Miss Lucy M. Bradley

There have been seven meetings of the Council. The books remaining in Miss Bowen's home, after selections had been made by Dartmouth College, were, in appreciation of the many services rendered to the Society by the Harvard College Library, presented to that Library by the Council.

The property, No. 9 Follen Street, given to the Society by the will of Miss Maria Bowen, was sold to Mrs. Margaret Forbes Schroeder and others, which action has been approved by the Society. The Council recommended that the Society decline the legacy to it under Article Eight of Miss Bowen's will. This recommendation was also adopted by the Society. The Council recommended to the Society, and the recommendation has been approved, that no investments of the Society's funds be made, until further notice to the Society, except in deposits in Massachusetts Savings Banks or in securities legal for such Savings Banks, and that until this Annual Meeting, the President, the Treasurer, and Mrs. Philip P. Sharples be an Investment Committee.

The Council made a grant of $100.00 to Mr. Loring P. Jordan, Register of Probate for Middlesex County, to assist him in completing an index to the papers of the old County Court of Middlesex County, upon which he has been at work for some time.

The following were elected to membership in the Society: Mr. and Mrs. George A. Macomber, Mrs. Irving W. Bailey, Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson, Mr. Hugh Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, and Mr. Henry J. Winslow.

Mr. Harold Clarke Durrell was elected to Associate Membership.

The following resignations were accepted with regret: Mr. Charles P. Vosburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Landis, the Rev. William M. Macnair.

Acting under the authority given to the Council by Article XVII of the By-laws, that a failure to pay dues for a period of six months might, in the discretion of the Council, be regarded as a resignation from the Society, the resignations of ten members of the Society were accepted.

There are 193 regular members of the Society, 5 life members, and 7 associate members.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

Secretary

January 24, 1939

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER
1937

Receipts

January 1, 1937 Balance			$ 914.29
Received from dues and initiations:			
177 members @ $3	$531.00		
6 Associates @ $2	12.00		
26 Initiations @ $2 . . .	52.00		
Back dues	62.00	$657.00	
Interest Life Membership Fund		23.14	
Sale — Gozzaldi's Index (2 copies)		10.00	
Sale — Proceedings (2 copies — old issues) . .		2.00	
Sale — Offprints, Cambridge Land Holdings . .		12.00	704.14
Agreement check, sale 9 Follen Street			1000.00
			$2618.43

Expenditures

Printing and material	$ 74.75	
Postage	22.72	
Clerical, addressing, etc.	36.43	
Proceedings — plates and half-tones, etc. . . .	67.16	
Old County Records	8.79	
Chairs, rented	5.00	
Bay State Historical League	2.00	
Copy — Cambridge Female Humane Society Records Sept. 12, 1814–May 17, 1848 .	12.50	
Copy — Thomas Fillebrowns Account Book 1784–1796	5.00	
9 Follen Street, expense	12.00	
Miscellaneous	2.83	249.18
January 1, 1938 Balance		$2369.25

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND

January 1, 1937 balance	$747.15
Bradford H. Peirce, Associate	25.00
	$772.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE
Treasurer

January 1, 1938

I have audited the account of Willard Hatch Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1937. All entries were found correct and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures. The balance of twenty-three hundred sixty-nine dollars and twenty-five cents ($2369.25) was verified by bank statement.

The balance of $772.15 in the Life Membership Fund was verified by passbook of the Cambridge Savings Bank.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK
Auditor

January 1, 1938

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1938

Receipts

Dues and Initiation Fees	$ 692.00
Sale of Proceedings	18.50
Miscellaneous	38.17
Maria Bowen Legacy (as itemized)	16,225.32
Cash on hand, January 1, 1938	2,369.25
	$19,343.24

Expenditures

Printing, postage, office work, etc.		$1,285.15
Old Court Records		90.19
Loring P. Jordan, for Index of Middlesex County Records		100.00
Maria Bowen Legacy:		
Investments	$15,370.07	
Miscellaneous	1,843.25	17,213.32
Cambridge Savings Bank: Wright Fund		200.00
Miscellaneous		54.70
Cash on hand, December 31, 1938		399.88
		$19,343.24

3/23 — Margaret F. Schroeder — to bind offer	$ 500.00
4/7 — Sale of Bowen books	6.00
4/12 — Margaret F. Schroeder — balance payment	15,500.00
4/20 — Margaret F. Schroeder — fire insurance	21.82
4/20 — Margaret F. Schroeder — furniture	140.00
4/21 — Sale of Bowen trays	1.00
4/25 — Sale of Bowen books	50.00
4/25 — Sale of Bowen books	6.50
	$16,225.32

Respectfully submitted,

G. A. Macomber

Treasurer

January 17, 1939

The following is a statement of the Receipts and Expenditures in connection with the Maria Bowen House

Receipts

12/31/37	a/c Proctor purchase	$ 1,000.00	
3/23/38	Schroeder initial payment	500.00	
4/ 1/38	Books, Bowen library	50.00	
4/ 7/38	Books, Bowen library	6.00	
4/12/38	Schroeder, balance payment	15,500.00	
	Schroeder, pro-rata fire insurance	21.82	
4/15/38	Schroeder, furniture	140.00	
4/21/38	Schroeder, furniture	1.00	
4/25/38	Books, Bowen library	6.50	
	Total receipts	$17,225.32	$17,225.32

Expenditures

12/29/37	Morrison MacGowan Co., work on house	12.00	
1/13/38	Crosby, snow removal	.75	
1/17/38	Crosby, snow removal	.65	
1/24/38	Crosby, snow removal	.60	
3/14/38	R. H. Gardiner, Executor, fire insurance premiums	31.85	
4/11/38	Margaret F. Schroeder, pro-rata taxes as of to-day	153.40	
4/11/38	Caroline Phillips Smith, brokerage commission	640.00	
4/11/38	Robert Walcott, Government stamps on transfer	16.00	
4/27/38	Julia G. Proctor, return of deposit	1,000.00	
	Total expenditures	$1,855.25	1,855.25
	Net receipts		15,370.07
	Available for investment		15,370.07

Maria Bowen Fund Investments

U. S. Savings Bonds	$5,250.00	
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	
East Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	
50 shs. First National Bank of Boston	1,868.75	
5 shs. State St. Trust Co.	1,295.00	
5 shs. Merchants National Bank, Boston	1,715.00	
Total List of Investments		$15,370.07

Maria Bowen Fund Investments

	Cost	Cash Income Received	Account Credited
U. S. Savings Bonds	$5,250.00	0.00	
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	5.62	Cambridge Savings Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	3.13	Cambridgeport Savings Bank
East Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	15.62	East Cambridge Savings Bank
50 shs. First Nat. Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	50.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
5 shs. State St. Trust (Boston)	1,295.00	20.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
5 shs. Merchants Nat. Bank (Boston)	1,715.00	30.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
	$15,370.07	$124.37	

George G. Wright Fund

Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank (when account opened 1/29/38)	$200.00
Add interest credited to account 1938	2.50
Balance, December 31, 1938	$202.50

Life Membership Fund

Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank 12/31/37		$772.15
Less interest credited July 1937, January 1938, and withdrawn 1/17/38, with credit to checking account at Harvard Trust Company	$23.14	
Add interest credited to account 1938		11.58
Balance, December 31, 1938		$783.73

Respectfully submitted,

G. A. Macomber

Treasurer

January 23, 1939

I have audited the account of George A. Macomber, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1938. All entries were found correct, and vouchers or canceled checks were shown for all expenditures. The balance of cash on hand December 31, 1938 of $399.88 was verified by bank statement, adjusting for an uncashed check for $153.40 given the purchaser of the Bowen property for real estate taxes accrued while the property was in the possession of the Society. If the

claim for exemption filed by the Society is allowed, this $153.40 will be returned.

The balances of $202.50 in the George G. Wright Fund and $783.73 in the Life Membership Fund were verified by pass books of the Cambridge Savings Bank. The securities in the Bowen Fund were examined and the deposits in the savings banks were verified by the pass books. As of December 31, 1938, figuring the securities at cost, the Bowen Fund amounted to $15,494.44.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS
Auditor

January 23, 1939

REGULAR MEMBERS

1938–1939

Marion Stanley Abbot
Anne Elizabeth Allen
Glover Morrill Allen
Mrs. Glover M. Allen
Mary Almy
Albert Francis Amee
Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey
Mrs. Irving W. Bailey
George Peirce Baker
Mrs. George Peirce Baker
Henry Bartlett
Mrs. Henry Bartlett
Mary Emory Batchelder (L)
Elizabeth Chadwick Beale
Joseph Henry Beale
Mabel Arrabella Lewis Bell
Stoughton Bell
Mrs. J. Clarke Bennett
Alexander Harvey Bill
Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly Bill
Albert H. Blevins
Mrs. Albert H. Blevins
Annabel Perry Bonney
Donald Born
Mrs. Donald Born
*Lucy Morse Bradley
Walter Benjamin Briggs
Elmer H. Bright
Mrs. Elmer H. Bright
Jessie Waterman Brooks
*Sumner Albert Brooks
J. Frank Brown
Martha Thacher Brown
Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David E. Burr
Mrs. David E. Burr
Zechariah Chafee, Jr.
Carroll L. Chase
Mrs. Carroll L. Chase
Philip Putnam Chase
*Edith Mary Coe
Margaret E. Cogswell
Ada Louise Comstock
Frank Gaylord Cook
Paul R. Corcoran
Mrs. Paul R. Corcoran
Fanny E. Corne
J. Linda Corne
Sally Adams Cushman
*Henry Orville Cutter
*Elizabeth Ellery Dana
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana
Mary Deane Dexter
Laura Howland Dudley
Frances Hopkinson Eliot
Samuel Atkins Eliot
Emmons Raymond Ellis
Frances White Emerson
William Emerson

* Deceased.

*Sarah Folsom Enebuske
Pearl Brock Fahrney
Claire Schayer Faude
Charles Norman Fay
Lillian Hale Fay
Eunice Whitney Farley Felton
Stanley G. H. Fitch
Mrs. Stanley G. H. Fitch
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Worthington Chauncey Ford
Frances Fowler
*Lloyd A. Frost
Dana Taylor Gallup
Mrs. H. G. Garrett
Roger Gilman
C. Leslie Glenn
Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
Louis L. Green
Virginia Tanner Green
Lillian Helen Hadley
*Edwin Herbert Hall
Charles Lane Hanson
*Elizabeth Harris
Albert Bushnell Hart
Henry M. Hart
Mrs. Henry M. Hart
Jeannette Hart
Frances P. Hawley
Nathan Heard
F. Wilhelmina Heard
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
George Milbank Hersey
Stanley Barbour Hildreth
Alison Bixby Hill
Leslie White Hopkinson
Cornelia Conway Felton Horsford
Aria Sargent Dixwell Howe
Lois Lilley Howe
Eda Woolson Hurlbut
Edward Ingraham
Elsie P. Ingraham
Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson
Eldon Revare James
Phila Smith James
James Richard Jewett
*Margaret Weyerhaeuser Jewett
Ethel Robinson Jones
Mabel Augusta Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Albert Guy Keith
Edith S. Keith
Justine Houghton Kershaw
*Mrs. Charles P. Lincoln
Williston Lincoln
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
Elizabeth MacFarlane
Ethel May MacLeod
Edward F. McClennen
Mrs. Edward F. McClennen
George A. Macomber
Mrs. George A. Macomber
Donald Menzel
Mrs. Donald Menzel
Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
John Douglas Merrill
*Nelson Case Metcalf
Hugh Montgomery
Mrs. Hugh Montgomery
James Buell Munn
Mrs. James B. Munn
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Emily Alan Smith Nichols

* Deceased.

Gertrude Fuller Nichols
John Taylor Gilman Nichols
Albert Perley Norris
Mrs. Albert P. Norris
Margaret Norton
James Atkins Noyes
Penelope Barker Noyes
Mary Woolson Paine
William L. Payson
Mrs. William L. Payson
William H. Pear
Mrs. William H. Pear
Leslie T. Pennington
Mrs. Leslie T. Pennington
Elizabeth Bridge Piper
Lucy Wallace Porter
David Thomas Pottinger
Mildred Clark Pottinger
Roscoe Pound
Mrs. Roscoe Pound
Alice Putnam
Harry Seaton Rand
Mabel Rena Mawhinney Rand
Edward H. Redstone
Mrs. William C. Robertson
Fred Norris Robinson
Mrs. Lucian Rogers
C. O. Ruggles
Mrs. C. O. Ruggles
Gertrude Swan Runkle
John Cornelius Runkle
Paul Joseph Sachs
Mary Ware Sampson
Frank B. Sanborn
Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn
*Carolyn Huntington Saunders
Arthur M. Schlesinger
Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder
Edgar V. Seeler
Mrs. Edgar V. Seeler
Martha Sever
Philip P. Sharples
Mrs. Philip P. Sharples
Willard Hatch Sprague
Dora Stewart
Mrs. William Roscoe Thayer
Alice Thorp
Anne Thorp
Alfred Marston Tozzer
Eleanor Gray Tudor (L)
Kenneth S. Usher
Mrs. Kenneth S. Usher
Bertha Hallowell Vaughan
Maude Batchelder Vosburgh
Mary Richardson Walcott
Robert Walcott
Grace Reed Walden
Frank De Witt Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Olive Ely Allen Washburn
Frederica Davis Watson
Jenny C. Watts
Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster
Alice Merrill White
William Stewart Whittemore
Olive Swan Williams
Samuel Williston
Henry J. Winslow
Mrs. Henry J. Winslow
John William Wood, Jr.
Grace A. Wood
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Mrs. C. H. C. Wright

* Deceased.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Harold Clarke Durrell
Francis Apthorp Foster
Mrs. Williston Lincoln
Bertram K. Little
Mrs. Bertram K. Little
Bradford Hendrick Peirce
Harold B. Sedgwick
Philip Leffingwell Spalding

HONORARY MEMBER

Frances Rose-Troup

With the exception of Volume VII, which is out of print, there is on hand (November, 1939) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The price is $1.00 each, for members of the Society; $1.50 each, for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Walter B. Briggs, Curator, Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is $7.50 a copy, postpaid.